

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE HARBOR AND COMMERCE OF NEW YORK.

SECOND PAPER.¹



NEW YORK BAY.

THE midnight and mid-ocean of southern latitudes are not more stilly than the water-front of the city is a few hours before daybreak. At about

three o'clock every morning, in all the mutations of season, after the most wearing night's work in the world, a little string of writers, compositors, and proof-readers, in sociable twos and threes, and in meditative singleness, may be seen passing down

¹ The first paper appeared in the JOURNAL for June.

Fulton Street, from the great newspaper offices in Park Row, to the principal Brooklyn ferry-house. When they reach the East River, they might almost as well (for all the sparks of animation visible) be on the brink of Dante's Cimmerian stream, which—

" All the woes hem in of all the universe."

There are sounds: the tide whispers around the piers; the footsteps of the belated pedestrians, the dip of oars, and the hollow thud of paddles, echo with preternatural clearness; but these lend the force of contrast to the sepulchral silence without breaking it, and in the same way the few lights in sight make the blackness in which they hang blacker. A schooner drifts inertly with the tide, her sails looming in mid-air like the wings of a monstrous night-bird, and her steering-lamps gleaming red and green like a pair of dragon-eyes; a questionable row-boat shoots across the quivering reflections thrown out by the lights on the piers; the ferry-boat, with her cabin-windows shining, crosses and recrosses at long intervals. But it is as deathly still as a Sierra pine-forest; the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge rise out of the darkness like two massive mountain-butytes; the masts and cordage of the shipping form a pen-and-ink network against the sky; the vast metropolis and its harbor are fast asleep and dreaming.

The dream lasts until the earliest russet streak of dawn shows itself over Corlear's Hook, and then the sleeping giant into which our fancy has transfigured the city murmurs and stirs; the relaxed pulse of business dilates with new currents, and the nightly lethargy is overcome in a flood of burning energy. The awakening is like the starting of a great, complicated machine: the first motions are cautious and slow; but, as the velocity increases, the various parts become blurred in the seeming confusion of a perfect unison.

The little tow-boats moored to the wharves are the earliest heralds of the morning; as their fires are lighted, gray coils of smoke and white threads of steam roll out of their funnels, and, while it is yet dark, they evince a predisposition to that exuberant vitality which characterizes them when they are under way. The ferry-boats multiply like the brass spheres of a conjurer, and their decks are crowded with laborers; from corners that have been sealed in shadows, unsuspected vehicles of commerce emerge; a hundred new routes are opened; and, almost before the tired-out newspaper-men are in their well-earned beds, the stream that was so silent and unburdened when they crossed it is animated beyond description by a dazzling fleet of steam and sailing vessels.

Upon the wharves, and along the river-streets, a similar transformation takes place. The reader has probably seen those surprising developments of a pantomime by which water-lilies unfold charming young women, and bulrushes are turned to gnomes. In the same spontaneous and inexplicable way gangs of laborers and horses seem to be evolved out of the packages of freight; the dreamy old stores reveal

inhabitants on every floor; the confluent streets pour increasing crowds upon the wharves, and the air rings with the Wagnerian rhythm of the commotion. The friction of the multitude, the variety of color and structure, the quaintness of many buildings, the gracefulness and poetic suggestiveness of the ships, and the impetuous system of the traffic, are some of the things that make the scene particularly charming and exhilarating.

The bowsprits of magnificent clippers reach so far across the street that they endanger the windows of the stores; voluminous sails, whose snowy whiteness has been stained brown and yellow by tropical heat and mid-ocean brine, hang out from the spars in the sun; in some instances canvas banners are unrolled from the foremasts, announcing the names, destinations, and sailing-dates, of the ships; a faint odor of tar flavors the air, and a few of the buildings have been so amended and amplified by detached portions of vessels that they are like old wrecks cast high and dry upon a beach.

I think we can detect an unconscious sort of enjoyment in all the promenaders of this busy river-street; the careworn faces are lightened by the pleasurable sensations of its commercial activity and picturesque variety; but the medium through which the real sentiment of the scene reflects itself is the boy with nautical aspirations—the slender little fellow with pathetically hopeful eyes—whom we meet from time to time, watching with keen absorption the loading and unloading of vessels. His view is introspective, and what he sees leads his mind beyond the external objects visible to the many other and wider phases of maritime life.

As we purpose making a complete tour of the wharves, our starting-point shall be far up the East River, and thence we will follow the water-front to the Battery; from the Battery to the North River, and up the North River to the edge of the suburbs—an itinerary that will allow us to see in greater detail the extent of the dock facilities and the diversity of the harbor's commerce.

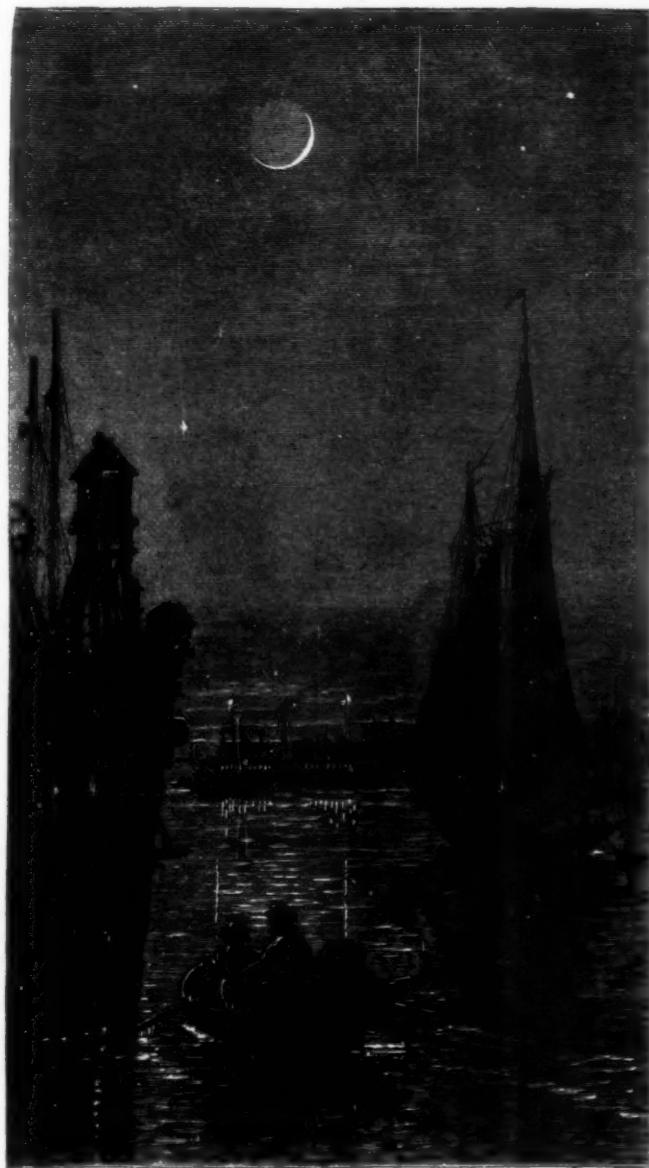
Above Corlear's Hook the river widens, but the traffic is not as great as it is lower down, very little shipping being docked above Grand Street. The piers here are quiet; the vessels moored to them are out of service, or under repairs, or awaiting a charter, and a crippled old watchman is the last remnant of the crew. On warm afternoons a few unpretentious anglers—laborers out of work—drowsily play for a bite, and on Sundays whole families of working-people from the overcrowded tenements of the neighborhood cluster in the spots where the breeze from the river is strongest.

Just across the stream at Greenpoint, on the Brooklyn shore, there are some ship-building yards, in which the white frames of the embryo vessels on the stocks are visible; and a short distance to the north are the oil-docks of Hunter's Point, from which petroleum of various grades is exported.

Occasionally the great reservoirs of oil adjoining the docks take fire, and a gorgeous and comparatively inexpensive conflagration results. The writer re-

members a brilliant disaster of this kind which occurred about four years ago, in the gray midnight of an incipient snow-storm, and he still wonders if any

the shipping at the wharves, in hues as resplendent as a sunset by Turner. The light was so strong that it illuminated the river for miles, bringing the small-



AT NIGHT.

other spectacle could surpass it in grandeur. A sudden flame leaped out of the uncertain darkness, and uncovered the buildings of the town behind it, and

est objects into a black relief, and throwing blood-red and golden reflections in the sky and on the water—the picture being inclosed by an aureole of

wavy yellow on the borders where the night resisted the further advance of the glare. At times the flame subsided for a few moments, during which it seemed to acquire new fury, and the succeeding outburst was fiercer and redder than ever. No remedy was possible—no extinguisher effectual in putting

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gers, were dismal, chilly, and destitute of furniture; every bit of gilt and upholstery had been stripped off her once gorgeous saloon; and the engine-room, in which her large heart of fire had burned, was a shadowy, echoing void. Close to her lay the iron-clad Montauk in a still more woful condition of



WHARF-SCENE.

out the magnificent combustion; and the ferry-boats passed to and fro until morning in the floods of a weird, chromatic light, compared with which Western sunsets are pale.

The great iron-works are in the neighborhood of Tenth Street, and steamers that are being dismantled or refitted lie at the adjacent piers, which are covered with a miscellaneous and dingy heap of fragments—the separated sections of marine engines, rusty boiler-plates, battered smoke-stacks, and green copper sheathings. Few things are more melancholy than a dismantled ship. Some time ago I found the ruined hulk of the Ocean Queen at one of these wharves; in the palmy days of the Panama route to California, she had been true to her name—but what forlorn changes time had made in her! Her broken rigging draggled from the masts and spars; the seams between her timbers gaped, and the paint was peeling off. The two funnels were battered and red with rust. The once cozy little staterooms opening on the upper deck, in which the warm tropical winds had fanned the grateful passem-

wreck, her thick plates dimpled with the hemispheres of hundreds of cannon-balls, which had struck them without penetrating; her deck torn up by shells, and her smoke-stack bent and indented. Side by side with these shattered veterans were new white river-steamers, and larger sea-going steamers, into which engines and boilers were being placed by demon-like mechanics—mechanics, dressed in black and greasy overalls, whose fierce-looking eyes were set in ebony faces, and whose hammers were rained upon the bolts and plates with vindictive energy. As the ring of the hammers was borne over the water it became musical, and several piers off it sounded like the strains of an *Æolian harp*.¹

¹ The inspiriting music of the ship-building yard is not common in New York Harbor, but it is heard oftener every year, and the progression is encouraging. The sailing-vessels built at this port in 1875 were two barkas, two brigs, twenty-one schooners, and thirty-seven sloops, with a total tonnage of 7,334 tons; and the steam-vessels built were thirty-six propellers for river purposes, and two propellers for ocean navigation, with a total tonnage of 5,463 tons. The other vessels built were twenty-four canal-boats, with a total tonnage of 2,463

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The smoke-stacks lying prone, and the old boilers, on the piers of the iron-works, are propitious shelters for the outcasts of the city, and those who succeed in escaping the notice of the watchmen steal into them at night, and sleep in their reverberant darkness with a warmth and an amplitude of space impossible in the doorways or ash-barrels. The vagabond element is conspicuous on the quiet up-town wharves. Unhealthy children and frouzy men loiter upon them, watching and listening to the tide as it murmurs a siren-song around the supporting timbers, and promises swift oblivion at the small cost of one desperate plunge. Now and then the oozy, pallid body of a man, or woman, who has accepted the invitation, appears in the translucent depths, and is borne to the Morgue, which is in that gray pile of buildings at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street—the Bellevue Hospital. A little steamer glides up the river from the hospital-wharf several times a week with the city's unburied paupers dead. Unmourned? No! not quite. The reader may sometimes see a sorrowful face watching that funeral little vessel as she steams away with her silent passengers to Potter's Field—the face of a brother, sister, father, or mother, and a pair of eyes that are blinded with grief long before she has disappeared from the view of the other lookers-on.

The nautical school-ship, St. Mary's, is anchored

board of her for service in the mercantile marine. The best argument in her favor is the fact that her crew is German, the captain having actually been unable to procure twenty able-bodied, intelligent Americans suited to his ship. The pupils are drilled in common English, seamanship, and navigation, for two years, at the expiration of which period they are supposed to be in a mental and physical condition to do credit to themselves as American sailors. The ship, with its officers, is loaned by the United States to the local Commissioners of Education, by whom the school is maintained, the pupils being charged thirty-seven dollars for an outfit, and nothing for board or tuition.

As we proceed southward the traffic quickens, and by noon it is at a white heat, but the sky and atmosphere remain clear and brilliant. The smallest blocks in the highest foretops, and the slenderest threads of rigging, are distinct. There are dreary, misty days when the water-front is veiled in moist gray, and the air is filled with the alarming screams of steam-whistles and the chimes of fog-bells, but such days are uncommon; the usual day is dazzlingly fine, and the traffic throws off few bedimming clouds.

From the wharves at which ships undergoing repairs are lying—some of them with the old planking torn from their ribs above the water-line, pre-



FISHING-BOATS IN DOCK.

at the foot of Twenty-third Street, and about one-hundred and twenty boys are being trained on

tons; and twenty-two barges, with a total tonnage of 5,414 tons. The totals of the United States, for the same year, were as follows: number of sailing-vessels built, 798—tonnage of sailing-vessels built, 206,884; number of steam-vessels built, 323—tonnage, 62,759; canal-boats built, 62—tonnage, 6,515; barges built, 118—tonnage, 21,779.

liminary to the substitution of new material, and others noisy with the clatter of calkers' mallets, and redolent of oakum and boiling pitch—we approach the dry docks in which vessels are raised, high and dry, for repairs to their bottoms, and in which their proportions are fully discovered—the effect produced by an ocean-steamer or a large clipper being somewhat startling.

Thence we pass wharf after wharf devoted to some particular interest—this one to the tropical fruit-trade, that to cotton, and the other to San Francisco—concentrating all parts of the world and their produce. How sun-stained and reminiscent of Florida the little schooner is which is loaded to the deck with the golden spheres of the orange-grove—how brown and shaggy her sailors are! From a farther tropic still has come that Cuban brigantine with a cargo of mildly-odorous green and yellow and ripening red bananas; and, as we listen to the ripple of the water around her, we imagine that we hear and smell the amorous wind of the Antilles, and see the mountainous, hazy coast bounding the purple, fruit-bearing valleys. The bronze is not so brown, but redder, on the faces of the fishermen whose sloop is drifting in with a shining load of cod

to Newcastle. On some wharves pyramids of flour-barrels and cheese-boxes are erected; on others the burden is agricultural implements; and on others it is bacon and hams. These with the wheat, which is loaded by elevators, are the staples of reciprocity; and the other exports include pretty nearly everything imaginable, from street-cars to fresh beef and mutton—beef being sent to Great Britain in large quantities.¹

The riches lying upon the wharves tempt many petty thieves, who, when the attention of the cargo-ores is diverted, are magnanimously indifferent to the kind of spoil, and willingly pocket oranges or cocoanuts when no more valuable objects are within their reach. There is, besides, an organized society of river-thieves, who do not limit themselves to the small speculations possible in daylight, but in-



OYSTER-BOATS.

from the fishing-banks outside the Lower Bay; and the sailors on that California clipper are grizzled by the fierce coldness of their last passage around the Horn.

Cargoes of aromatic teas from China, spicy coffees from Java, pungent hides from Texas, fleecy cotton from Louisiana, rich sugar from Cuba, snowy salt from Wales, expensive silks and wines from France—the commerce of zones separated by the farthest distances is emptied in magnificent tribute on these shabby wharves, and returns are made in the produce and manufactures of our cornfields, dairies, and machine-shops.

The variety of the exports is increasing every year; and when Americans send cotton-prints to Manchester, as they have done during the past year, it is no longer preposterous to speak of sending coal

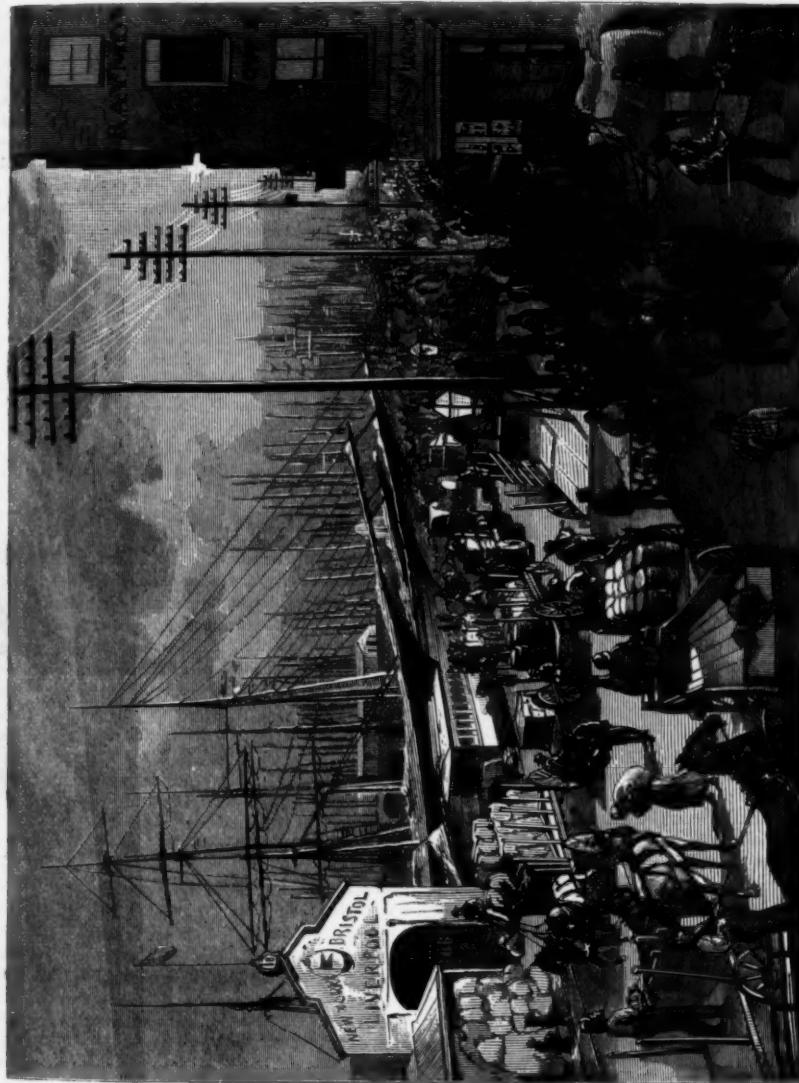
dulge in broad acts of piracy under the cover of night—boarding vessels, gagging the captains, and, in emergencies, committing murder. A special corps of police patrols the rivers in a small steamer called the Seneca, whose seemingly aimless cruises give opportunity for the close watching of all suspicious craft—for the thieves operate from the water as well

¹ The values of the principal exports exceeding one million dollars during the year ending June 1, 1875, were as follows: agricultural implements, \$2,060,065; Indian-corn, \$13,081,096; wheat, \$30,611,165; wheat-flour, \$12,000,413; bacon and hams, \$19,616,664; beef, \$2,120,236; butter, \$1,126,349; cheese, \$13,131,926; lard, \$17,559,170; pork, \$3,386,891; all seeds except cotton and flax, \$1,094,995; sewing-machines, \$1,567,039; refined sugar, \$8,088,393; tallow, \$3,763,374; leaf-tobacco, \$14,916,156; and all other tobacco, except cigars and snuff, \$2,565,665. The total value of all exports from New York in 1875 was \$329,201,913; and the total value of all exports from the United States, including New York, was \$658,691,991.

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as from the shore, and sometimes ply their vocation in what to untrained eyes is a simple pleasure-boat—emerging from their refuge in the guise of fishermen or sailors, and operating in a manner both cautious and audacious. The stronghold of the river-

The crowded confusion of the river-street near Fulton Ferry and Burling Slip is apparently hopeless. Two continuous strings of vehicles loaded with merchandise pass slowly on opposite sides of the roadway, coming occasionally to a dead-lock



THE EAST RIVER WHARVES NEAR BURLING SLIP.

thieves is never permanent. It is transferred from point to point as often as the elusion of the police is necessary; and one day it may be in a dilapidated hut on a lonely spit of sand washed by the sea, and on the next under one of the un frequented piers up town.

which causes fierce contention among the drivers, whose imprecations are hot and graphic. On the sidewalk the crowd of pedestrians is dense also, and sufficiently cosmopolitan in its aspects to add more color to the picture—rough sailors crushing dapper shipping-clerks; darkly-brown Italians and Span-

iards elbowing fair-haired Saxons and Scandinavians; newly-arrived immigrants, round-eyed with wonder, pressing against homogeneous loafers, calmly expectative and insolently inattentive.

The bordering stores are occupied by a diversity of interests. Out of the upper window one-half a wherry projects, to indicate that its tenant is a boat-builder; from the doorway of another a suit of yellow oil-skins is suspended as the sign of a clothier; and a wooden quadrant or compass marks the abiding-place of the indispensable optician. The procession with its background is stirringly dramatic. First, there is the fusillade of the wheels, which drowns all other sounds in its continuous thunder; then the ceaseless friction of the multitude—a triumphal march of the nations, as a play-bill might call it; and we can pardon the complacent self-sufficiency of the merchant, the overbearing rudeness of his manners, as he looks from his office-window or doorway upon the superb pageantry, and realizes that he is one of the motors. Should he be willing to forget his own importance for a moment, the symphonic grind of the wheels would iterate and reiterate it upon his brain.

"Stand aside there!"

The crowded wagons make room to let an ambulance pass. One of the unconsidered trifles of humanity, whose shoulders bear the burden of traffic, has been crushed beneath his load; or one of the nimble sailors, who in working aloft appear like black specks against the lucid blue of the sky, has fallen to the deck. A few idlers follow the ambulance to the end of a wharf; the surgeon springs out with his instrument-case under his arm. "What has happened?" *That*—that huddled human form, still alive, but already pale at the first approach of death, with rivulets of blood pouring down its ghastly face from the ears and nostrils, has missed its hold on a topmast-yard, and struck the hard deck with a sickly thud. The surgeon is a practised hand, and an evident believer in Nélaton's theory that, in urgent cases, "there is no time to be in a hurry." He is admirably deliberate; finds what he wants on the exact spot to which he reaches, and carefully wraps the broken limbs of the sufferer in folds of lint. Little alleviation is possible, however, and the complete relief is in death. The ambulance is driven away, and the spectators retire.

Accidents are common along the river-front, and this has the effect of toning down our felicitations on the external brilliancy of the traffic, and reminding us of the lives that are spent in its maintenance. Strong men, with their breasts and arms bared to the sun, and their garments wet with sweat, men with blank or careworn faces, hurry along the narrow gang-planks from ship to shore in an interminable file, bearing upon their stooping shoulders burdens that press their jaws against their chests. Up and down, up and down, they pass and repass, not often speaking or altering the dull inexpressiveness of their countenances until they lose, in our imagination, all the divine spirituality of human consciousness, and become as mechanical as the cogs of a

wheel. Cheap material in the most generous system of political economy! From eight to ten hours a day of duty so laborious that it seems to exceed the limit of man's endurance, and scarcely enough pay to sustain them in the squalor of their tenement-homes! These longshoremen, as they are called, supply the fuel whose burning sends out the tumultuous stream of traffic, and behind the splendid procession of the river-street are the wan faces of starving lives exhausted in toil.

At the southern end of the East River waterfront are the canal-docks which receive the freight of the Erie Canal, and the locality is so deceptively quiet that a stranger would never suspect how immense a commerce belongs to it. The turtle-like canal-boats—painted white in some instances, but much oftener reds and greens, or yellows and blues, in fulfillment of the boatman's strongly chromatic fancies—are moored in such proximity that we may walk across them from wharf to wharf. A few men and women are visible upon their decks, and strings of family washing flutter in the breeze; upon one boat there is a cradle, upon another a dog is gamboling, and upon another a cat reveals itself; some of the cabin-windows are neatly curtained with lace, and flowers peep out from behind the curtains—these and a few other signs hint of the interior domesticity. Should we lift the deck off one of the cleanest boats we would probably find the stern divided into three or four small compartments, provided with the necessary conveniences for a small family—more than the necessary conveniences, even such luxuries as parlor-organs and sewing-machines—while the forward end is partitioned off into a stable for the horses or mules, and a forecastle for the men. I do not mean to say that all the boats realize this description; but the boatmen, contrary to what is sometimes said of them, are well-to-do as a class, and their quarters are very respectable. The greater space amidships forms a hold for the cargo, and its actual capacity exceeds appearances.

The principal lines of transportation from the West to the East include about ten thousand miles of railway, seven thousand miles of river, sixteen hundred miles of lake, and sixteen hundred miles of canal. The total freight carried over them in one year is about ten million tons, one-fourth of which is transported by boats through the Erie Canal and down the Hudson River, a striking exhibit, which is emphasized by the fact that the canal is only open for six months in the year. The boats travel over ten million miles a season, and give employment to about twenty-eight thousand men and sixteen thousand horses and mules. Passing through the quiet valleys of the Genesee and the Mohawk, they appear so primitive in structure and slow in motion that few persons unfamiliar with the facts would be willing to give them credit for much usefulness; they are towed on the river in long strings by great white tow-boats, but, inert as they apparently are, their services to commerce far surpass those of the railway, whose trains travel in one day a greater distance than the boats travel in a week.

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Adjoining the canal-docks three ferry-houses give us a text for a brief description of the ferries, which link the city with the opposite shores, and employ over fifteen hundred men. There are about seventy-

like reading a chapter of universal geography. To what a degree of excellence ocean-travel has been brought!

Five thousand tons is not an extraordinary size



THE CANAL-BOATS, EAST RIVER.

five boats of various sizes, from one hundred to one thousand tons burden, and the capital invested in them is over three and a half million dollars. They are not such "palatial" vessels as those which connect San Francisco and Oakland; some of them are in the last stage of decay, but the best are commodious, and transport thousands of passengers across the rivers daily with unvarying safety.

The pilots are seamen of experience, who, prior to their enlistment in the service, have been required to show thorough familiarity with the wily currents of the river, and to prove themselves even stronger of nerve and surer in decision than the sailors of treckless seas. A countless flotilla is in their path day and night; when the wind falls suddenly, sloops and schooners are drifting about helplessly, and the pilots must have both skill and courage in full measure when they are steering among them.

A walk through the pleasant umbrage of Battery Park, from which we look down the glittering bay to the Narrows, brings us to the North River, along which we continue our tour amid another crowd of vehicles and pedestrians. Most of the wharves are covered by sheds, and most of the vessels are ocean or coastwise steamers. The new iron steamers of the Pacific Mail line, the white river-palaces of the Hudson, the old-fashioned side - wheelers of the Southern trade, the immense ocean - transports of Great Britain, are drawn together, and reading the destinations inscribed on the façades of the sheds is

for one of these Liverpool steamers, and the ponderosity and bulk have been secured without the sacrifice of speed. Nearly every month the time of passage between England and America is reduced, and one steamer recently exceeded her previous record by making the voyage in a few hours over seven days! Marble chimney-pieces and bronze statuary in the saloon, electric bells in the berths, unlimited hot and cold water for the toilet, bath-rooms and barber-shops, mid-ocean on the Atlantic! It looks like a fantasy, but these are the "modern improvements" found in the steamers of to-day.

The seeming incongruity by which the rivers are designated as "North" and "East" extends to the river-streets, that on the east side being called South because it leads to the south, and that on the west West Street because it is the western border of the city. On West Street the crowd and turmoil of South Street are repeated: the buildings are occupied as stores, warehouses, saloons, sailors' boarding-houses, tobacco-shops, and shipping-offices, and, though they are often ill-adapted to their purposes, they are nearly invariably raggedly picturesque.

If, indeed, picturesqueness were the only thing desirable and necessary in the water-front of a great seaport, we might be content with ours; but, unfortunately, picturesqueness is usually the antithesis of convenience, and when we turn a practical eye upon these dilapidated old piers, narrow streets, and tumble-down warehouses, their inadequacy be-

comes plain. The shippers and others connected with the commerce of the city are forever bemoaning the miserable condition of the docks; it is said that thousands of tons of commerce are diverted to Baltimore, Boston, and Philadelphia, simply because the wharfage of New York is insufficient and badly managed. But there is a fair prospect that the improvements, which are already begun in a small way, will soon be complete and when they are complete

those at Birkenhead, on the opposite side of the river, and all additions made since 1854, the Liverpool docks cover six hundred and ten acres; the length of quay frontage within them is over fourteen miles, and the river-wall bounding them is five miles long and fifty feet high. The variation of the tide in the river is from eighteen to thirty-three feet, and, as the height of the water in the docks is uniformly equal to that of high tide, the shipping in them at low



AN OCEAN-STEAMER IN DOCK.

the city will be on a better footing than Liverpool, which is often pointed out as an example.

The great variations of the tide make it impossible to load or unload vessels abreast of ordinary piers in the Mersey; the anchorage which that river affords is too small and exposed for the shipping of the port, and, if it were large enough, the expense and delay of loading and unloading vessels by lighters would be unendurable to commerce. Only one system—that of inclosed wet-docks with entrance-gates—is applicable to these conditions, and that has been admirably carried out in Liverpool. Omitting

water is afloat on a level from eighteen to thirty-three feet higher than the river. There are not more than a hundred days in the year when vessels drawing more than eighteen feet can enter them, and the time during which vessels of any burden can be admitted is limited to about six hours a day.

The great difference between high and low tide has made a similar system necessary in London. But New York has such natural advantages in the equality of its tides and in the immense area of its water-front and its harbor that, according to General George B. McClellan, who until 1873 was chief-en-

gineer of the Dock Department, a much less expensive system is adapted to it.

The Hudson washes thirteen miles of the city's shore-line, every foot of which might be made available for vessels of the greatest tonnage; the East River washes nine and a quarter miles, most of which might also be made available to vessels of all classes; and the Harlem has an available front of two and a quarter miles. The area of the Hudson and East Rivers immediately opposite the city which is available for anchorage is thirteen and a half square miles; the anchorage of the Upper Bay is fourteen square miles, and of the Lower Bay eighty-eight square miles. The total available water-front of the city is twenty-four and three-fourths miles, and the average variation of the tide is four and three-tenths feet.

The New Jersey shore on one side, and the Long Island shore on the other, offer additional facilities, of which we have taken no account; and the Harlem River itself would be looked upon in many parts of the world as sufficient for a great commerce.

"It is evident," General McClellan has written in one of his reports, "that we need not resort to the English system of inclosed docks. The arrangement best suited to our wants is a continuous river-wall, so located as to widen the river-street very considerably, with ample covered piers projecting from it. This is the simplest, most convenient, and by far the most economical system that can be suggested. It will bring into play all the extraordinary natural advantages of the port, and will give every facility for the cheap and rapid handling of vessels and their cargoes."

Who that loves the city, and is familiar with the crush, confusion, and dilapidation of South and West Streets, can resist the possibilities which this charming project suggests? Think of the demolition of all these crazy old jetties and lofts, and the substitution of firm granite or concrete piers, extending laterally from a broad river-street! think of the solid stone road-beds and the smooth foot-paths, such as those of the Thames Embankment! think of the capacious warehouses fronting on the river-streets, and the many other improvements that the reformation of the dock-system would entail! A revolution would scarcely be too dear a price if we could find a Napoleon and a Haussmann to realize the fascinating vision.

The plans proposed by General McClellan, approved by the Dock Commissioners, and now being carried out with various modifications of detail, are as follows: 1. A permanent river-wall of *béton* and masonry, or masonry alone, so far outside the existing wharf-line as to give a river-street two hundred and fifty feet wide along the North River, two hundred feet wide along the East River, from the southern extremity of the city to Thirty-first Street, and one hundred and seventy-five feet wide along both streets above that point. 2. A series of piers projecting from the river-wall, of ample dimensions and adequate construction, which will allow an unobstructed passage of the water. 3. The erection

of sheds over these piers suitable to the requirements of the vessels using them.

General McClellan is not a visionary person; his contemplated improvements are not as sweeping nor as brilliant as those of a Haussmann, and in preference to a grander scheme, the cost of which might deter its accomplishment, he has proposed one that is eminently practicable and inexpensive. The estimated cost of the river-wall per mile is \$933,271, and the piers are to be, not of iron or masonry, but of preserved wood. "I have no doubt," says General McClellan, "as to the immediate necessity of widening the river-streets and building a permanent river-wall; but I think it sound policy to content our-



THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

selves for the present with piers of cheap materials, leaving for other generations, richer than ours, the construction of more permanent structures."

An uncomfortable set of people foresee the decline of New York, and the transfer of its commerce to other ports, as a more brilliant visionary once foresaw a contemplative New-Zealander gazing on the ruins of London. The distant future may have awkward changes in store, and the supremacy maintained so long by this city may pass to Boston or Baltimore; but that future is too distant for thought now, and in sweet probability the grass will be very thick and very green over the graves of these prophets before many blades have sprouted among the

cobble-stones of the river-streets, or the wharves have ceased to reverberate the thunderous tread of labor.

The steel threads by which the East River is to be bridged are being woven into stouter cables every day. Bartholdi's colossal statue of "Liberty enlightening the World" is to be placed on Bedloe's Island in the bay, and illuminate the harbor with electric lights. French citizens pledge themselves to erect the statue, provided the American people supply the pedestal. General McClellan's plans have already resulted in the reconstruction of many wharves; and further improvements, complete or in progress, give us heart to bear good-naturedly the most cheerless presages of the croakers.

We linger by the water-front until dusk. The

traffic that begins suddenly in the morning ceases as suddenly in the evening. At seven o'clock the wharves are almost deserted. The river is still and glossed with a coppery yellow; the Jersey shore is a low edge of blackness turned against the fading crimson of the west, and for a few moments a peculiar twilight brings the masts and cordage of the shipping into a marvelous distinctness. The changing lights are beautiful; the artist is enraptured, and directs my attention here and there; then he touches his portfolio, and sighs a lamentation over the inadequacy of black and white for sketches of harbor-scenes, which are full of color. I sympathize with him, though his black and white are more capable of doing justice than mine, which are miserably restricted to a quill and an ink-pot.

THE FOREST PRIMEVAL.

I.

WHAT knowest thou, Dryad, of this forest-place,
That turneth solemnly to heaven its sombre face?
Hath it, within its gloom, some hidden grace?

II.

No man hath broken twig beneath its shade;
Bright birds build nests joy-free and unafraid;
The sunbeams, palely, bending boughs inbraid.

III.

What cavern, girdled in by purple gloam
Of tangled tendrils, is thy Dryad-home?
What power hast thou through woven web to roam?

IV.

Wild waters unlock pauses in the way
Of virgin vineyards that, through branches gray,
Count by their buds the breaking of the day.

V.

What dost thou, Dryad, in the dusky deeps,
Where Mystery her voiceless vigil keeps,
And knowledge of the world, enchanted, sleeps?

VI.

Alway the winds make melody in air;
The whispering leaves fall down in colors rare;
And shadows, like gray nuns, kneel as in prayer.

VII.

When moonshine cleaves the azure heights, it falls
'Tween interlace of mighty forest-walls,
And, in a leafy splendor, gloom inthralls;

VIII.

Then Dryads count their rosaries of light—
The sparkling dew-beads on the breast of Night—
And haunting demons seek swift, sudden flight;

IX.

And in some circle, guarded by a lance
Of silver moon-ray, dainty Dryads dance,
Till sunbeams, amorous, through the forest glance;

X.

Then hie they to the fountain's fern-filled place,
And 'twen their fancies, clasped in wave's embrace,
Lave Dryad blushes in a naked grace.

XI.

O Dryad, list! Within thy beauteous breast—
On which the sexual seal is surely pressed—
Doth hate or love thy nature strange invest?

XII.

The panther crashes purpose through the brake;
The birds make common cause against the snake;
The lion jealous is for lion's sake;

XIII.

The flower shrinks from poisonous leaf in fear;
The vine in tremor droops as sound draws near:
So Dryads are of Nature e'er its arts appear.

XIV.

Wise Dryad, tarry! Once more answer me—
Art thou of time, or of eternity?
What is to have been, and what is to be?

XV.

Within the forest age eternal springs;
Its seed lies hidden in the tiniest things,
And finds in changes its immortal wings.

XVI.

To be is to have been. The primeval wood
Shall fall by man, or fire, or flood;
Whiche'er destroys gives new and strange birth-hood.

XVII.

Ho, Dryads, mark ye! Thought hath ventured near;
Already change doth subtly enter here.
We fly the wood primeval; Nature's arts appear!

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A STRUGGLE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

SKIRMISH.

(From *Mademoiselle Pauline Delange to Madame de Montfriand.*)

CHATEAU ST.-ELOI, VOSGES, July, 1870.

WHENEVER I see you, dearest Clémence, you shall receive a thousand kisses. The packages came yesterday. What you have sent me is superb, and selected with that delicate appreciation of shade and color which only a Parisienne as you are has at her fingers' ends. Now, quite naturally—for Madame la Comtesse de Montfriand cannot differ so much from my own Clémence du Parc—that little vein of curiosity must still exist, and the question will have arisen in her mind, "What does that plain and quiet Pauline want with this accumulation of finery?" The texture of the *drap d'été* is fairy-like, and the *nuance* charming. The riding-habit is simply *adorable*, and fits me divinely; and the hat—oh! the dear hat! Without my horse, for it rained in torrents yesterday, and it is too muddy for me to venture out to-day, yesterday I put on the whole costume, gathered up the trailing skirt, and, whip in hand, went galloping up and down one of our long corridors.

Now learn, madame, that we are to have no end of guests at the château. That is your answer. Notwithstanding all the clouds which disturb the political horizon, and those rumors of war, which papa thinks are so absurd, an unusual number of people have been invited. Papa's oldest friend, and my godfather, Général de Frail, we expect to-day. The general has been stationed in the neighboring department for the last three weeks. It is intimated that the general is coming to St.-Eloi on a special tour of inspection, for he has attached to him, as his military family, a whole *état-major*—in fact, some dozen officers at the very least. Of course, this cavalcade will not live in the house, but will be quartered in the town. But these gentlemen will be sure to be at the château most of the time, as papa has given the general the library, and all the rooms in the wing adjoining it. Undoubtedly our poor château of St.-Eloi will be resplendent with epaulets, and spurs will be ringing on the stairs, and swords will be found littering the *fauteuils*. Papa is in grand spirits, as he has an immense contract for all kinds of iron from the government.

Madame de Valbois, an old friend of my poor mother, who says she nursed me when I was born, when my poor mother died, arrived here a week ago. M. Raoul de Valbois, her cherished son, accompanied her. M. de Valbois you know about already, at least by hearsay. I may have spoken to you about him. M. de Valbois has just returned from the East, where he was an *attaché* to the Persian legation. The gentleman is not, however, the least bit Oriental. He

assured me that in Ispahan he lived precisely as he would have done in Paris, and that he had trained a Persian to become a perfect *concierge*. There could have been no difference, I suppose, for M. de Valbois, save that he did not have his morning papers, his club, and his airing at the Bois. M. de Valbois has brought with him a superb Persian hound. He is handsome and tyrannical (the dog, I mean), for this morning the big brute flew at Bobe, a little terrier of mine, and wanted to eat him up. But Bobe is bravery itself, and would rather have died than have run away.

I do not know whether I have spelled my funny little dog's name rightly. I half suspect it should be Bobb. Whether this stands for an abbreviation of the English Robert, or is a common term for an animal with a very short tail, I do not know, for both explanations have been given me. Bobe, then, who is crouching at my feet, will serve to introduce somebody else, not exactly one of our guests, but rather a member of papa's working family, for papa has some six hundred and odd men at the forge. This person is an invalid, and on the sick-list. You know how original papa is, so when he insisted on bringing into the house one of his *contre-maîtres*,¹ of course I had nothing to say. You have heard how papa was once a poor graduate at the Ecole des Mines, and went to the United States in search of his fortune. Papa would have died there of fever had it not been for some American acquaintances, who nursed him, and sent him home to France. When papa came to Alsace he started a modest foundry, which has grown and grown, until to-day behold me the daughter of the largest iron-manufacturer in the Vosges, and papa a deputy! Well, there is a kind of lingering tenderness which papa indulges in toward Americans, who are not to me the most prepossessing people in the world. Do you remember that hateful Miss Smeef, of New York, who was at school with us; how she lorded it over all the poor *pensionnaires*; how she browbeat our lady principal, and knew more about Paris at sixteen than we ever shall, I trust, in all our lives?

The way this person came into papa's favor was as follows: About a year ago there was some huge piece of machinery to be moved from our *mine* to a paper-mill some fifteen leagues distant, over a route which went directly across the railroad. This monstrous apparatus, weighing I do not know how much, was placed on one of the strongest wagons, pulled by twelve horses, when the wagon broke, and down fell the whole mass of iron, right across the railroad track. Of course there was no danger to the coming train, for the railroad people could have telegraphed the mishap, only papa would have been forced to pay heavy damages for even an accidental

¹ Foreman, or overseer.

obstruction of the road. Papa happened to see the break-down from one of the windows of his office, and he raged and stormed as only my dear papa can rage and storm. A host of men were called, who all pulled, and tugged, and strained, and the thing would not budge. You know, my dear Clémence, how we French are given to expletives. *Va!* If bad language could have moved that heavy mass of iron, it would have flown. I happened to be riding that way with my groom, and was attracted by the confusion. There was poor papa, in almost a fit of apoplexy, watch in hand, saying that the machine must be off the track in fifteen minutes, or it would be a loss of ten thousand francs to him, because the express-train to Paris would be due in twenty minutes. Papa ordered out more men, and the heaviest tackle. You see, Clémence, I know all about such things.

"It can be done more quickly, and without so much trouble," said a little man, in rather grammatical French, but with a decided English accent. "If you will only keep quiet, and not all talk at once, I feel pretty certain that we can clear the rails of the obstruction in fifteen minutes. Give me, sir"—this was addressed to papa—"twenty-five men—silent ones, above all—and let every one of them have hammers and chisels, and as many levers;" and the little man took a cigar out, and lit it quite composedly.

"How? how?" shrieked papa.

By this time I was so excited myself that I had urged my horse quite into the middle of the crowd of workmen.

"Do you not see that some of the heavy stays and bolts supporting the machine are all bent up, and twisted around the iron rails of the track, and that by the force of the fall they are completely imbedded? You are trying to move not only the machine, but the railroad together, which is impossible. Here, loosen that rail—pull it up—and the cross-piece too, if necessary;" and, saying this, the man, having thrown away his cigar, set alone at work one-handed, for he had but a single arm.

"What! Is it possible?" cried papa. "You want to move the rails? This is an audacious idea, and the consequences would be dreadful! I must have permission from the head engineer of the road before I can touch a single rail."

But, before papa could say anything more, the workmen seemed to have caught the little man's ideas, for they had pulled up two rails, and the hammers and chisels rained down blows on the jagged and twisted bits of irons. Pretty soon all hindrances were cut loose, and, with a hearty push, by means of rollers, the whole mass of iron was moved off the track. Then, quick as lightning, our little man, for he is scarcely three inches taller than I am, was down on his knees, tugging at the rails, and showing the workmen how to lay them in place again.

By this time a host of railroad employés were on the spot, for it happened three miles above the depot; and while they gaped in amazement over the sacrilege of those divine rights which railroads enjoy

in France, down came thundering along the *grand-vitesse* train, and passed on just as smoothly as if nothing had happened. Of course, after the thing was all done and past, papa had to ask permission for form's sake to remove the rails and replace them again, all of which concessions were kindly granted him. I feel sure our little American—for he was an American—came in for a good deal of praise. Anyhow, papa, who is quick to appreciate merit, and likes to have people in his employ who can bring in prominence those peculiar qualities which sudden emergencies call for, inquired what might be the profession of this person. Our little man proved to be an engineer, and papa engaged him as a superintendent of some of our minor departments. Now, papa has a very excited way of talking about the products of his forge. You might tell him that his pictures were poor copies, or his horses or his dogs bad, or the lawn of St.-Eloi a shabby grass-plot, and he would only shrug his shoulders; but find fault with a single scrap of his iron, and he becomes furious—because he is very conscientious about such things. Now, when the new *contre-mâitre* was in position for a month only, papa got into a desperate rage with him. The *contre-mâitre* had declared that certain quality of iron our forge turned out was poor, and not as good as it should be for the price. But papa listened to the new man, and, according to his suggestions, some original appliances were made, and ever since then papa has done nothing else but boast about his iron. It seems that, by the adoption of certain American devices, we not only save fuel, but make tougher iron—an improvement in quality with a diminution of cost. You may not know, my dear Clémence, how this works both ways to our profit, or how the fraction of a centime in our favor makes the difference of a fortune to us when you consider the millions of pounds of iron the forges of St.-Eloi turn out. I would not be the fitting daughter of the largest iron-manufacturer in this part of France if I did not know all the secrets of the business, for papa treats me almost like a partner, and even consults me in regard to his plans.

There, that is enough about the *contre-mâitre*. Oh, I forgot—he is an invalid! It is not a very serious matter. There is nothing heroic about him. He did not wade through molten iron to save anything or anybody. Ten days ago some new process was going on of his planning, which came suddenly to a standstill, because a blowing-machine would not keep up its blast in the furnace. I don't know what it was exactly, but something had been clogged up or had stuck fast, and the hands were swearing and suggesting and doing nothing, when the *contre-mâitre* did something which set all the machinery going again with such a sudden jar and clatter, that an old piece of lumber was thrown down, which struck the superintendent on the head and stunned him for the moment. Such a precious hard head he must have, not to have been killed, and to have come off with only a scalp-wound! Papa has had the *contre-mâitre* at the château for a week, and he goes mooning around the grounds, with his head

bound up, looking like a small edition of Doré's Don Quixote ! Oh, how did Bobe come into my possession ? Bobe belonged to the *contre-maltr*, and, when the dog left his master one day and came to me, I admired the little brute. Papa asked M. Percival to send to England for just such a dog for me. M. Percival (such an odd Christian-name as he has, Hoo ; it is spelled H-u-g-h—what an impossible language is English !) begged papa to keep the dog. Bobe only owes me half-allegiance : for he is constantly playing me false, and running off to his old master. Sometimes I have a mind to send him back.—There, I must cease now, for Madame de Valbois has come in. It is fortunate she has, otherwise I should be as interminable as Mees Clarissa Harlowe, who must have spent all her miserable life writing letters.

There, Madame de Valbois has gone. She asked me to whom I had been writing, and I replied, "To Clémence de Montfriand." She said, quite condescendingly : "What, Clémence du Parc, who was married some six months ago ? A good acquaintance, my dear Pauline. If your friend Clémence has the beauty, the grace, the amiability, of her mother, you could have no better friend." You see, then, Clémence *chérie*, Madame de Valbois patronizes you, and congratulates me on having such distinguished acquaintances ! Madame de Valbois told me that the general has just arrived, and she left me to meet him. I thought I heard a bustle in the courtyard.—Bless me ! I have been looking out of the window ! There is a sentinel at the entrance-door, and I see some dozen infantry-soldiers. As I supposed, St.-Eloi will be headquarters. I must go down and welcome my dear godfather—my second father, in fact. Who would think, Clémence, that such a sweet old gentleman, who looks for all the world—saw his mustache—like our ancient Professor of Botany, was a redoubtable soldier, and that, in the Crimea, he was among the first to storm the Malakoff ? Huzza for the glories of France ! The general will kiss me, and will be sure to call me his "pretty little Pauline," as if I were a baby yet. Then he will give me an elegant *bonbonnière* full of the choicest sugar-plums. Now I might be half inclined to laugh at my dear old general's gift to a young woman of almost twenty-one, if I was not sure to find in the box a dainty ring or a bracelet. The general forgets that I am growing older, while he—why, really he remains ever the same.—I will give you a breathing-spell, Clémence, while I dress. Babette has come in to aid me in my toilet. I shall resume this interminable letter later.

Just as I told you, Clémence, the most charming of Boissiers boxes was mine, but in it was a ring, an antique—Greek or Phœnician, I don't remember which. The general, who is a famous antiquarian, picked it up himself in some ruin, in Africa, I believe—I think near old Carthage—and he has had the stone mounted by Castellani. Dear old gentleman ! when I thanked him for it—for, much to Madame de Valbois's horror, I had turned out all the su-

gar-plums to look for it—the general said to me : " My dear child, some of these fine days, before very long, I hope to present you, above-board, and not in a tawdry box of comfits, such a *parure* as will tend to render my godchild more beautiful when she makes another man happy as his wife." Of course, this remark of my godfather's confused me, and the more so since I became certain that a look of intelligence had passed between Madame de Valbois and Général de Frail. Had these two good people been talking about an intended *parti* for me ? I hinted before this to you, Clémence, some suspicions of such a thing. In fact, it is getting to be such a serious matter that I ought not to treat it any longer *en espiègle*. M. de Valbois and I, save for the last four years, when he was absent in America and in the East, have known each other ever since we were children. It is only within the last few years that I have ceased calling him Raoul. I know papa owes a debt of gratitude to M. Raoul's father, who in some way laid the foundation of our fortune. The De Valbois people are all very wealthy. As to M. Raoul, there is really very little to find fault with. He is highly educated, stands well in the Foreign Office, and will rise in position. At twenty-six he has some three decorations, which, with exceeding good taste, he never alludes to. He is a singularly handsome man, and, if but slightly *fat*, is but very little *fade*. But—but why has he been away for the last four years ? What I feel is so difficult for me to express about him is this : I am certain that Raoul de Valbois thinks the matter of our espousals (I write you this as if I were the heroine-princess of a melodrama) is a foregone conclusion. I always imagine that there is a little lordly way about him which galls and irritates me. It is, I feel certain, Madame de Valbois who is most at fault. I try not to resent madame's manners by supposing that her son has any such ideas, but for the life of me I cannot help it. It is true the De Valbois family can hold their heads high in point of birth, but what is that to me ? Yet Madame de Valbois is constantly bringing into prominence the attentions of Madame la Comtesse This and Madame la Baronne That, who all had superb daughters, with handsome dowers, which good mammas would only have been too glad to confide their darlings to the representative of the De Valbois. I should not mind that so much, for it might be true, only she tells me, pretty much in these words, what she has replied to these eligible offers : " Mesdames, your daughters are surpassingly lovely, and their worldly conditions are no doubt assured, and your proposals generally and collectively do us honor, only we are engaged ; the matter is all cut and dried. We have only to put out our hand somewhere—hardly to ask, in fact—only to intimate it, and we can be supremely happy." All these things passed through my mind then, as they do now, when the general spoke to me. Presently Madame de Valbois left us. I never saw my dear godfather in such high spirits. I have described him to you as looking like a quiet professor of sciences, only at times his eyes flash like lightning, and you can see that the man is made of iron

and steel. We had been talking some half-hour on indifferent topics, when the general referred incidentally to my geographical studies about France, for, you know, if I am slightly ignorant about the outside world, I am thoroughly at home in my own country. As to our department and the immediate neighborhood for ten leagues around, I do not think there is a road or a by-path I have not galloped over. The general put to me quite a series of singular questions as to the width of certain roads and the character of the bridges, and we had a dispute in regard to the number of arches which spanned a stream some four leagues from here. The general requested me to find for him a book on engineering devoted to the departmental improvements, in order to assure himself that I was right. I soon gave him the book, and he found that I was correct. There were some maps in the back of the volume, and he spread out one of the department on the table. As he did so a bit of tracing-paper dropped out and fell on the floor. The general picked it up, examined it, and then put the paper in his pocket. Then he went on questioning me, though his queries were put to me *en badinage*, as, "My little pupil, if it is two leagues from the cross-road where the beet-factory is to the village, and three more to the river, with a road only ten metres wide, when you cantered along it with a hunting-party, as you say you have done, pray can you tell me how many ladies and gentlemen rode abreast? Do not forget that the road narrows for the last half-league between the hills. Now count it out on your pretty fingers." Of course, my explanations were none of the clearest, so I referred him laughingly to his staff. Suddenly he asked me, "How far are we from Stultzheim on the Rhine?"

"It is said to be almost seventeen leagues. That is the distance marked in kilometres on the railroad."

"Yes," he replied; "but I mean by the wagoners' route. Now, suppose Pauline had her trunk full of elegant dresses at Stultzheim, and wanted the trunk carted to St.-Eloi, how long would it take the package to reach you?"

"How should I know precisely?" I replied. "But we have, I think, some one here who could give you the exact information you require. Not papa, because these minor details escape him. I think this man can give you the distance, because some months ago several loads of machinery were sent to a cloth-factory within a half-mile of Stultzheim. M. Percival, our *contre-maître*, must be able to tell you all about it. M. Percival directed the transportation."

"I would like to see him," said the general; and he touched a bell, when one of his orderlies came. Looking out of the window, I saw M. Percival seated on a bench in the court-yard, reading a book. I indicated M. Percival to the soldier, and in a few moments the *contre-maître* was in the library, looking rather surprised.

"How long did it take you, sir," inquired the general, in a quick, military tone, "to move some machinery from the factory to Stultzheim?"

"Sixteen hours precisely sir," replied M. Percival, in an off-hand kind of way.

"What! and it is but fifteen leagues?" said the general.

"The machinery was heavy, and the road was bad. If I had to do it again, I might accomplish it in, perhaps, an hour and a half less."

"How?"

"By repairing the road."

"What! are the roads bad?"

"No worse than departmental roads are generally in this part of France, sir."

"Not so good as German roads?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I have traveled over those roads which are on the other side of the Rhine, at least across the river from Stultzheim."

"Here is this particular road," said the general; and he took up the book and spread out the map before him. "Here is St.-Eloi, and here is the—But my godfather, not being familiar with the locality, halted here."

"Yes," said M. Percival, "here are two streams which have to be crossed. The first bridge is excellent and sound, the second one I feel sure is defective. Here are two boggy places, which will get worse in two weeks' time from now, when the streams rise. It rained heavily two days ago, and these summer storms on the Vosges swell the rivers rapidly. You would have—" Here M. Percival looked inquisitively at the general for an instant, and then came to a full pause.

"Is this plan yours?" said the general, taking out of his pocket the bit of flimsy tracing-paper and placing it over the engraved map.

"I think it must be," replied M. Percival.

"I see that it differs slightly from the original," said the general.

"Only because, sir, as was suggested to M. De lange, some alterations on the road were to be made, and, having been in the library a day or so ago, I made the proposed changes."

"You are the very man I want, then. Pray continue, sir."

"How—continue?"

"You paused when you stated that I should have some difficulty about something. Pray explain yourself."

"You would have no end of trouble with artillery there. Your guns, for a rapid movement, would be sure to be stuck."

"Who spoke about artillery or guns? Are you an Englishman?"

"No, sir; I am not."

"What made you think about moving cannon?"

"It simply suggested itself to my mind, as I suppose it must have to yours."

"Ah, indeed! You have seen service?"

"Yes."

"If not a liberty (for you wear an empty sleeve which I respect), did you lose your arm in action?"

None but a very apt engineer with a military training could have made that very neat tracing."

Here, dear Clémence, I would have given a good deal to stay, but the general dismissed me and retained M. Percival. I saw the general at dinner, and he sat beside me. Papa was at his best, and was the life of the table, but my godfather seemed absorbed. M. de Valbois was polite and courteous as usual, madame dignified and slightly incisive. M. Percival has his meals always served him in his room, and has not yet honored us with his company. When dinner was over we had coffee, as usual, in the small drawing-room overlooking the lawn. A dozen people had come in, officials from the *mairie*, some of our neighbors, and there was a sprinkling of officers. I went to the piano to play something, preparatory to whist, for the general and papa have an interminable game which has lasted for twenty years. The servants had arranged the card-tables, when an officer came in and presented a dispatch to the general. My godfather was at the table, and was in the act of cutting for a partner—I could see that, for M. de Valbois was turning over for me the leaves of a *nocturne*, as he is an excellent musician—when the general rose, excused himself, came to me, and begged M. de Valbois to take his place at the table. But Madame de Valbois had already occupied the position. I fancied I knew the reason why. It was because she wanted Raoul to be with me. The general read the dispatch—a brief one, apparently—by the candles at my piano. Of course, my *nocturne* came to a full stop. M. de Valbois left me in a minute, and went out of the drawing-room as if annoyed. I think I made a happy escape, for, somehow or other, I fancied the *grande affaire* was coming. I went on playing again, when my godfather gently put one of his hands on mine and said :

" My little Pauline, I have a service to ask you. What about this M. Percival? Who is he? "

" I assure you I do not know, save that he is papa's head-man, and that he places all confidence in him," I replied.

" An American? "

" Yes; though I have never exchanged a dozen words with him." I was surprised at the interest the general had taken in our *contre-maître*.

" Pauline, I want more information from the man. He has what we call a topographical head, and a knowledge of this country and of that across the river would be of great use to me, especially at this moment. Is he still-mouthed? Does he know how to hold his tongue? "

" Hold his tongue? Certainly he does, since he has never opened his mouth to me. But papa says he is a tomb of secrets. I assure you, though, I never had any confidences to impart to him," I added, with a laugh.

" Where is he now? "

" How should I know, general? Usually he smokes a cigar after his dinner, in the billiard-room, especially when nobody is there, as is probably the case just now. M. Percival is rather a misanthropic

kind of a person, perhaps unaccustomed to general society."

" Pauline, if I sent for him it might be noticed. You and I will saunter out, and you will take me to the billiard-room." So, unobserved, the general and I left the drawing-room, walked across the courtyard, a mere step to the billiard-room, and, sure enough, there was M. Percival, but M. de Valbois was there too.

" I will engage M. de Valbois in conversation," said the general, indicating M. Raoul, who was listlessly knocking the billiard-balls about, " while you will please say to your *contre-maître* that I should feel obliged to him if he would come to the library at once. You will also be good enough to intimate to him that he had better not mention to any one my having sent for him."

" But, dear godfather—" I should have declined, but the general's manner was very imperative, so I reluctantly obeyed. I felt very awkward and embarrassed, which, I suppose, may excuse the first words I said to M. Percival, which were—" Monsieur Percival does not play billiards?" The man looked amazed.

" Oh, pardon me!" I added; " that was so very stupid on my part; how can you play billiards, having but one—" Here I came to a full stop. But my curiosity got the better of me, and I asked him: " Would you tell me, sir, what Général de Frail, one of the ablest of our French officers, has found so interesting in my father's *contre-maître* as to be closeted with him for fully two hours to-day? "

" I can scarcely imagine, Mademoiselle Delange; but since you do me the honor of asking, I suppose the questions put to me by the general were precisely of such a character as an able man in the profession of arms would ask of any one who knew something about the roads in the neighborhood relative to the movement, I fancy, of a column of soldiers"—and M. Percival here rose, and bowed to me, as if declining any further conversation.

" Excuse my detaining you, sir; but this movement of soldiers will be on the railroad. Perhaps we will have a new road to build; then papa will have no end of contracts for rails and bridges."

" Scarcely," was Mr. Percival's reply.

" How scarcely? "

" It is no mission of peaceful enterprise which directs Général de Frail's attention."

" What do you mean, then? Pray be less enigmatical."

" I am not French, mademoiselle, and cannot feel exactly as you do. Perhaps you may think glory is everything."

This speech piqued me, and I did not see that he had any business to find fault with my love of glory; so I said quite petulantly, " Have you had glory enough in your own country? "

" Plenty of it, and I shall remember it all my life, because I cannot play billiards." That speech of his humbled me for the moment, but then I thought it was, if not uncivil, at least unkind of him to recall what was nothing more than an inad-

vertency on my part. I commenced now to be really displeased.

"You are very sensitive, sir," I said. "Frenchmen do glory in such things; and what is an arm? It seems to me, though, that even with only one you have made yourself very useful to papa. But what do you mean by this pointed allusion to glory and France, which, thank Goodness, are inseparable?"

M. Percival seemed to hesitate for a moment, when he blurted out :

"War, mademoiselle, I am afraid, must be imminent, and as the iron-works and this château are very near the border, we shall be likely to suffer first."

Here was a revelation. I did not like his placing the *usine* first in prominence, and the château afterward. But what he said shocked me. I held my peace for a moment, and looked at the general, and saw he was growing impatient.

"You, then, sir, who know about war—are you acquainted with its horrors?" I inquired.

"I have been, mademoiselle."

"The general asked me just now whether M. Percival had a certain amount of reticence, and I took upon myself the liberty to state that he possessed that talent, and here I have had told me the drift of certain suspicions in regard to the matter Général de Frail talked to him about."

"Excuse me. Mademoiselle Pauline Delange asked me questions in such a personal way that I forgot myself. Had the general intimated secrecy, I would never have told you a word."

He rose again, and took his hat this time.

"It is well!" I said, rather triumphantly, imitating papa's manner. "Now the general wants you, probably in reference to the same subject. You can understand that you are to be silent about it. The general will be in the library. You will be good enough to go there at once."

That was like papa all over, and I felt delighted to be authoritative. M. Percival looked at me amazed. You have no idea, Clémence, how amazed a man with a bandage around the top of his head can look. But presently a smile came over his face, and he laughed—not exactly at me, but still he laughed. It was infectious, his laughter, and I laughed myself, as my authoritative manner must have been a dead failure. I added, "Since you have been rather overbearing in your manner, I hope the general will keep you closeted all night with him for a punishment."

"Who—I overbearing, mademoiselle? Your wish is a very unkind one, for my head aches now almost to splitting."

"Well, you will find some camphor-water on the second shelf of the library to the right of the door. I put it there for papa when he suffers from neuralgia. I am sorry for you. I had indeed forgotten that you had received quite a severe blow on the head. It is better, I trust."

"Oh, quite well," he continued. "But, mademoiselle, not being a Frenchman, and only a *contre-*

maître in your father's factory, I am not employed in a military capacity."

"Are you for the Germans?" I asked, quite excitedly.

"My sympathies are my own, and I am not bound to give them publicity—only, mademoiselle, I protest against your right, or anybody's, even your father's, as to ordering me to do anything which does not belong to my particular duties; then, besides, the fate of France"—and here he smiled rather maliciously—"might depend upon my being bright or stupid to-night, or on the contents of a camphor-bottle."

Evidently M. Percival was now laughing at me.

"Then you would in cold blood," I hotly said, "stand upon some high-flown principle of honor—which for the life of me I cannot understand—and see the château sacked and your dear *usine* burned, and papa ruined, because you did not exactly understand all the phases of the question?"

Then I thought I was making too serious a matter about it, and giving the *contre-maître* too great importance. I felt, though, for the first time, some vague, dread feeling of alarm at what might happen. Papa had declared that the idea of war with the Prussians was impossible.

"I have balanced the matter in my mind," said M. Percival, "and the scale just barely descends in favor of the *usine*. I owe a great deal to M. Delange. I should grieve if anything impaired his fortune."

"The *usine* again! and the château and its inmates!" I exclaimed, provoked at the cold-bloodedness of the man.

"What are these handsome grounds, this old château, when compared to whole square leagues of land trampled under foot, and women and children beggared, and turned out to starve and die?"

"You are tragic, sir—rather an alarmist!" but he had scared me.

"Perhaps I am, but I must beg your pardon if I have caused you any uneasiness in regard to the future. Tell the general I shall be in the library at once."

I have kept this letter by me, Clémence. I commenced it yesterday, and can only finish it for the late mail. Last night I could see the light burning in the general's quarters until almost dawn. Général de Frail and M. Percival must have been at it all night. Half a dozen times I heard the clatter of horses' feet in the court-yard. Once I saw a courier ride in at break-neck speed, and leave as rapidly as he came. At breakfast this morning papa looked grave, M. de Valbois anxious, and Madame de Valbois was in tears. There is a whole batch of letters coming in—regrets on the part of our intended guests; and the reason is the terrible nature of the events. At last! I have laid violent hands on a journal papa tried to hide from me. It is war. My God! and was the *contre-maître* right? The general came down late to breakfast. He was gay and pleasant, and cracked his jokes at my expense. Pauline, from

her knowledge of the country, was to have a staff-appointment; and, as there had been a Jeanne d'Arc, there might be a Pauline de St.-Eloi. He asked me if I had ever seen twenty-five thousand men on their march, and he assured me that, if I would mount my horse to-day and go forth with him to the very bridge we had a dispute about, at precisely one o'clock, military time, I could see a whole *corps d'armée* on an advance. He would like me to come, he said, first to give him my opinion as to the appearance of the troops, and then it might be pleasant for me to bid him good-by, for he was to command the division. My dear old general's manner reassured us all, and his joking made papa smile. It seems we are to run the works to their utmost capacity day and night. We received this morning a contract for shot and shell, and all the gun-barrels we can forge. Papa says it will amount to some millions of francs. M. de Valbois is for the first time apparently excited, but has very kindly attempted to allay my anxieties. He has two uncles in the service, and Madame de Valbois is in tears over them. In a moment of nervous excitement she said to me, "My dear Pauline, how glad you should be that Raoul has not assumed the career of arms!" The general told us, since we had the initiative, that was half the battle. It seems, then, everything has been arranged, ready sprung for an emergency. My maid Babette is wild with excitement, and wants to fight herself, and the next moment is in tears about a certain Jean Baptiste, a good lad I know, who is in the artillery, and to whom she is engaged. M. Percival I have not seen. Papa says the *contre-maître* is at work again, and that during some days (for papa goes to Paris by the same train which takes this letter) M. Percival will have entire direction. Evidently the danger of an inroad from our enemies the Prussians is remote, quite impossible, or papa would never have left me. But, Clémence, what if I should see war with all its horrors? It was eleven o'clock to-day when the general, with M. de Valbois, some twenty officers, and as many gentlemen from the neighborhood, left the château of St.-Eloi. We were quite a cavalcade, for the general's escort—a company of Guides—joined us a mile from St.-Eloi. We had some two leagues to go, and we all cantered along at a pleasant speed. It was a lovely day, such as one sees only in this dear country. Every field was blooming, and all seemed hushed in quiet repose. Great fields of colza stretched away, and broad spaces were covered with tobacco-plants. In the meadows the lazy cattle gazed at us as we clattered down the road. There was a gentle breeze, which kept off the dust, just swaying the trees, and the tall poplars rustled so pleasantly. Occasionally, as we passed, groups of peasants working in the fields would stop from their labors, and the women would courtesy to us, while the men would doff their hats, and gaze at our gallant appearance, and cry out in their *patois*, "Vive la France!" The sweet odors of the freshly-cut hay pervaded the air with fragrance. Away off in the distance—for the day was so clear—we could

see the Vosges Mountains, standing out blue and gray on the horizon. The general and I headed the cavalcade. I had on my new riding-habit, the one you sent me, and the dear old general had with his own hands put a heron's plume in my hat. My little bay horse was looking his best, and kept readily alongside of the general's impatient charger. We all took a breathing-spell at a pretty brook and let our horses drink, when we pushed on again at a hand-gallop, so as to be in good time for the arrival of the troops. Just as we arrived at the designated place the general pointed to a rising bit of ground as best adapted to my witnessing the approach of the division.

"Pauline, you are to be my picket," said the general, looking at his watch. "We are in good time. That little American told me of an elevation, just here, big enough to hold a single battery, which completely covered the approaches to the road; and, sure enough, there it is, and there is the clump of trees which would mask it. Your *contre-maître* has decidedly a military *coup-d'œil*. Pauline, push on your little horse, and see which of us two can scramble up first."

I spoke to my horse, who with a bound took the lead, and I was first. I think the general played me false, for he held in his charger, then dismounted, and was soon surrounded by a group of officers. He drew out a note-book, and commenced writing, and then he addressed an officer, who wrote under his dictation. It was grand to look down from where I was at the little military assemblage below me. The escort had dismounted, and had formed themselves into picturesque groups. Presently the general, M. de Valbois, and a major, the head of the staff, came to me, and they all helped me to alight. It was precisely one o'clock by the major's watch. But no signs of the troops were visible. The general gave an order, and some half-dozen cavalrymen were in the saddle in a second, and in an instant more were out of sight. M. de Valbois and the officer talked to me, while I pointed out to the major the Vosges hills, and called them each by name. It was half-past one now, and, though the major used a formidable kind of opera-glass, no cloud of dust was visible in the distance. The general became impatient. I had been wise enough to think of luncheon, and the contents of the baskets M. de Valbois's groom and mine had brought were soon disposed of, but the general would not touch a morsel. "He was smoking," he said, "and had no appetite." The fact is, the general was in a terrible rage, all the worse because it was smothered. It was not one of those temporary gusts which papa indulges in, but something of the most concentrated character. The staff, apparently knowing his mood, kept aloof from him. Presently he called a captain and a lieutenant to him, and in a half-dozen brief words, which snapped like the crack of a whip, told them to "ride on all day, if necessary, until they met the column." Off they started at full speed, at a break-neck pace, both gentlemen jumping their horses over a high hedge. It was almost half-past two before these officers came back, all covered with dust, and their

horses flecked with foam. Faintly, now, ever so faintly, in the distance I heard the sounds of the clarion, and then the roll of the drum. The general pricked up his ears. Nearer came the trumpet-calls, and now the advance, a squad of cavalry, was visible. Then I saw the first files of the infantry, and I could make out in the plain below a long, straggling line of artillery and the wagons. It was a superb and glorious pageant, and filled me with the idea of power and strength. Our own little body of men were ordered in the saddle and formed below, just beyond the bridge. Just then an infantry regiment caught sight of our dear old general, who was on horseback alongside of me on top of the little knoll, and they cried and shouted, and their *vivas* were caught up by the next soldiers, until it was carried all along the line, and rolled away far into the distance. The officers saluted, and the military bands burst out. I turned to Général de Frail, trusting to see some expressions of pleasure on his face, but his face showed no emotion. He was stern and grave. In my enthusiasm I could have shouted, too, and as it was had drawn out my hand-kerchief, and was waving it.

"My dear Pauline," said the general, "it is true the *tenue* of the men is superb, but, though it all looks so very fine, the division is exactly two hours and five minutes too late—behind time—and I will have to punish some one severely. Now, my child, good-by, and God bless you! When the war is over, we will certainly see one another.—M. de Valbois, I wish you a good-day.—Pauline, kiss your father for me. Pauline, it is a common saying that one can't have an omelet without breaking eggs; and rest assured we are going to give and receive no end of hard knocks.—Ah! here come some brave old friends of mine;" and the general pointed to a regiment, and he showed me its flag. "I commanded some of those men in the Crimea, and we have known what it was to suffer and to be happy together. It is almost my family, for that is my old regiment. I carried that flag when I was a stripling—those same shreds of silk." Here my godfather unbent for the first time, removing his *kipi* as the men shouted out his name. "Now, Pauline, my darling, good-by, and may God bless you! We shall see each other again;" and he kissed me tenderly, and I felt a tear on his brave old face. The general's staff then bade me adieu, and took their places in the column, their chief at their head. Dear general! He stood up in his stirrups, looking at me over the tops of the guns, waved his hand to me, and then he disappeared in a bend of the road. It would have been fully two hours before the rear-guard could have passed us. Now M. de Valbois and some three other gentlemen made up the party. We did not wait to see the last of the soldiers. As we turned bridle to go homeward I felt very much like crying. We came home slowly. Still the sweet scent of the clover was in the air, but it gave me a headache. I do not think I said anything to M. Raoul, who rode alongside of me, save to answer him in monosyllables. In fact, we all, I fancy, were more or less

oppressed. I had been over-excited, I suppose, and felt exhausted. The atmosphere might have had something to do with it, for a storm was gathering in the Vosges away off in the distance. Presently we heard the faint reverberation of the thunder, and I trembled so—who am not a nervous woman—that I checked my horse. It was God's artillery and not man's. M. de Valbois urged speed, in order to escape the rain, which we could see driving up from the hills, and we pushed our horses. Just as we got to the château the rain came down in torrents. I rushed into the house to give papa the general's parting words, but he was gone. I had forgotten his intended departure. I have passed a dreary evening with Madame de Valbois, whose presence seems to depress me. It appears that Madame de Valbois's mother saw the horrors of 1815, and the lady must needs tell them all to me. The whole of France is only interesting to Madame de Valbois as having to do with her or her son's interests, or those of the De Valbois. M. Raoul had gone to St.-Eloi to hear the news. I have pleaded my unfinished letter to you as an excuse to be alone. And now, dear Clémence, I have just time to finish this, and send it by André. Somehow, if I commenced this gayly, I feel in wretched spirits to-night. My kindest regards to M. de Montfriand.

For ever and ever,

PAULINE.

(*Madame de Montfriand to Pauline Delange*)

PARIS, July 1, 1870.

MY PAULINE: I can fancy your alarm. That you are nervous and excited, I can readily understand. Instantly on receipt of your letter I saw my father, and it is all arranged. M. de Montfriand will call on M. Delange to-day, in order to urge your immediate departure from St.-Eloi. You must come to Paris and live with us. If war has its misfortunes, it shall serve at least to reunite us. There, poor little dear, the whole matter is concluded. Of course, it is a serious business—for the Prussians. My eldest brother, the colonel of Spahis, arrived here yesterday from Algiers, and leaves for the Rhine to-morrow. He has an appointment in Général de Frail's division, and your acquaintance with this gallant officer may be of use to the colonel. I spoke to my brother about St.-Eloi, and he laughed away my tears. That part of Alsace, he assures me, is just where our French torrent will pour out which must submerge Germany. He told me that all the risk you would run would be to have your old château filled with our officers, and that in a week from now there would not be a chicken or a turkey or a goose on your farms, because the gallant French soldier would have exterminated them. My dear Pauline, there is no danger. I read to mamma that portion of your letter in regard to Madame de Valbois, and what she said of mamma, and mamma feels quite complimented. Nonsense, child, about your aristocratic friends! Though the Du Parcs trace their origin back to the Crusades (the Montfriands were only a goodish family, just emerging from obscurity in the

beginning of the last century), you, Pauline, are worth ten times more than I, having a truer nobility of soul. But, my Pauline—but what is all this you write me about some *contre-maitre*, a M. Percival and his dog Bobe? Take care! I do not like Americans—at least those from North America. *Passe done*, for those hailing from South America, who are more like Spaniards or Italians, less their originality; but there is an assumption about these people from the United States which is annoying at times, because we can never place them. Imagine a youth we met in the Pyrenees last year, living *en prince*, a gentleman spending his money in the most lavish way, the leader of the hunting-parties, the whole place, in fact, at his beck and call, a ravishing dancer, a breaker of hearts withal, who turned out to be a *commis voyageur* in a silk or dry-goods house in New York, the rival of our *petit St.-Thomas*! You never can know who they are. You seem honestly, Pauline, to be just a little *entiché* about your dog and his former master. *Imprimis*, send back the dog. I have so little sympathy for your *caniche* that, should M. Raoul de Valbois's Persian hound swallow him, I should admire all the more Bobe's mausoleum. Suppose a *contre-maitre* does happen to have ridden on top of a wagon loaded with old iron, does that constitute him a remarkable personage? He may have lost his arm by some mechanical mishap. Are you to fall in love with all the one-armed or one-legged men? Suppose he did have his head broken in your father's service, is he not paid just in proportion to the risks he runs? Pauline! Pauline! are you not rehearsing, all to yourself, a certain quite pretty story, entitled "The Romance of a Poor Young Man?" You and I read it once together, *en cachette*, at school, and do you remember we borrowed it from that very Miss Smeef? I asked mamma about M. Raoul de Valbois, and she sounded his praises, and assured me that she had always understood that M. de Valbois was some day or other destined to make you, my Pauline, happy. There is nothing of the inevitable about this! I am two years older than you, *ma mie*, and might presume, not as much on my seniority as on my position as a married woman. School-girl romances are dropped with *pain au confit*. As to M. Raoul de Valbois, if you have not exactly a community of sympathy, your fortunes are alike, your ages approximate (M. de Montfriand is twelve years my senior, and I scarcely knew him before my marriage). So, Pauline, take happiness, even if it is thrust on you. Mamma, too, extols Madame de Valbois, as possessing many amiable qualities, which perhaps you may have overlooked. Now, I pause just here, and, as I read over my last two or three paragraphs, I fear I may unwittingly have been dreadfully officious, and may have presented to you matters in quite an unwarrantable light. This M. Percival may be nothing more to you than any other workman. But, Pauline, under your calm exterior I fancy at times I discover something like a *titre exalté*. I even imagine I see certain womanly indications—weaknesses, Pauline, such as spring from a heart which knows no guile, at least for me—I who

am your best and dearest friend. You always reflected on the surface what was in your heart. That is why, in this insincere and hollow world, I always loved you. Long ago I went to that school of manners where feelings are concealed. Come, come, Pauline, forgive me if I have wounded you; but I am a little afraid about you, not as to any risks the war can bring to the gentle *châtelaine* of St.-Eloi, but because cooped up with Madame de Valbois, and having M. Raoul de Valbois *en grippe*, at least for the present, you might become pensive, melancholy, or, what is worse, fall in love with the wrong man. Your father dines with us to-day, and he shall fix the day of your departure from St.-Eloi. Now I dismiss the subject. My brother says we must bivouac in Berlin, under the lindens, in a month from now at the very farthest. No power in Europe can withstand the valor of our soldiers. All France is in arms, and the glories of the first empire will pale before the wonderful fortunes of Napoleon III. My father leaves shortly for Italy on a diplomatic mission, and my husband accompanies him; so you see, Pauline, how much I shall want your company. It is said that, notwithstanding the war, the season will be a gay one. Your provincial toilet will want refurbishing when you come; you shall have the full benefit of my experience. The smoke of your forges has certainly got into your handsome head, and given you such strange ideas that I almost think a little gunpowder in the distance will help to clear up your mental atmosphere. Come, then, to Paris, and the strong walls of the city shall protect you, as will the loving arms of

Your very best friend,

CLEMENCE DE MONTFRIAND.

(From *Hugh Percival to George Terhune, of New York.*)

ST.-ELOI, VOSGES, FRANCE, July —, 1870.

MY DEAR GEORGE: It must now be fully eight months since I wrote to you, telling you that I had obtained a position at the iron-works here. I am better both in mind and body. It will take, though, a long time before the remembrance of all I have lost, that sad void in my life, will pass out of my mind. Perhaps if I had been left for dead at Cold Harbor it would have been better. Then I never would have learned that the woman I loved—your sister, George—perished when the false news of my death was carried to her. I must confess that the idea of my becoming a soldier of fortune, and of taking service in Egypt, never but half pleased me. I never wrote you how I happened to be in Alsace. It was my intention, with what small means I had left, to settle for a year or so in some quiet German university town, where there was a professor of Oriental languages, and acquire some of the more necessary Eastern tongues. Home was, if not distasteful, at least painful to me, who had lost the dear one who was to fill it. I had been advised to take a pedestrian tour, to cure a certain shakiness of nerves, and was trudging through Alsace, when I stumbled across M. Delange, the master of quite an extensive

iron-works here, who gave me employment. Somehow I have made my way very rapidly. Those eight years passed at your father's iron-works were not lost to me. I have charge, now, of a vast establishment, which at the present moment is encumbered with business. M. Delange, in fact, leaves me almost too much to do. I break my long silence, because, since France and Germany are to fight, you might be annoyed at not hearing from me. Now, with what experience I may have acquired of a general strategic character, I am pretty sure that just about the spot where I am writing this, St.-Eloi, will be the exact focal point of no end of cannon-balls. All France seems cock-a-hoop about this war, and thinks it nothing more than a *tout-à-l'heure militaire*. I am afraid they will be mistaken. I knew a host of German officers who fought on our side during the civil war, and from their ability, and from what they told me, I am pretty certain that France will have her hands full. I deem it singularly unfortunate that I should be even near the scene of action. I cannot leave St.-Eloi, as six months ago I entered into an engagement with M. Delange to remain with him for another year, on terms proposed by him, which were of the most liberal character. Of course, if the Prussians surround St.-Eloi I must capitulate, but not before. In the mean time, I am making shot and shell, and forging gun-barrels. Mind you, we are not over seventy-five miles from the Rhine, and our factory is known to be turning out materials of war. If there is a Sheridan or a Kilpatrick on the German side, and their cavalry-officers are not wanting in *clan*, some fine day they will break bounds, and smash our tall chimneys over our heads, for our smoke can be seen for miles around. I have an admirable set of workmen, and have no trouble. I fancy Alsatian workmen are the best in Europe for industry and good judgment. Of acquaintances I have none. M. Delange has frequently invited me to the house, a fine old château, and would have liked, so I think, to show me that civility which is rather rare in France between employer and employé, but I suppose I have rather stupidly, if not coldly, though I trust not impolitely, declined his advances. Nevertheless, I have been a forced guest at the house, having had a bad attack of headache, brought on by an accident. The noise of the hammers in the forge—for my lodgings are in a house adjacent to the factory—would have retarded my recovery, so I was very kindly taken to the château. I am quite well now, having resumed work a week ago. There is a Mademoiselle Pauline Delange, an exceedingly handsome-looking young lady of twenty, the only child of M. Delange. Mademoiselle Delange, for a French girl, thanks to her life in the provinces, seems to me to be quite a natural and unaffected kind of a person. I find that M. Delange consults her sometimes in regard to his business, and occasionally she comes to the factory and takes an interest in what is going on. I think she does a great deal of good among the workmen's families, and plays an important part in their society of *bienfaisance*. I have been very shy of her; for, though

I half suspect she knows I am useful to her father, she rather distrusts me as a fitting guest at the château. She does not disturb me, however, in the least. During her father's absence in Paris, she came to the office, accompanied by a Madame de Valbois, and the two interrupted me for fully an hour asking me a series of questions having to do with the military opening of the campaign, about which they really know more than I do, for my time is so absolutely engaged that I have not had even the chance to read the papers. Somehow I have the reputation of being a military oracle. Even the workmen ask me long questions, ending, "Excuse me, but since monsieur has seen service, he perhaps can tell us." I wonder how they knew I had been in the wars? There is a M. de Valbois, a young Parisian *élégant*, an *attaché* of legation, quite a fine gentleman, who has condescended to make my acquaintance, and who was good enough to express his surprise at the character of the books I was reading when I was ill at the château. Both Mademoiselle Delange and this gentleman have been in the *usine* all the afternoon, very much in the way, I assure you, especially as the lady insisted on having M. de Valbois witness the making of a large casting, and I could not help being amused at the way the young lady enjoyed the spectacle of seeing a well-dressed man like M. de Valbois exposed to a shower of sparks, which must have ruined both their clothes. There, I have given you the details of my surroundings, save M. Delange, for whom I have a great liking and respect. The master is a portly gentleman of over sixty, somewhat hot-headed and impetuous, with an indomitable will, a good eye to business, and who places, I am pleased to say, full confidence in me. Now, George, should you not hear from me for the next six months, do not believe that I am dead. You will probably be better informed on the other side of the Atlantic about the movements of the opposing forces than I will be, who am likely to be in the midst of it. Pray be good enough to send to my bankers in Brussels what little balance of money may be in your hands belonging to me. The excitement and bustle here are at a fever-heat. I am well and strong, perfectly restored to health, and, being fully occupied, have less time to think of my past troubles.

Most affectionately,
HUGH PERCIVAL.

(*Pauline to Clémence.*)

CHÂTEAU ST.-ELOI, August —, 1870.

DEAR CLEMENCE: I write you in an agony of mind. Ten days ago my father returned from Paris, apparently well, bringing me news of you. Three days ago he was stricken down with a terrible illness, whether from mental excitement or overwork we cannot tell. For two days he was perfectly unconscious. This morning for the first time he showed some faint signs of returning life. All my preparations for leaving St.-Eloi were completed—against my will, Clémence, not that I would not have liked to be with you, but because I could not bear to leave my father. As my father is so ill, you can under-

stand, Clémence, that I must be with him now. My place is by his side. I could scarcely have found time, Clémence, to write you this, if it were not to inform you that, unless my father's condition improves, I will not quit St.-Eloi. I have just had an anxious talk with our doctor. He says: "Any movement will endanger your father's life. With skillful nursing, it may be a month, two months, before he can even take an airing in a carriage." Think of it, Clémence! I have been almost alone in the château, and like it the better. M. de Valbois left a week ago for Paris, under orders from the Foreign Department. Madame de Valbois is still at the château. Yesterday the first wounded men came in, for there has been a hospital established at St.-Eloi, and, as the men were carried through the village, Madame de Valbois happened to see them, and has been hysterical ever since. She is not exactly selfish, only the war has unnerved her. It may do so for me, for aught I know. I do not think that Madame de Valbois can possibly remain at St.-Eloi, as she has already expressed her desire to be within the walls of Paris. From all that I have gleaned of war-news I am afraid we may run some risk here, and there is no reason why Madame de Valbois should suffer on my account; so I shall throw no obstacle in the way of her departure, but be rather glad if she does leave. I do not in any way, my dear Clémence, think it in the least unbecoming for you to write as you did about M. Percival. It was the *contre-maitre* who brought my poor father to me, for the attack took place at the *usine*. All I know about M. Percival is, that he is at work night and day, though he calls morning and evening to inquire about my father. I have somehow commenced to think that, without M. Percival at the *usine*, matters there, with the master prostrated, would be in dire confusion. I have learned to respect the *contre-maitre*, and, if you will have it, Clémence, to be rather in awe of him—only this and nothing more. My dear father is all to me, and so absorbs my thoughts that I sometimes forget that we are in the midst of a horrible war. Do you, Clémence, pray for my father's restoration to health, and for France, and for your friend

PAULINE.

(*M. Hugh Percival to Mademoiselle Delange.*)

GROSHEIM, August 4, 1870.

WILL Mademoiselle Delange receive my thanks for the information she imparts to me in regard to the improved condition of her father? Madame de Valbois I had the honor to escort to Nancy, as requested by you, and the lady is now on her way to Paris. In the present condition of the railroads, given up entirely to the army, non-military travelers find more or less difficulty in their movements. This little journey to Nancy, as I had the honor of informing you, can in no way be prejudicial to the business of St.-Eloi. At Nancy I obtained permission to use an accumulation of coal belonging to the Government, now actually at Grosheim. This will explain to you why I am still at Grosheim. This

afternoon I shall dispatch a train of coal-wagons to St.-Eloi, so that our work will continue. I regret exceedingly the fact announced by you that the military hospitals have been removed from St.-Eloi, since they deprive you of the services of the surgeon. If M. Delange's condition should improve, I would, of course, advise your leaving the château with your father, and seeking other quarters. But the work at the *usine* must continue night and day. Were your father well to-day, it would be a point of honor with him to do his utmost to supply the Government, and fulfill his contract as far as practicable. A few hours before M. Delange was taken ill, he imparted his wishes to me to this effect. Should M. Delange's health be such that he cannot be moved, as you state, the path of duty is plain, and you ought to stay with him. I trust to be at St.-Eloi to-morrow.

With great respect,

Your very obedient servant,

H. PERCIVAL.

(*Pauline to Clémence.*)

CHATEAU ST.-ELOI, August 4, 1870.

DEAR CLEMENCE: This may be the very last letter to you. Thank God, my father is better! If this improvement continues, there may be some slight hopes of our moving him. My father knows nothing of the dire calamities which have befallen our country, that our armies have been vanquished, and that the blood of our soldiers is flowing like water. I hear the most sinister news, and I see faces all around me pale with alarm. Some of our best hands at the *usine* have volunteered; others, more timid, are removing from the approaching scene of the contest. The main road before the château is crowded with poor peasants, who plod on in a piteous way with their wives and children, seeking safety in flight. It looks pretty much like isolation for us here. I am assured that, although our works are in one sense a source of danger as likely to draw an inroad from the enemy, strong efforts will be made to hold St.-Eloi to the last. You understand, Clémence, what that means. Almighty God! am I to see scenes of carnage around my home, and my poor father deprived of even the necessities of life? The *usine* is still at work—a detail of soldiers replacing the workmen who have left us. O Clémence, I have been for two days in an agony of grief, all the harder, all the more terrible, because I have been forced to conceal the news from my poor father. Général de Frail is dead—was killed in action. Brave gentleman, whom I loved next to my father! Some days ago I asked for tidings about him. No one seemed to be willing to tell me anything. The day before yesterday I overheard André apostrophize the portrait of my godfather, which hangs in the library, in such touching terms that I suspected he was concealing something from me. "André, André!" I cried, "is the general alive?" "He is dead, poor mademoiselle! He tried alone to turn defeat into victory, and fell a martyr to his country. What a loss! I never can see his picture without talking to it. He was the bravest of the brave, and many a kind word

he has said to me. Mademoiselle, before he left us, he did me the honor to ask me how long I had been attached to the family. On my telling him 'Twenty years,' he said to me: 'André, my good man, you must never leave them. Take good care of Mademoiselle Pauline, my godchild, and M. Delange.' Mademoiselle, come what may, I for one, until the Prussians batter this house over my old head, will never leave it, nor cease to care for you and yours."

My agony was so great, Clémence, that I could not even cry. I fell on my knees, and prayed for the repose of my godfather's soul. Think of the sad coincidence—the misfortune of the thing, for papa sent just them for me, and the first thing he said was: "Pauline, you give me no news about De Frail? You may depend upon it, our general is giving it to those villainous Prussians. De Frail is one of those *dur-d-cuire* that no ball can touch or harm. When De Frail comes back he will be more unsupportable than ever—such long stories he will have to tell me! Perhaps the emperor will make him a duke. He

ought to have been made one long ago. How I hope to annoy him one of these days by calling him M. le Duc on all occasions! When we play whist together, I shall say to him, 'M. le Duc should not have trumped that trick;' or, 'If M. le Duc cannot play better than that, let him take to domino!' Pauline, I think if I only saw my dear old friend again, I should get well." Then my poor father laughed a merry laugh, and rubbed his hands in childish glee. I thought I should die.—I can write no more. In this big house there are to-day but my father and I, André and Babette. M. Percival sent me a brief note this morning, stating that, if I had any letters for Paris, I had better forward them at once to him for transmission. I draw a terrible augury from this. Matters must be at their worst when postal communication is closed. I have but time to say, God bless you, Clémence, and may we see each other again!

For ever and ever,
PAULINE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUT OF LONDON.¹

VII.—AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY.

IF it be true that a nation is best seen in its amusements, the reason probably is, that it can never really be seen at any other time. In business-hours people shroud themselves in the mantle of conventionality; in their homes they are disguised by habits, traditions, and associations; on the field of battle they are either machines or animals—and, besides, only the male half is there; in political mobs and gatherings, and even as spectators of shows, they are dominated and, as it were, uniformed by one or two prevalent impulses or emotions. But when a nation, having arisen in the morning with an intention of amusing itself till nightfall, issues forth to carry that purpose into execution, no matter how, no matter where—then, at last, the observer sees them as they are. They have thrown off all the burdens that press them more or less out of shape throughout the year; they forget all that troubled them yesterday and will do so again to-morrow; they think of nothing but how to get the greatest amount of idle and aimless and foolish pleasure out of the present moment; and each one, and all together, unconsciously and inevitably act out their own individualities, with the least possible degree of embarrassment, disguise, or affectation. The spectacle, in this nineteenth century, and in civilized England, if amusing in some respects, is rather astounding in others. It forces one to recognize anew the soundness and necessity of the great human dogma of clothes. Not that English holiday-makers are, in a material sense, sansculottic—far from it: but in a moral and mental sense they are very apt to become so, before the day is over, and after they have warmed the cockles of their

hearts with sufficient quantities of gin and beer. And it must be confessed that, until the millennium gets rather nearer than it seems to be now, the exhibition of even the more playful side of even the English people's inner nature is not entirely savory and delightful.

However, I do not wish to appear atrabilious, nor do I intend to moralize much; but I should be glad to give an impression of a British Whitsuntide in a London suburb. Exactly such a sight can be seen nowhere else; least of all in America. For, though both American and English orators, in their speeches after dinner and elsewhere, talk much about us two being members of the same great Saxon family—of one blood flowing in our veins—and of our aims and interests being identical—I, nevertheless, maintain, nor am I alone in the opinion, that no two nations upon earth are more at variance upon every essential point than are John Bull and Jonathan. The opposition is not intentional—possibly not even desirable; but it is profound and inevitable. Beyond the broad sympathies that ally every human creature to every other, however alien, England and we have naught in common. All our aspirations, convictions, and impulses, are mutually hostile; and, whenever we come openly to blows, we not only fight each other with as savagely hearty a zest as any Turko-Russian combat could show; but it is then, and then only, that we feel mutually at ease, and ready to admit that there are virtues as well as faults on both sides.

Such being the case, there is not only no risk of any description of English manners and customs being (so far as an American audience is concerned) a carrying of coal to Newcastle, but the difficulty

¹ Continued from JOURNAL for March.

will be, to make the audience in question realize what a very foreign substance that coal really is. The lower-middle orders of English people, who form the bulk of those you meet on holidays, are curiously and edifyingly different from what would be taken as the corresponding class in America. We call ourselves independent, but these English are, in a certain sense, far more independent than we. The American citizen is weighed down, restrained, and subdued, by the responsibility, which he can neither evade nor forget, of being his own sovereign, and thus answerable to himself for what he does. The cares of empire are ever on his shoulders; he feels that there is nothing beyond, above, or below him, and that if he be careless in his conduct, or irreverent toward authority, the nation must go to the dogs for want of any one greater than the disorderly American citizen himself to correct his disorder. Far otherwise is it in England, the land of caste—of clear and well-marked distinctions of rank—of *Magna Charta*, Parliament, and Gladstone. The unwashed or partly-washed commoner is secure in his fixed sphere of life, above or beneath which he goes not, neither has interests or rights, but within the limits of which he is more his own master than is any other man alive. He thinks and talks of himself as a free-born British subject, with glorious liberties handed down from his forefathers, and a constitution, and an empire on which the sun never sets, and the rulership of the waves: he can point to his member in the House, and fancies that if that member does not behave properly, he, in his own unwashed person, may advance to the bar of the Commons, and there call his member, and the leader of his party, and Lord Beaconsfield, and the very queen herself, to order. But in spite of these beliefs of his and other similar ones, or even on account of them, the free-born British subject feels with inward satisfaction that he *is* a subject, and that if anything—he himself included—happens to go wrong, no one can hold him responsible for it; it was the duty of the constitutional authority, for the maintenance whereof he is taxed, but no part nor parcel whereof he is, to keep him straight. There are policemen enough about, and the Briton surrenders his conscience into the policeman's keeping, and so jogs on in careless cheerfulness. He knows that that belted, buttoned, and helmeted conscience of his is a good-humored, easy-going, forbearing conscience enough, especially on holidays; he also knows that there is a point beyond which this conscience will not suffer him to go; but within that point is verge and room for as much larking as any right-minded Briton can desire. It would be difficult, therefore, to form a conception of a soul more emancipated from all earthly burdens and anxieties than that which goes forth in its unwashed British carcass to take its holiday. Its independence, inside of those limits which, as a worshiper of caste, it has no desire or reason to transgress, is the envy and marvel of mankind. How long this paradisiacal state of things may last is, in these days of change, of course a question. By-and-

by, perhaps, the great god Caste will begin to totter on his throne, and the policemen cease being incarnations of unwashed consciences. When that era dawns, I shall not care to mingle in a crowd of English holiday-makers. A morose, surly, sad-browed assemblage would they be then; for even as the Englishman is the most enviable of beings when free from the responsibility of himself, so would he, when owning that responsibility, be the most pitiable and oppressed. Imagine having an Englishman on one's conscience! Madness that way lies.

Logically, these reflections, if admitted at all, should come in after our holiday is over; or at most appear as suggestions arising from this or that episode or adventure. Yet it may be as well to have rid ourselves at the outset of the burden of criticism and disapprobation, and thus left ourselves at liberty to be unconditionally entertained by what we may behold during our ramble. An amiable foreigner, comfortably persuaded of the superiority of his country and countrymen over any other place or people on earth, may find a great deal to be pleased with in an English merry-making. And really English people are not bad company, from the English point of view. Setting aside, for convenience' sake, all question of our own perfections, and accepting them as they are—prejudices, follies, faults, and all—we shall be surprised to see how much humor, and sense, and decency, and goodness, there are in them. If our fancy be vivid enough to rehabilitate us as native-born Englishmen, we shall probably realize for the first time how intensely self-satisfied, patriotic, and jovial, it is within the capacity of human beings to be. There is nothing for which we may more heartily thank God than for not being English; yet at the same time we must, if we are honest, confess that we should have been far happier as Englishmen than as what we are. And withal Englishmen grumble, and affirm that things are not half so well with them as they deserve. Why, even this is a blessing; for, if they knew their happiness, it would be annihilated by the shock of its own recognition. When a man can add the bliss of unconsciousness to his other blisses, he is blissful indeed!

I had forgotten that Whit-Monday was the Bank-Holiday (the phrase is a significant one; a *bank*-holiday in England must be holiday, and no mistake!), and was, therefore, somewhat mystified when my morning stroll and meditation were invaded by the sound of music and mirth, and the trundling up of an array of decorated vehicles, filled as full of be-dizened holiday-folk as a Third Avenue horse-car of passengers on a rainy evening. At the junction of my road with that along which they were proceeding stood an inn, and before its hospitable doorway the caravan halted. Doubtless the horses may have been glad of a rest, for they had come far that day. This fact, by-the-by, was borne in upon me, not by the travel-stained aspect of the vehicles, so much as by the degree of beeriness observable in the voices and actions of their occupants. It was still early in the forenoon, but they had stopped at every important ale-house on their road to freshen up all round; and,

reckoning one stoppage to each mile (which, to be sure, is an absurdly small estimate), and half a pint per head to each stoppage, they must have driven through about a quart of liquor for the most abstinent among them.

A few of the semi-detached males, who were hanging on and off the exterior of the open-work, 'bus-like contrivance which arrived first at the inn-door, tumbled off and entered the tap-room, whence they soon emerged laden with foaming tankards for the ladies. Meantime they were all singing in chorus (and in or out of tune, just as it happened) the burden of some old English ditty—I think it was "Oh, dear! what can the matter be?"—with a running accompaniment of laughter, chaff, and waving of hands, heads, and hats. The young woman who sat nearest the 'bus-door, and who was suckling her baby with *naïve* unreserve, sang the clearest and laughed the loudest of them all, and, it may be added, tossed off her glass of ale with such relish as it made one thirsty to behold. As for the baby, it appeared in no way discomposed by its mother's vivacity, but sucked away diligently, and perhaps liked its milk all the better for a flavoring of hops and malt. Nevertheless, methought it was hardly fair to the little thing thus to introduce it to the beer-flask before it was weaned from the breast. Is this English justice, madam, when your infant asks you for milk, to beguile him with ale? A pint less of liquor down your throat to-day would be worth more to him, perhaps, than a dozen temperance-lectures twenty years hence.

I climbed the stile, and, taking the by-path across the meadow, arrived before the caravan at the park-avenue—a splendid vista a mile in length, between luxuriant chestnut-trees. The latter should by rights have been in full bloom that day; but the bitter, frigid, venomous northeast wind, which had been blowing with scarcely a day's intermission for more than a month past, and seemed to have taken a new lease of life in recognition of this occasion, had so checked and disheartened all vegetable efflorescence that it was a mercy we had even green leaves. Along the central roadway streamed the straggling procession of well-filled carriages, carts, wagons, and 'buses; while all along the paths beneath the trees on each side, and over the broad bordering of grass, straggled and streamed, singly, in pairs, in groups, scores and hundreds of jocund pedestrians. The vehicles were amply adorned with festoons and clusters of white and tinted tissue-paper, as were likewise many of the occupants, and numbers of those who trudged afoot. The costume of the crowd was in other respects portentously English. The men wore black coats and black-felt hats—these were *de rigueur*—as to trousers and neckties, they were left to individual tastes, which played strange tricks with them. It was surprising to see how large a majority contrived to conform to this black-coat fashion—persons whose nether integuments, not to mention the cast of their features and the texture of their skins, indicated small affinity with the chastening influences of broadcloth. Some, of course, had to put up with more familiar and less modish attire; but it was al-

ways evident that every man wore the best his wardrobe afforded; and I noticed one who had caused his workman's overalls to be violently washed and starched, so that at a distance of not less than an eighth of a mile he seemed to walk in a summery pair of white ducks. Perhaps, in order to bring the average of his costume into harmony with the coolness of the season, he had mounted a heavily-built and densely-wadded pea-jacket; and, for the rest, he wore a fur-cap with paper streamers, and an attenuated blue necktie. After all, he looked, fashion aside, and from the purely aesthetic point of view, quite as well as ninety-nine hundredths of the male Britons in sight. No one dresses so villainously as the commoner sort of Englishman, except his wife and his daughter.

These ladies were clad in a manner I need not attempt to describe, since those who have seen it would not willingly be reminded of it, and those who have not would discredit my report. All the colors of the rainbow were, no doubt, represented; but many, also, which no rainbow ever knew. Yet it is not so much in color as in cut and combination that the Englishwoman sins. She often contents herself with black or blackish tints, but these she manages to make hideous with a touch beyond the reach of art. Whatever is ungainly is revealed, but concealment ever waits upon that which might have been attractive. Surely, the marriages of the lower orders in England ought to be felicitous, for the swain must be enamored only of the inward charms of his mistress; there is nothing in her outward show to win him. And the virtue that can shine through such gear as this must needs be of a very bright and durable quality.

However, apart from their clothes, that is, inside of them, both the nymphs and the swains are probably quite companionable folk. I found it easier than not to laugh with them when they laughed; there is a kind of cool comicality about them that amuses better than much wit and humor of the more refined description. There is nothing in their jokes and buffoonery themselves, but a great deal in the spirit which produces them. As I walked leisurely up the avenue, the 'bus that I had made acquaintance with at the inn-door came lumbering past. It was pursued by four or five black-coated youths, from sixteen to twenty years of age, whose object seemed to be to seize a ride upon the broad door-stirrups. But, as often as one of them succeeded in jumping upon it, he was straightway displaced, either by the valor of the young woman with the baby, who sat next the door, or by the envious coat-tail pluckings of his own companions: the whole struggle, be it observed, being carried on amid a constant roar of merriment. At length one of the youths, more active or more determined than the rest, having gained the stirrups, made a headlong leap forward and upward, and plunged prone into the body of the 'bus, where he lay for a few moments among the feet of its occupants, his own extremities brandishing in air. Recovering himself, amid much giggling confusion, he constituted himself his involuntary hostesses'

champion, and, standing within the door, fought off all efforts of the outsiders to rival his exploit. With excellent dexterity did he knock off one hat after another of the storming party ; and, the human being having not yet been discovered of soul lofty enough to disregard this method of attack, there was a constant running back to pick up the fallen "billy-cocks." Finally, however, a lucky blow caused the champion's own hat to fall ; and the situation became interesting. But now was exemplified the English love of fair-play. One of the pursuers magnanimously picked up the hat and restored it to its owner, and then the struggle recommenced ; and it continued so long as the 'bus remained within sight. No doubt the whole party came to a friendly understanding at the next ale-house—and for the sport of knocking off hats substituted that of putting bricks in them.

A tall, middle-aged personage, of respectable aspect, had been walking on some yards in front of me, entertained, apparently, as I was, by the humors of the living panorama. All at once, to my immense surprise, he clewed himself up in a painfully convulsive manner, and, rolling over head foremost, lay in the path entirely without motion. The occurrence took place just opposite a wayside bench, beneath a tree, where a merry party were picnicking on sandwiches and bottled beer. They, however, took no notice of the defeated gentleman, perhaps supposing him only a little farther gone than they on the same road they were pursuing. But the singular stillness of the body impressed me ; nor did his face wear the look of one who has succumbed to drink ; it had a peculiarly drawn and pallid expression. A knot of "irrepressible 'Arries" came along, and gathered round the prostrate figure, with many a comic quip and quirk. One of them stooped above his head, and chirped out, "Ullo, guv'nor ! 'Ow's yer bloomin' 'ealth ?" at which sally there was a general snicker, in which the picnickers on the neighboring bench took part. Only the quiet gentleman himself, the butt of their facetiousness, remained entirely unmoved : the driest joker living could not have kept his countenance better. A policeman sauntered by, but, with the forbearance due to the festive season, only glanced reproachfully at him of the rigid limbs, and passed on. One of the irrepressible 'Arries now caught our undemonstrative friend by the hand, and gave it a rough shake ; but there seemed to be no responsive pressure, and when the hand was released it assumed precisely the same oddly-constrained position across the breast that it had held before being interfered with. Several of the grinning group now began to scrutinize the stiffened visage more narrowly ; and one of the women on the bench set down the bottle she was raising to her lips with a rap, and turned suddenly pale. "He ain't drunk," declared some one. "The bloke's got a fit—he's an epilepsy !" This opinion raised another giggle, but it was a short-lived one. The woman came and knelt down beside the bloke, who had excited such a commotion merely by keeping still. "No, that ain't an epilepsy ; I know what an epilepsy is," said she. "Set him up agin the tree," suggested some one ; "a

breath of air's all he wants !" and two or three of them actually did take this thing, which had now become the cynosure of all eyes, under the arms, and dragged it to the foot of the tree, and propped it up there. And there it sat, still with its arms in that oddly-constrained position across its breast, while its ghastly face confronted the bitter east wind. But even that wind seemed powerless to revive it, or even to make it shiver. Meanwhile, the forbearing policeman had returned, and, feeling probably that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue in this instance, he stalked up to the unconscionable delinquent, and, seizing him by the elbow, exclaimed sternly, "Come, guv'nor, you must move on !" No reply. The policeman administered a little shake, and putting his mouth close to the other's ear, shouted, "Where do you want to go ?" The figure toppled over sideways, and, but for the clutch of the guardian of the peace upon its elbow, would have fallen. Methought that inquiry had added the last grim touch of irony to the scene. It needed not that irrepressible 'Arry should exclaim, with a half-injured air, "Why, blowed if the bloke ain't dead—that's what he is !" Yet 'Arry was perhaps right, after all, in feeling a little indignant. Gentlemen who are liable to forsake earthly existence thus unceremoniously ought, in common civility, to stay at home on Bank-Holiday.

This adventure a little dashed my spirits ; I walked briskly on, and, emerging from the avenue into the high-road beyond, shouldered my way to the thronged bar of the Greyhound Hotel, and called for a pint of ale. It was straightway set before me, in a pewter tankard, and tasted, I thought, better than the generality of draught-beer. During the few minutes that it took me to dispose of it, I contemplated my environment with due attention. The bar, like those of all "pubs," was divided off on the customer's side into several divisions ; and there was nowhere anything—except the floor—to sit upon. Each division was packed nearly solid with beer-drinking and beer-drunk animals, while on the opposite side the landlord and his assistants had a good deal more than they could do to satisfy all demands. There was a steady hubbub of more or less thick-toned speech, interspersed with occasional shouts and screams, and burdened with innumerable laughter. A fiddle was playing somewhere, though in the uproar it was scarcely audible where I stood ; but some enthusiastic gentry in its more immediate neighborhood had broken out in a riotous dance, albeit there seemed hardly space to do more than stand upright. Nevertheless, I have seen ladies and gentlemen, in far more pretentious circles, attempt the same feat under circumstances almost as straitened — and, it may be added, with considerably less manifest enjoyment. The difference, so far as I could see, was mainly the difference between beer and champagne—and their accessories. But there was more undisguised human nature apparent among the votaries of the malt and hops than of the grape, and yet I am bound to admit that the former spectacle would be less enjoyable than the latter.

I left my four coppers on the swimming counter and fought my way out to the open air once more. In order to enter fairly into the spirit of what was going forward I should have swallowed some three or four pints more. There is an innate sympathy between boozy people that enables them to understand each other vastly better than any sober outsider can understand them. Liquor is like love—it gives to those under its influence a mutual insight unattainable to the unaffected. The stuff which has fired my blood recognizes its presence in your veins, and we are drawn together by its affinity for itself. We are its creatures for the time being, and must obey its motions. Nay, so intimate is its mastership over us, that we mistake its impulses for our own, and fancy that it is we, and not only the tankards we have quaffed, that fraternize so effusively. The next morning we view the matter from a more rational standpoint; but so penitential is apt to be the recognition of our mistake, that we are often half ready to wish we were mistaken still.

The street seemed almost as thronged as the bar: it seemed to sway and undulate in great waves of beery jollity. Through the midst there was a constant succession of populous wagons, bearing westward; but many had turned aside to the stables of the rival hotels on either side of the way, where hasty hostlers loosed the horses from the shafts and led them to their hay. Westward, however, the main current of progress set, and westward drifted I along with it. Presently from behind sounded the rhythm of music, and approached, thrusting its way through the crowd, a brass-band, some twenty strong, with gold-laced caps and red, distended cheeks. They moved at a quicker rate than the bulk of those going in the same direction; but a contingent of admirers kept pace with them on either side and behind, most of whom danced as they went in time with the brisk jig whereto the brass horns were giving utterance. This dancing was impressive, from the complete *abandon* of the performers, and the comparison it suggested between modern and ancient times—when nymphs and satyrs capered in Bacchus's train precisely as these worthy Britons were capering now. One stout-waisted monad, in particular, was wholly possessed and carried away by Saturnalian inspiration. Holding out in one hand the starched skirts of her gaudy print dress, while the other arm arched above her ribbon-frenzied bonnet, she jigged joyously round and round in advancing spirals, dizzying to behold, her features fixed in a fatuous smile of interior delight, oblivious of the eyes and comments of the outside world. Past she went, circling ever onward, the embodiment of the brazen tune, until she was lost to sight, as the music that inspired her to the ear, beyond the heads and shoulders of the vociferous crowd. What a blessing it is that people exist, even in this self-conscious and sagacious age of ours, ready and willing to make unmitigated fools of themselves! There is hope for humanity so long as they survive; and I am glad to record my meeting, on this day, with a really encouraging number of survivors.

In the course of half an hour or thereabout the

street yawned so broadly as to admit within its jaws an open common some five or six acres in area. The main road skirted the southern boundary of this green space, and was itself fringed along its southward side with a succession of ugly little houses, almost all of which now bore the badge of innship, except a few, upon whose shields was inscribed the legend "Tea-Garden." The opposite side of the street, abutting on the common, was occupied by a continuous line of cheap-jacks, peddlers, fruit, candy, and shell-fish venders; hitting, weighing, height-measuring, lifting, electric-shocking, and lung-testing machine proprietors; organ-grinders, daguerreotypists, jumping-ropers, panorama-exhibitors—but why attempt an enumeration? There were a thousand attractions, and as many swindles. In addition to these stationary spiders, the street was threaded to and fro by hundreds of mobile hawkers, who pressed upon you all varieties of unimaginable rubbish, from paper rosettes to leaden squirt-bottles, which last found a universal market, and, since I know not whether so excellent an invention has yet found its way to our shores, I will briefly describe it: it is a collapsible leaden tube, three inches long and about an inch in diameter, very much resembling the little zinc bottles in which oil-paints are sold. They are filled with water, and being provided with a small orifice at one end, they emit, on being squeezed, a fine stream of liquid, which the mischievously disposed direct with aggravating accuracy into the faces and down the necks of the unwary. So popular are these little engines ("lady-teasers" is, I believe, the name of them; though, according to my observation, they were more used by the ladies than against them), that it is seldom possible to advance more than a dozen consecutive paces without coming into the line of fire—of water, in this case—of at least one of them. It is *en rigle*, of course, to receive the salute with perfect good-humor and equanimity, and to return it if you can; and possibly such *douches* may not be altogether disagreeable on a broiling-hot day. But with that bitter east wind in full blast, I could not but wonder to see the "lady-teasers" so extensively patronized. They are sold, I think, at three for a penny—not a large sum, perhaps, for so much fun, and yet, considering how soon they are used up and the impossibility of recuperating them, the investment is a squandering of money, genuine enough to make poor folks feel as grand as real spendthrifts. I know not what becomes of the squeezed bottles; probably the venders pick them up next morning and "realize" on them.

It is remarkable, by-the-way, the infinity of things that can be got, done, and undergone, in this Whitsuntide world, at the cost of one penny. It was open to me, at any moment, to eat three raw whelks for a penny; to deliver a right-hander against a canvas buffer for a penny; to rope as long as I could do so without missing for a penny; to quench my thirst with a greasy thimbleful of chemical lemonade for a penny; to see a juggler spin a wash-bowl on a stick for a penny; to throw three bludgeons at a cocoanut on the end of a cane for a penny, with a reversionary interest in the

but should it happen to drop into the basket ; to feel the prick of an electrified wire for a penny ; to dance a mild sort of *cancan*, to the music of a tinkling hand-organ, for a penny, with the privilege of kissing my partner whenever and as often as I liked thrown in—although, to speak the ungallant truth, one would gladly have paid an indefinite number of pennies for the privilege of being excused from that privilege, under the existing circumstances. But, in short, it would have surprised me to meet with anything so exquisite that a penny would not have made it mine, or with anything so worthless as not to have been valued at the same figure.

As for the *cancan* just alluded to, there was really next to no *cancan* about it ; and it might be considered unjust both to the dancers and the dance to call it by that famous name. But, with the recollection of a Parisian *cancan* in one's memory, this British plagiarism upon it seemed hugely funny. Six persons—three of each sex—placed themselves opposite one another in immediate proximity with a hand-organ. Owing to the thickness of the shifting crowd round about, there was scarcely space enough between the opposing couples to secure them from treading on one another's toes ; and, the affair taking place in the street, there was constant interruption from heedlessly-driven vehicles, which would cause an unpremeditated variation in the evolutions. Often, too, an uninvited recruit would stumble into the ring, execute a *fandango* independently, and be off again ere there was time to organize a remonstrance. Indeed, no remonstrance seemed to be expected ; nor was it taken much amiss if one of these free-lances of Terpsichore saluted the lips of his fair *vis-à-vis* of a moment, before departing.

The dancing itself was of the most Arcadian simplicity. The gentlemen tilted their hats on the backs of their heads, threw back the lappels of their coats far enough to reveal a finger's breadth of shirt-sleeve at the arm-hole, bent their bodies forward from the hips, and, with their arms swinging loosely in front of them, executed a more or less elaborate double-shuffle, interspersed with occasional throwings-back of the shoulders and flourishes of the feet. The ladies grasped their skirts in both hands, extending them breadthwise, and double-shuffled in like manner to their partners ; the acme of agility always occurring just before crossing over, when the gentlemen would indulge in an extra flourish or two, and the ladies would lift the hem of their robes high enough to display the ragged darning of their dingy stockings. Meanwhile the countenances of all parties wore an expression of earnest gravity which was quite the most absurd feature of the performance. They kept their eyes steadfastly directed upon one another's double-shuffles, and only raised them when the moment came round for changing places. All the grinning was done by the spectators, and even they seemed to consider the exhibition a matter rather for critical scrutiny than for smiles. And the hand-organ ground and tinkled, and the dust rose, and the foreheads of the toilers flushed and glistened ; and still they danced on, looking less as if they were en-

joying themselves, than obeying the promptings of a lofty sense of duty.

I got out of the street at last, and strolled about the broad, uncrowded common. Here were numerous little encampments scattered about—family-parties seated round a basket, with the contents of which they were making merry. Between these groups young folks were wandering to and fro in couples, sometimes running races hand-in-hand, or one pursuing the other, with a kiss to pay for being caught. This, however, was only in case the racers were of opposite sexes ; but it too often happened that I met two, three, and even four, melancholy damsels in a row, unattended by any masculine arm, unpursued by any masculine foot. There is a deplorable superfluity of females in England ; yet they seem to exert little influence over the national character, which shows few feminine traits. Perhaps, however, the sway of woman is in inverse ratio to her numerical preponderance in a population. The Englishman is accustomed to seeing so many of the softer side of creation about that he ceases to hold them in respect or reverence, and becomes even more intensely and coarsely masculine than he was before. It is a pity both for him and for her. For she inevitably grows to value herself pretty much as she finds herself valued by him ; she sees that he cares little whether she be modest and pure, and so comes to regard purity and modesty as not preëminently desirable qualities. Certainly the lower orders of Englishwomen have no such feelings of reserve and delicacy regarding their relations with men as our own country-women have. A coarse fibre runs, indeed, through all classes of English people, and no degree of education and culture avails to quite refine it away. They are, it may be, a more ingenuous people than we ; they have a certain simplicity which we lack, and both in their vices and their virtues they display a lack of affectation which amuses a foreign eye. But, on the other hand, so far from prizes this sincerity of theirs, they are somewhat ashamed of it, and the higher their level of culture the more do they try to ape the refined and graceful viciousness of their Gallie neighbors. Of course, they never succeed ; but they persuade themselves that they do, and would feel not a little offended by any intimation to the contrary. One result of this thick-fibredness is, that there is less difference, on all really vital points, between an educated and an uneducated Englishman than between an educated and an uneducated Frenchman, Italian, or American. The "average man" of the race is more nearly the man himself than is the case with other nationalities. Doubtless much of the strength and stability of England has been due to this fact. The people are at one, and they can both strike and sustain a heavier blow than the people that is divided.

I have wandered so far away from Hampton Common and the Whitsuntide gayeties there that it would be scarcely worth while to work my way back thither. And a little of that sort of diversion goes a long way, as no doubt my reader will be ready to agree.

MY LADY MARY.

EVERY one to his or her taste. In spite of all, I loved Lady Mary the best. She was not more than twenty-three when I first saw her, and our acquaintance came about in this way:

I was twenty-four years old, and lived at my father's little homestead near Boston. Being the oldest of seven daughters, I had been thinking for some time of going out as a teacher or something else, to help along—for we were very poor—when one day I saw an advertisement in a Boston paper in nearly these words :

"WANTED—A companion for a lady who is an invalid, to take charge of the housekeeping, etc. The duties will be light, and the remuneration liberal. References given and required. Apply to Mr. J. Williams, Beacon Street, Boston."

Well, to make a long story short, I determined to answer the advertisement; and on my next visit to Boston called on Mr. Williams, who was a pleasant old gentleman, and received me with great politeness. The lady who wanted a companion I found was a Mrs. Maury, of Virginia, whose husband was a friend of Mr. Williams, and had requested him to put the advertisement in the paper, and choose a person who would suit. I did not fancy going so far from home at first, but at last made up my mind to do so; and, as Mr. Williams and myself soon came to an understanding, I was on my way a week or two afterward to Virginia.

At the little country-station where I got out of the cars I found a large family-carriage waiting for me, driven by a respectable-looking old black man, who touched his hat, and then busied himself strapping my trunk on behind; it was an old trunk covered with horse-hide, with my name, "Sally Perkins," on the top in brass tacks with round tops the size of a pea. I got into the carriage, which then rolled away, and in an hour it drew up before a fine, large house, Mr. Maury's, where Mrs. Maury—"Lady Mary"—was waiting for me on the porch. I fell in love with her at the very first sight. She was a delicate, white-looking young lady, about twenty-three, as I said, and had the sweetest smile I ever saw on any human face. She met me with a warm shake of the hand, and went herself to show me my room, which was as fresh-looking and bright as heart could wish; and on the next day I felt almost as much at home as if I had been in our old farm-house in Massachusetts.

It did not take me long to make the acquaintance of all the family. Mr. Maury was a grave, silent gentleman of about thirty-five, who was always buried in his books in his library, where he was writing some treatise on science or something, which seemed to interest him a great deal more than his wife and children. He had little or nothing to do with the management of his large estate, which was

left to an overseer, and from morning to night was poring over his books and papers, as if there were nothing else in the world.

Well, I soon gave Mr. Maury up as a sort of body with whom I had no concern, rarely even speaking to him, and only returning the stiff bow he made me at meals. With Lady Mary it was quite different. Her name, "Lady Mary," was a sort of pet name she had been called by when she was a girl, I found; and I soon began to use it in addressing her, as she seemed to like it much better than stiff "Mrs. Maury." For that matter, it was hard to be reserved and formal with her. She was more like a child than woman, and her blue eyes were as sweet and innocent as if she were fourteen instead of twenty-three. There was a shrinking, confiding expression in her whole face which made me love her at once; and I am glad to think now how much she soon became attached to me in return.

She had two children, a fine boy about five years old, and a little girl about three. The boy's name was Arthur, and the little girl's Annie. They were the sweetest children eyes ever beheld, and, as I naturally love children, I soon became devoted to Lady Mary's little ones, which plainly touched her heart. I soon took the main charge of them, dressing them, mending their clothes, and looking after them, which I could see was a great comfort to Lady Mary, who had no strength to do so herself. She was in very delicate health—indeed, as I afterward found, she had even then contracted the disease, consumption, which afterward carried her off. She would lie upon a couch in her chamber, very pale and weak, and coughing painfully now and then, watching me, with her sweet, girlish smile, as I brushed Arthur's hair or danced little Annie on my knee, and I still remember her dear, sweet voice as she spoke to me at such times more like a daughter speaking to a mother than a married woman addressing a "companion" scarcely older than she was herself.

Well, a year went by, and another year came, and I was still at the Pines, which was the name of Mr. Maury's place. There was hardly anything at all said about a reengagement of my services—I just staid on as a matter of course, and I could see how much this pleased and relieved Lady Mary, whose health had not improved in the least. During all the time I had been at the Pines I had seen almost nothing at all of Mr. Maury. He was always shut up with his big books and papers, and had very little to say to anybody, not even to Lady Mary. Not that he exactly neglected her, or was unkind to her. He was not unkind, but he was not the sort of husband I would have liked. A man is not obliged to get married, that I know of; but, if he does marry, I think his wife is entitled to *some* of his society, and to a kind, loving word sometimes—not to be treated as if she were a family portrait hung up on the wall, to be looked at now and then, and no more.

But I find I am making my story too long, and must come to what happened afterward. I had been at the Pines for nearly four years when Lady Mary gave birth to a third child—a daughter. I can scarcely look back, even now, to that time without an aching heart, and having a hearty cry. My poor, poor, little lady had not strength to recover from her illness. Consumption had marked her out already for its victim; but the birth of her child hastened her death, and, when the baby was only a month old, she folded her hands one morning about daylight over her breast, and closed her eyes, never to open them again in this world.

Well, I am not sentimental, or given to fine talk, but Lady Mary's death nearly broke my heart. I can still see poor little Arthur and Annie crying by the bedside, and calling, "Mamma! mamma!" They thought she was asleep, and cried because she would not wake. From that minute I vowed that I would never leave them—and I have kept my word. It was the least I could do, for just before she died their poor mother had called me to her, and said, in a voice so faint and low that I could scarcely hear her:

"Miss Sally, I am almost gone. I am not afraid to die, and my dear Saviour will receive me; but—but—my poor little ones—promise me to take care of them. Mr. Maury may marry again. Do not go away—stay and see that nobody takes away from me—the hearts of my children."

These were her last words. She looked at her little baby lying beside her, stretched out her arms faintly, while her lips moved as though she wanted to kiss the poor, dear little one, and then, folding her hands over her breast, as I have said, passed away as quietly as if she were falling asleep. Mr. Maury was not in the room at the time. He came in soon afterward, though, and I could see from his face how much he was shocked. His eyes filled with tears, and he gave a great sob. He then stooped down and kissed the cold lips, after which he put his arms round Arthur and Annie and cried like a child. They looked at him all this time with surprise—the poor little ones were not used to such caresses—but I could see that he was now deeply moved.

"Miss Sally," he said, in a low, faltering voice, "I have no friend but you now to see to my poor children. You may think me cold, but I feel as if I had lost all that makes life worth living for: remember how much she loved you, and stay and take charge of her little ones."

"That I will do, Mr. Maury, as God sees me!" I said to him; "and you need not make me promise—I have promised already."

And I can say that I kept my promise. When Mr. Maury went out of the room, I knelt down by the bed, with one arm over my Lady Mary's cold breast, and prayed to God to make me feel toward the children, and the baby especially, as if they were my own, and he answered my prayer.

Well, three more years passed, and I had become a fixture at the Pines. About once a year I paid a visit to my home in Massachusetts, but never

staid away long. The truth is, I was not easy or happy when I was long away from my children. I would lie awake at night while my sisters were all asleep, and the rain was falling on the roof of our old farm-house, thinking of the children's faces, and fancying I heard them call to me, or that something had happened to them. So my visits home were always short, and I soon hurried back to my children. If you had seen them, and how much they loved me, you would not have been surprised at this. I do believe they looked upon me as their real mother—but I kept my promise to my dear Lady Mary, that no one should take away from her the hearts of her children. I spoke of her constantly in the long twilights, when the children were gathered around me in the nursery—Arthur with his grave, serious ways, Annie with her sweet smile, and little May—for the baby had been christened Mary after her mother—with her dear, tender little face, with its soft blue eyes and golden hair like her mamma's. They always listened in deep silence to what I said—telling them all about my Lady Mary's gentleness and goodness; and there was one thing to which I accustomed them every evening. Mr. Maury always retired after tea to his library, almost without having spoken to me or the children during the whole meal—for his grave, silent, melancholy moods had grown upon him—and when I had seen that the house-maid washed up the tea-things, I would say to the children:

"Well, it is time to tell mamma good-night now."

They understood what I meant, but other people will require an explanation of these words. I meant Lady Mary's picture. It had been taken when she was first married—at the age of seventeen—and hung in the great hall opposite the large, cut-glass lamp, with red figures on it, suspended from the ceiling. The portrait was lovely, and an excellent likeness. The eyes were of a deep, tender blue, and the hair was Lady Mary's own, like waving gold. There was a delicate rose-color in the cheeks—she had lost this when I first knew her; but the sweet, gentle smile on the lips was for all the world her very same smile. Well, you will now understand what the children meant. I had trained them to stop in the hall every evening before they went to bed and say, "Good-night, mamma." This I never allowed them to neglect, and it was the sweetest sight in the world to see them looking up at their mother's picture and speaking to it, while the lips of the portrait, just parted, seemed to be replying to them.

Well, I must come now to what followed. One day Mr. Maury informed me that he was about to leave home on business at the North—it might have been to see about the printing of his big book—and asked me to take care of the children during his absence from home, which would be for about a week. I answered him a little short, as if to say that he had put himself to more trouble than was necessary in making such a request of me; but he took no notice of my manner, and, after making me a bow and kissing the children, went away. Instead of a week,

he was away for more than a month ; and when he came back, I could see from the expression of his face that something unusual had occurred. His face, which was generally without any color at all in it, would often flush, and his eyes grow bright suddenly as if something pleased him. His voice was more animated, and he spoke oftener to me, looking at me as he did so with an expression which I could not understand. I can only describe it by saying that he seemed bent on saying something which he thought might not be particularly satisfactory to me. Three months after his return, he informed me that he was going to make another visit to the North, and set out on the next morning. Two weeks afterward I received a letter from him—short and rather formal—saying that he would be obliged if I would have the house put in the neatest order, especially the blue chamber, as he would return in a few days, *bringing Mrs. Maury with him*. Well, when I read these words I dropped the letter out of my hand, and sat down and burst out crying. If ever I hated anybody, I hated Mr. Maury at that moment, and it was well he was not near me at the time—I would have given him a piece of my mind if I had died for it. To let another woman take the place in his house and his heart of Lady Mary ! To forget her so soon as if she had been nothing to him ! To give my dear children a step-mother, and their own dear mamma not three years in her grave ! I thanked God at that minute that I had never married, and hated the whole male sex.

There was nothing to do but to obey. What was I but a mere hired housekeeper, and what right had I to find fault with Mr. Maury's marrying again if he chose to ? I would only make a fool of myself by raising a to-do ; and, what was worse than all, the end of it would be that I would have to leave the Pines, and never see my children again. So, after I had had my cry, and stamped my foot viciously on the letter, I quieted down, and set about putting the house in apple-pie order for Mrs. Maury number two.

About a week afterward they came, the coach having been sent to the station for them on the day I was notified. As it rolled up to the door I came out to the long portico, having composed my face so that it expressed nothing whatever, and Mr. Maury got out of the carriage and helped out his new wife. She was a dark-haired woman of—well, I can't say how old she was—about thirty or thirty-five, perhaps—and dressed plainly for a bride, though traveling-dresses are almost always plain. She was not ill-looking—some people might have considered her handsome ; and I do not say that there was anything silly or frivolous in her appearance or the expression of her face. In fact, she seemed to me rather too serious for woman just married. Well, she came up the steps leaning on Mr. Maury's arm, and as they reached the portico, he said to his wife, gravely :

" This is Miss Perkins, our old and highly-esteemed friend.—Miss Perkins, this lady is my wife."

I ducked my head stiffly ; but Mrs. Maury held out her hand in a friendly way, and said, politely,

that Mr. Maury had told her all about me, adding something about how faithful I had been, and that she hoped we would be friends, and so forth, and so forth—all of which I listened to without answering, only bowing. Then it came to be the turn of the children. I had dressed them up in their best clothes and brushed their hair, so that they might look their best—for I did not mean that they should look like dowdies before company—and they came when I called them to meet their father and his new wife. I had just told them that, and no more, in so many words, that their papa *had a new wife* ; and I could see now, from the expression of their faces, that they had not made up their minds fully as to what it all meant. Well, Arthur, who was then a fine boy of eleven or twelve, came forward, and said, as gravely as Mr. Maury himself could have said it :

" How do you do, ma'am ? "

There was not the least bit of a smile on his face as he spoke, and I could see that his father was not much pleased.

" This is Arthur, Mrs. Maury," he said, gravely and a little sternly ; " and these are Annie and Mary.—Speak to your new mamma, children."

Annie, who was growing now to be quite a tall girl—she was about ten—smiled in a constrained way without speaking ; but little May answered boldly :

" She is not our mamma ; mamma is dead."

At these words a heavy frown came to Mr. Maury's face ; but the eyes of Mrs. Maury filled with tears, which was the first thing that made me have any opinion of her. She kissed the children one after another, and then said :

" I hope you will try to love me when you find how much I will love you."

After which she went into the house, and I showed her up to the blue-room, while Mr. Maury went into his library. She stood looking around her for some time, and then said, as she took off her bonnet and wrappings :

" How exquisitely neat everything in this room is, Miss Sally ! "—she had at once dropped, you see, the *Miss Perkins*—" and I know whom I have to thank for it. Mr. Maury has told me of your devotion to the children—believe me, they shall be mine henceforth as well as yours—and I hope we shall be good friends. I shall regard it as a very great favor if you will remain with us ; and I am determined that my coming shall make no change whatever in anything at the Pines."

I can't say I was not pleased at this, mainly because it took a great load from my breast as to myself and my children. Ever since receiving Mr. Maury's letter, telling me of his marriage, I had been brooding over the matter, and saying to myself : " Suppose the new mistress of the Pines is the sort of person some women are—one of those people that nobody can get along with—and suppose she don't fancy plain-spoken Sally Perkins, and we don't agree ? Then Sally Perkins will have to pack up her horse-hair trunk and leave—yes, leave her—her—children !—her dear, dear children ! " At

which thought I had burst out crying a score of times at the very least, and gone and hugged my children to me, and held them close, as if somebody was coming to take them away from me.

Well, the new mistress soon settled down in her place as the head of the household, which I could not bear at first, thinking of Lady Mary; but I am bound to say she seemed to want to make everything agreeable to me and all. I could soon see that she had made up her mind to do everything to win the hearts of my children, and make them happy. She always had a kind, loving word for them, and especially for little May, who was her favorite. Neither May, nor Arthur, nor Annie, ever called her "mamma," but she never took any notice of this until one day, when, as I was passing through the hall, I heard her and May talking in the drawing-room. I only caught what the lady said, which was this :

" You need not call me mother or mamma, dear, but you can call me Ellen. Your dear mamma used to call me Ellen."

What May answered I did not hear; but, as I passed by the half-open door, I saw her leaning her pretty little head on Mrs. Maury's breast, and the lady smoothing her curls as tenderly as if she had been her own child. To Arthur and Annie she was just as affectionate, too, and nobody about the house had any fault to find with her, as she was a patient, forbearing sort of person, that never scolded or worried after people for fear they would leave a speck of dust on the furniture, or not sweep in the corners. As to the way she treated me, it was always considerate, and she never interfered with me and the children—not even with their stopping before the portrait every evening and saying, "Good-night, mamma." I had made up my mind that I was not going to let them stop doing so without a positive, right-down order to that effect from Mrs. Maury. But she never gave any such order, or made any request on the subject. On the contrary, her feelings were very different, as I found out one evening soon after she came, when the children bade their mamma's portrait good-night as usual, and went up-stairs to bed. I had just tucked them in, and was kissing my dear little May, who had already dropped asleep, when I heard Mrs. Maury's step behind me, and she came to the trundle-bed and said :

" I am glad you have taught the children *that*, Miss Sally. You must never let them go to bed without it. I was in the drawing-room, and it affected me very much."

Which I knew was meant by her to be an allusion to my children's bidding their mamma's picture good-night.

Well, all this time Mr. Maury did not show his nose outside of his library any more than he did before he was married. He was still busy all day long with his big books, and had as little to say to his new wife as he had had to say to Lady Mary. What he married for, particularly, I never could understand, unless it was to have a lady at the head of his establishment to keep things in order, and look after the children, thinking perhaps that I might go off,

or get married, or something, some day—as to which I can only say that he was very much mistaken if he thought that I would leave my children for the best man that ever walked. No, I thank you! I never saw the day when, even without my children, I would have allowed any male thing to fool me into matrimony; and, after noticing how soon Mr. Maury forgot dear Lady Mary, and married another wife, I made up my mind that nobody should have the opportunity of putting another in *my* place, and alluding to me as his "late lamented Sally."

I am now coming to the time when a sad event occurred, and I found what Mrs. Maury meant when she told little May that evening in the drawing-room that Lady Mary "used to call her Ellen." I had often pondered over her words, trying to think how it was that my dear little Lady Mary, who was born and brought up in the Pines neighborhood in Virginia, had ever known Mrs. Maury, who had been a Miss Ellen Ord, of the State of New York. This I now found out, and I will tell you how; but before I do so I must speak of the sad event I have mentioned, which concerned Mr. Maury. He had gone on living his hermit-like life in his library, in the midst of his books and papers, rarely going out, or visiting anybody, when one morning, at the breakfast-table, he opened his lips and said to Mrs. Maury:

" I received a letter by last night's mail which makes it necessary for me to go to England."

At these words, Mrs. Maury, who was pouring out the coffee, was so much surprised that she stopped all at once, and looked at her husband with the silver coffee-pot half tilted toward the cup.

" To England!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Maury slowly moved his head up and down, and then explained what the business was that required him to leave home. A rich uncle of his had died in Liverpool, I think it was, and the lawyers had written to him saying that a large property had been left to him, and he had best come and see after his interests. After he had made this explanation to Mrs. Maury, he rose from the table and went, as usual, to his library, and three days afterward left home for New York, where he intended to take the next steamer for Europe. I often look back now to that time, and remember little things that occurred. I am not a believer in what some people call presiments, but I can't get rid of the idea that Mr. Maury must have thought that something was going to happen to him. Maybe I am mistaken in this, and the whole is only a fancy; but one thing is certain, and that is, that he was uncommonly gentle and affectionate to his wife and children during those last three days before he went away. I remember one night particularly, when he came into the nursery as I was putting the children to bed, before which I was hearing them their prayers, which I always did after Lady Mary died. The children were undressed, and had on their night-gowns, and I was hearing little May the last, with her head resting on my knees, and her little, rosy feet peeping out. She was just saying, "God bless dear papa, dear mamma," when Mr. Maury came into the nursery. This

was so unusual that I must have looked surprised, and made him think I was going to speak, for he made a gesture to me with his hand, as much as to say, "Don't let my coming produce any disturbance." So I kept quiet, and little May finished with—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.
Amen. Good-night, Miss Sally"—

running the good-night into the hymn, as it were. Her father came to my side as she rose from her knees, and took her in his arms. He then sat down on the trundle-bed, and drew Arthur and Annie to him, and talked with them for some time. I would hardly have known from his voice that it was Mr. Maury, he was so gentle; and I was surprised, most of all, by his talking to the children of their mother, who was near them, and loved them as much as ever, he said, although they could not see her. He staid in the nursery for more than half an hour, and had just kissed all three of the children, and was going out, when Mrs. Maury came in. I well remember what he then said, with a solemn voice, to his wife.

"Ellen," he said, "if anything should happen to me, remember that these children are—Mary's."

At these words Mrs. Maury all at once burst into tears, and, putting her arms around the children, cried:

"Ah, yes—yes! but they are mine, too—mine, too!"

And then she and Mr. Maury went out of the nursery. Well, I might as well come at once now to what happened. Mr. Maury sailed for Europe, and wrote on the very day of his arrival at Liverpool, and every day or two afterward, for a month. The last letter said that he had arranged everything to his satisfaction, and was coming home at once. We never saw nor heard from him again. One day a newspaper, with a paragraph marked with ink, arrived, and we knew all. The steamship in which Mr. Maury sailed had struck an iceberg, and only a very small number of the passengers escaped by taking to the boats, the others having gone down with the ship, and among them Mr. Maury.

When she read this in the newspaper Mrs. Maury fainted dead away, and then took to her bed, and had a spell of illness. Nobody who had seen the humdrum sort of life they had led would have believed how much she loved her husband. As she began to recover she often spoke to me about him, telling me that at heart he was the kindest and noblest of men, and that his grave, cold ways were natural to him, but no evidence of his real character. Of course, I listened to all this without contradicting her, but I could see that she thought I had a different opinion of poor Mr. Maury; for one day, after praising him as usual, while I listened without saying anything, she suddenly stopped and said:

"You do not believe what I am telling you, Miss Sally, and there is only one way of convincing you that what I say is every word of it true."

At that I pricked up my ears, as I never had been able exactly to make out poor Mr. Maury, or find out anything definite about his past life. So I looked at Mrs. Maury in a way which said, "I should like of all things to hear what you mean, madam;" and she began at once what she had to tell me, as near as I can remember, in these words:

"I will begin at the beginning, and tell you the whole story of my life, Miss Sally. My father was a gentleman living near Albany, in New York, and at the age of eighteen I was sent by him to Mrs. Mercer's school for young ladies—a famous one here in Virginia—to finish my education. There I first made the acquaintance of Mary Fenton, your dear 'Lady Mary,' then just seventeen. She was the loveliest and sweetest human being I have ever met in this world, both in her character and person. I need not dwell on this, as you knew her, saw how beautiful and good she was, and can understand how much this goodness made everybody love her. I certainly came to love her very soon, with all my heart; and I know that she loved me as much in return. The difference in our characters may have been one explanation of this devotion to each other, as frequently happens. Mary was the gentlest, sweetest, sunniest little creature in the world, as timid and confiding as a child, and so shrinking and sensitive in her disposition that I have known her to burst into tears at the least tone of reproof in the voices of her teachers. I was, on the contrary, a person of very different character, with nothing at all of dear Mary's timid disposition—indeed, I am afraid I was much more disposed to defy anybody who found fault with me than to take to heart anything they said to me. You see, my character was not very amiable," said poor Mrs. Maury, with a sorrowful smile, "but, believe me, I had a warm heart, and I suppose it was this which made dear Mary love me. I think she looked to me as a sort of elder sister; and, indeed, I do not believe two sisters ever loved each other more dearly.

"At last the session at Mrs. Mercer's was nearly ended, when one day Mary begged me to make her a visit at her father's before I returned home. I needed very little urging, for my heart sank at the idea of parting with her; and, as my mother wrote in reply to my letter asking her permission that she had no objection whatever, I found myself, two or three weeks afterward, a guest at Mr. Fenton's, in this neighborhood. It was a bright, happy old house, always full of visitors, especially of young gentlemen, who came to see Mary's sisters, who were both married soon afterward. Among these visitors was—my poor husband. He was then about twenty-seven, and had lost his father and mother. This may have made him feel lonely at the Pines here, and he often came to Mr. Fenton's in the evening, no doubt to escape from his dreary thoughts at home by himself.

"From our first meeting I was interested in him, and well remember how I used to contrast his grave dignity with the light bearing of the other young visitors, who would run on in laughing talk with the

girls, evening after evening. The interest I felt in his society was due in a great degree to his really brilliant intellect and rare powers of conversation when he was with persons of whom he was fond. I may say that I was one of these persons, and I soon found myself taking a deep interest in him, and comparing him with the gay youths of the neighborhood in a manner far from favorable to them. I say I was 'deeply interested' in Mr. Maury; and I need not tell you, Miss Sally, that a girl when she becomes greatly interested in a gentleman soon begins to have a stronger feeling still for him. This was my case. Before I knew it I found my heart engaged, and was filled with happiness at the thought that my own feeling seemed to be returned. Mr. Maury always sought my society in preference to that of any one else; and, although he had never uttered a word of love to me, I thought I could see that he would soon do so, and I determined that, if he addressed me, and my parents gave their consent, I would marry him.

"It was toward the end of my visit at Mr. Fenton's that my relations with Mr. Maury had reached this point. I was as happy as possible, as I had no doubt he would visit me at our home in New York, and the only thing which made me feel sad was the change which had taken place in dear Mary. She had begun to droop visibly, and seemed to have lost all her good spirits. At school her cheeks had been as fresh as roses, and her eyes full of the happiest light, while now the poor cheeks had become pale, and all the light was gone from her eyes, which were generally cast down, sorrowfully, as if the poor child of seventeen were a sad woman of middle age, mourning over the death of some person she loved. I attempted more than once to find out what troubled her. It was all in vain. She would not tell me. I suppose I appealed to her twenty times at least, but she always declared that it was a mere fancy that she was unhappy—everybody was gayer at one time than another—with other commonplace speeches; and it was only by accident at last that I discovered everything. I can tell you all, Miss Sally, in a few words. I found out the secret of dear Mary's distress from a gossiping old lady of the neighborhood, to whom I spoke one day of her looking so badly.

"'Looking badly!' exclaimed the lady; 'no wonder she is looking badly, poor child! She is pining away for love of that young Mr. Maury. He has been paying her attentions ever since she was fifteen, and has won the poor girl's heart—and now I hear he scarcely ever speaks to her or takes the least notice of her!'

"These words shocked me deeply, and after the lady had gone I went up to my chamber, and, sitting down, indulged in a hearty cry. What ought I to do? I was pulled both ways—by my love for Mary, and for *him*. My heart sank at the idea of giving him up—but how could I ever expect or deserve to have another happy moment if I deprived the poor child of the man she loved? It was a distressing question to decide—I mean how I should act—and

the struggle was long and bitter. But, thank God! I had strength to decide to do what I felt to be my duty. Before I left my chamber I had made up my mind, and on the very same evening I had a long private conversation with Mr. Maury, which ended everything between us.

"I will not enter into the details of this interview, which was a distressing one for both of us. The gossiping lady had exaggerated somewhat, but what she had said was substantially true. Mr. Maury had been thrown frequently in Mary's society before she had gone to Mrs. Mercer's, and, attracted by her loveliness, had paid her a great deal of attention. Nothing of a definite character, however, had passed between them, and their relations were in that dubious state between warm friendship and love when Mary had left the neighborhood, and they had not seen each other again until her return. Then *I* had appeared, and interposed between them—he had seen a new face which made him forget the old—he could not play a double part—and had therefore ceased his attentions to my dear Mary. There was the whole explanation of everything.

"Well, Miss Sally, I had made up my mind, and I acted as I had determined to. I told Mr. Maury that it was his duty as a gentleman to renew his addresses to Mary, and after urging him to do so by every argument in my power, I ended by saying that, if a gentleman sustaining the situation which he did to Mary paid *me* his addresses, nothing on earth should induce me to listen to them. When I had said this, I rose, and, pleading a headache, which indeed I had, I left Mr. Maury, and two days afterward returned home."

The poor lady stopped after she said this, and seemed to be thinking, so I did not speak, and got up, thinking I would go out softly and leave her to herself. But all at once she said :

"Do not go quite yet, Miss Sally—I have a few words more to say. I have told you all about Mr. Maury and myself—or nearly all, and may as well finish. He addressed Mary and they were married, as you know—and the marriage took place very soon after my departure. I do not know his precise feelings. I am certain that he was tenderly attached to her, but cannot tell what part his sense of honor had in controlling his action. Human motives are generally mixed. If he did not love her at that time, he must have had a heart of stone if he did not afterward—and so I will say no more. Of my own marriage with Mr. Maury I need not speak. I met him by pure accident while on a visit to the city of New York, and, when he renewed his addresses, accepted him. Now he is gone!—O Miss Sally, my life has been a sad, sad life!—I loved him so dearly—and all that is left for me in this world is to live for the dear, dear children who have no one but you and me to take care of them!"

With that the poor lady burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break, which so affected me that I put my handkerchief to my eyes, and walked straight out of the room.

Well, Mrs. Maury and myself are now old peo-

ple, and Arthur is a fine young gentleman, and Annie and May little beauties nearly out of their teens. I have been very happy at the Pines with my children, who kiss me every night just as they used to do when they were little things ; and Mrs. Maury is

as kind and good to me as if she were my own sister. I love her from my heart, but there was one I loved more than her or any one else in this world.

I need not tell you that this one I loved best of all was my dear Lady Mary.

ABOUT INNS.

MAN is by nature a nomad ; nor does he lose that character by civilization. In primitive ages he wandered with his kind in hordes, from pasture-land to pasture-land, or in canoes from isle to isle. This condition of society still exists on the steppes of Asia or with the Indians of the West. As men gradually settled in cities, they still continued to gratify the inborn propensity by traveling for mutual protection and society in caravans. The open hospitality which one or two were wont to find in every tent was necessarily inadequate to entertain several score or hundreds, and the caravansary, or *choltry*, or *khan*, the same thing substantially, under different names, was built for the accommodation of travelers, affording shelter, but generally no more, the guest being expected to carry with him bedding and provisions. Men still travel in caravans, but generally not on camels : the steamship, the railway-train, convey multitudes from town to town, from land to land, a ceaseless throng, infinitely greater than ever wended across the Asiatic wilds, or filled the numerous and well-constructed inns which Marco Polo tells us were so common in Cathay. Inns have kept pace with the increasing improvements in locomotion, and have gradually been subdivided with the growing wants of society into various departments, from the ale-house or *posada* suited to the uneasy husband, who only wishes to wander a few rods away from home, to the magnificent hotel, in itself a miniature-city, accommodating thousands, and ministering to most of the physical needs of the pampered scion of these later ages.

Whether it be that one resorts to an inn when weary and in a state most likely to be pleased by the shelter and cheer he there receives ; whether because all through the day he learns to look forward to the refreshment he is to receive by its cozy fireside ; whether because inns are often situated in romantic spots, or are the first to give us a welcome to scenes historically interesting, or whatever be the cause, the fact remains that inns have always been among the most interesting objects the traveler retains in the memories of his wanderings, and have been among the most prolific subjects treated with humor or poetic sentiment by your painter or man of letters. That the variety in kind as well as the number of inns should increase as the world goes on, is obvious. Sterne gives us a witty catalogue of those who in his day became travelers, or haunters of inns. He might now add a score or two at least to the list. By this word "inn" is implied any place intended for public entertainment. Caravansaries are mentioned in Genesis, probably the earliest authentic record on the

subject. In India, ages ago, it was esteemed a praiseworthy deed for a rich man to erect a *choltry*, or wayside-house, for the shelter of travelers. Antiquarians tell us that there were nine hundred inns in Herculaneum ; of course, many of these were mere wine-shops. After the reign of Nero, Roman publicans were forbidden to provide anything more hearty than vegetables on their bill of fare — a regulation which could not inure to the profit of innkeepers nowadays. It is a noteworthy fact that the sign of a checker or chess board, so frequent in old English inns and so often alluded to by old writers, seems to have been borrowed or handed down by custom from remote antiquity, for the same sign was extensively used on the Roman public-houses, denoting, apparently, the sport common to those who frequented them, as it is still the world over. In the dark ages the chaotic state of society interfered with the maintenance of public-houses : the Saxon had his *estab-haus*, or ale-house, and rude taverns doubtless existed on the Continent. In the middle ages inns became more numerous ; but still for a long time travelers were generally forced to find refreshment for man and beast at the religious houses, where there was no lack of goodly cheer. The ample monastic revenues thus dispensed by the *refectorarius* of a convent were not altogether useless. In the monasteries of Mont St.-Bernard, La Grande Chartreuse, and St. Saba, Mount Sinai, we find relics of this custom existing to this day. One of the earliest of the English inns to attain celebrity is the well-known Tabard, at Southwark, immortalized by Chaucer as the scene of his Canterbury pilgrimage. It was then kept by Henry Baily, who has come in for such a share of fame that antiquarians have devoted much time to hunting up his pedigree. The name has since been corrupted, with a change not uncommon in England, to the Talbot.

After the Reformation the intense activity of the age caused an increase of travel, and a consequent growth in the number and quality of public-houses. As early as the reign of James I. in Scotland, it was enacted that "in all boroughs and fairs there be hostelleries, having chambers and stables, and provision for man and horse ;" while by another statute it was further ordained that "no man traveling on horse or foot should presume to lodge anywhere except in these hostelleries ; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travelers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality." In the third canto of "Marmion," Sir Walter Scott gives a graphic description of one of these antique hostels, a fair specimen of which still survives in the

White Horse Inn, at Edinburgh. It is highly interesting to note in the many quaint descriptions in black-letter folios the singular practices customary at the inns where our ancestors were entertained. Sir Thomas Overbury portrays among his characters "a host," of whom he says, among other good things, that "he consists of double beer and fellowship." Bishop Earle caps the climax to a witty account of an ancient inn by saying: "To give you the total reckoning of it" (the tavern): "it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the inns-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary their book, whence we leave them."

Fyne Moryson's "Itinerary" quaintly tells us that the traveler may "have a reckoning in writing, and if it seem unreasonable, the host will satisfy him, either for the due price or by abating part." We are sure the modern traveler would not object to a similar abatement now. He adds: "As soon as a passenger comes to an inn, the servants run to him, and one takes his horse, another gives the passenger his private chamber, and kindles his fier, the third puls of his bootes, and makes them clene. Then the host or hostesse visits him, and if he will eate with the host, or at a common table with others, his meate will cost him sixpence (yet this course is least honourable, and not used by gentlemen); but if he will eate in his chamber, he commands what meate he will according to his appetite, and as much as he thinks fit for him and his company, yea, the kitchen is open to him, to command the meate to be dressed as he best likes; while he eates, if he have company especially, he shall be offered musick, which he may freely take or refuse, and if he be solitary, the musicians will give him the good-day with musick in the morning." It may be observed, in passing, that it was when singing to travelers at taverns that Nell Gwynne, Charles II.'s famous mistress, first came into notice.

Ben Jonson wrote a play called "The New Inn;" Beaumont and Fletcher also composed one entitled "The Maid of the Inn." Oftener than anywhere else do Cervantes, Le Sage, and other writers of that age, lay the scene of their stories at an inn. Who can forget the mirth-inspiring incidents at the *posada* where Sancho was tossed in a blanket? The Flemish painters so often represented tavern-scenes that it is at once evident that inns occupied a very important part in the social economy of the Low Countries in those times. Witness the scores, nay, hundreds of such inimitable scenes from the brush of Ostade, Teniers, and others of nearly equal celebrity. Nowhere do we find the national traits of a people so graphically and admirably handed down to posterity as in these tavern-scenes of the Flemish school.

Sterne saw visions and dreamed dreams at every hostel he visited, and, what is more, has immortalized M. Dessein and his famous inn at Calais. It is to "The Sentimental Journey" that Dessein owes his fame and much of his subsequent fortune. Many

an admirer of Yorick has visited this hotel, of which the *Gentleman's Magazine* said, in 1797: "Dessein's hotel is thought to be the most extensive in Europe. It is, indeed, itself a town: it contains squares, alleys, gardens, in profusion, and innumerable offices. It is furnished with shops of almost every description; and the wants of a traveler must be very numerous if they cannot all be supplied in it." Frederick Reynolds further says of the landlord: "M. Dessein is a well-spoken man of the old *régime*, with a specious address, and an unlimited attention to his visitors. . . . I asked him whether he remembered Monsieur Sterne? The good old *aubergiste* smiled, and replying in the affirmative, one word led to another, until, his presence being required elsewhere, he hastily concluded in this manner: 'Your countryman, Monsieur Sterne, von great, von very great man, and he carry me vid him to posterity. He gain moche money by his "Journey of Sentiment;" *mais moi*—I make more through de means of dat than he by all his *ouvrages réunis*—ha, ha!'"

M. Dessein evidently perceived the true character of the relations of host and guest: the landlord treats the latter to the best in his larder and wine-cellars; and he in turn, in addition to paying a round sum for lodging, may immortalize the host in works that become household words to the generations.

Is it a light thing that the tavern-keepers at Apii Forum or the Three Taverns, near Rome, should have entertained Paul, or had their hostel stigmatized by Horace for the benefit of all coming freshmen, as "packed with sailors and surly landlords"—"differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis?" Where would be thine honest fame, Dame Quickly, of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, had not one William Shakespeare made thine the famousest inn in Christendom, while numerous genial writers since then—poor Goldy, Irving, and others—have contributed to embalm the memory of thy sweet self and the sack quaffed by Prince Hal and Sir John Falstaff? Is it not an honor to be remembered in that sweetest of Old England's prose-poems, Walton's "Angler," in the kind manner in which he speaks of his favorite haunt, Bleak Hall, on the sea, still in existence, and its trusty hostess? Hear him: "Yonder is the house I mean to bring you to,—Come, hostess! how do you do? Will you first give us a cup of your best drink; and then dress this chub as you dressed my last, when I and my friend were here about ten days ago?"—"Here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender; and I am sure we cannot expect better meat or better usage in any place."—"Come, my hostess says there is seven shillings to pay: let's each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings; that so my hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent and using us kindly."

The lavender-scented sheets remind me of a hotel where I stopped at San Vicente, in Madeira. On the edge of a natural terrace stood the inn, in the centre of and overlooking one of the most lovely valleys on the globe. On three sides the surround-

ing closely-grouped mountains inclosed this idyllic spot with bastion-like walls never less than three thousand feet high, and rising in the Pico das Freiras to six thousand feet; numerous streams tripped their musical journey down this magical valley, blending their songs with the songs of the peasant-girls wending homeward in the twilight; while on the fourth side the ocean was seen close at hand through a gateway in the mountain-barrier, tumbling for evermore on the beach with the ceaseless surf of the trade-winds, and chanting a thunderous monotone sublime, and seemingly as eternal, as time. And there a hostess, as obliging and courteous as Walton's, prepared me as good a meal as the circumstances admitted, including a cup of tea, which I am ready to match against Walton's best drink; and the sheets of the bed were scented with rose-leaves laid in between them. With the windows open I lay there and saw the stars on their silent march, and the flash of the surf in the light of the rising moon. At Santa Anna, ten miles beyond, over precipice and scaur, I found another hostel wonderfully situated within a few yards of cliffs having a nearly perpendicular fall of one thousand and forty feet; while from the window one could see Courtado Peak, a sea-precipice scarcely a mile away, and over two thousand feet down. On one side could be seen, but not heard, the rolling surge, so far below was it; on the other side glens and streams, thatched huts embowered in flowering vines, and the castellated ranges of Ruivo, made one imagine himself in a land of dreams.

Hotels in the early part of Scott's life seemed to have been poor at best, from his own testimony; but he lived to see a remarkable change brought about as the direct influence of his writings, which so increased the influx of visitors to the spots of which he wrote that hotels, both numerous and good, sprung up on all sides. Montaigne is also intimately associated with the subject of inns. In his narrative of a journey through Germany and Italy he gives a particular account of the accommodations provided for travelers at every place at which he stopped. As the journal of a literary tourist, his minute descriptions of the inns are extraordinary; and, aside from the circumstance that he thus linked their reputation with his own, his observations on the different hotels must to some degree have controlled the movements of travelers during that generation. He notices one fact which I do not recollect seeing elsewhere mentioned. The Germans were very partial to coats-of-arms as they are now to titles, and in every inn there were hundreds emblazoned on the walls and windows, serving instead of a traveler's book to record what gentlemen had put up there. At Augsburg, Montaigne left his own arms painted over the door of the room he occupied, for which job he paid two crowns twenty pence. This seems to imply a collusion between the innkeeper and the artist for the benefit of the latter, which members of the painters' guild would be glad to see renewed, doubtless, in our day.

The keen interest displayed by Montaigne on the

subject he shared with a host of those who wield the quill. Walter Mapes is chiefly remembered for his verses beginning—

"*Meum est propositum in taberna mori;*"

in which he says, rather profanely, a little farther on:

"*Magis quam ecclesiam diligo tabernum;*"

which made it necessary that he should add:

"*Deus sit propitius isti potatori.*"

Archbishop Leighton desired to die in a tavern, as symbolical of the transitory nature of human affairs, and Spenser did actually die in one. Goldsmith, Warton, Phillips, in his allusions to Juniper's Magpie in "The Splendid Shilling;" and Keats, in his poem on "The Mermaid Tavern"—have, among many others, given us some admirable verses on inns. Shenstone, with his beautiful country-seat at the Leasowes, to beguile his leisure-hours could still write in this strain:

"Here, waiter, take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn."

"Who'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Crabbe, the modern pre-Raphaelite poet, tells us "all the comforts of life in a tavern are known," and devotes many pages in his "Borough" to a description of the inns of Aldborough, of which the White Lion was the usual scene of his convivial meetings in early life. Dr. Johnson gives the pith of the matter in the well-known words: "There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man but a very impudent dog, indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own—whereas in a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome, and the more good things you call for the welcomer you are. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." The old "Thunderer" was not backward in putting his maxims into practice, and passed many genial hours at the Mitre or at the Turk's Head, in Girard Street, the headquarters of the Literary Club, which boasted such men as Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke.

Those were the palmy days of public-houses, when Will's and Button's became classic terms, and the coffee-house was the rendezvous of the prominent characters of the time, the quarters of rival factions, the favored resort of gentlemen, the asylum of the

Muses. The political element that characterized them is graphically described by Macaulay: "There were Puritan coffee-houses, where no oath was heard, and where long-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark money-changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and popish coffee-houses, where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king." The sign of a goat and compasses, so common on English taverns, originated in a corruption of "God encom-
passeth us," the whimsical name of a Puritan ale-house where Praise-God-Barebones was accustomed to take his daily potations. In this connection I am reminded of a coffee-house in a cellar in Manchester, exclusively frequented by English Radical or Red Republicans, where amid the fumes of crowded pipes they elbow each other in the densely-packed little room, drink coffee, and damn the crown and the royal family in broad provincialisms, altogether a very quaint and entertaining spectacle. In the days of which we speak, there were two low taverns in London called Heaven and Hell. Several plays were suggested by the important part filled by the coffee-houses. "Tarugo's Wiles; or, The Coffee-House," was acted at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1668. It is founded on a Spanish comedy, and the scene is laid in Madrid. Pepys, who saw it acted, dissented from the popular appreciation of it, for he says: "To the Duke of York's house . . . and there saw 'The Coffee-House,' the most ridiculous, insipid play that ever I saw in my life." There was also "The Coffee-House, a Comedy," by Rev. James Miller, first acted in 1737. Next, "The Coffee-House; or, The Fair Fugitive," a comedy translated from Voltaire's "Ecossaise." Another play, by Henry Fielding, was called "The Coffee-House Politician; or, The Justice caught in his own Trap," played in 1730. From this play we learn that at that time there was a paper called *The Coffee-House Morning Post*.

So important were the coffee-houses in the days of the Stuarts, Queen Anne, and the Georges, and so strongly marked was the character of each, that Steele, when commencing the *Tatler*, gave out in the first number, that "all accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of 'White's Chocolate-House; ' poetry, under that of 'Will's Coffee-House; ' learning, under the title of 'Grecian; ' foreign and domestic news, you will have from 'St. James's Coffee-House.'" "Those who wished to find a gentleman, asked not whether he lived in Fleet Street or in Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Smoking there was constant and intense. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters." There Dryden, "the field-marshal of literature," from his arm-chair by the chimney-corner in winter, on the balcony in summer, gave audience to the wits, the poets, the students, and the beaux, who thronged

around him to receive his opinions as *ex cathedra*. In 1712 Addison established another resort at Button's, representing a rival literary and political faction. Goldsmith and his friends made their headquarters at the St. James Coffee-House.

Of the usual round of Addison's life, Pope says in "Spence's Anecdotes," "Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's, dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night." Dryden, according to the same eye-witness, was more moderate: "He employed his mornings in writing, dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's, only he came home earlier o' nights." Washington Irving, among Americans, was infected with the old-fashioned love for inns, and in his writings has added much to the bibliography of the subject. At the Red Horse, Stratford-on-Avon, a little parlor, the one he occupied, is still called the Irving Room. Probably one of the finest and most interesting of the taverns of old England still standing is the George, of Glastonbury. This was originally the Abbey of the Holy Thorn, suggested by the legend of Joseph of Arimathea, and was a resort for pilgrims. It was suppressed by Henry VIII., and turned into one of the finest hosteries of past ages. The arms of the abbey, and also of Edward IV., are still carved over the arched entrance.

The political and literary character of English public-houses in olden time was not a peculiarity confined to England or to that age alone. Throughout Europe the tavern or coffee-house has long been distinguished as the resort of certain classes of men, who, from identity of interests or tastes, meet at some place consecrated by time-honored usage and tradition to politics, fashion, letters, or art. Nowhere is this custom more marked at the present day than in Italy. The way they manage this thing at Rome is happily illustrative of these observations. The *café*s are numbered by the hundred; not a street is without them. The Caffè dei Sacchi is the haunt of chess-players; the Caffè Greco is well known as the place where artists sporting enormous hats, and enveloped in clouds of smoke, meet to discuss the various interests of art, and the small rooms are always crowded with the followers of a pursuit which has ever been one of the foremost at Rome. The Caffè dei Codini is the favored spot where assemble the queues and tricorned hats. The catalogue might be indefinitely extended.

It must not be inferred, from the description given above of Dessein's hotel at Calais, that such was the general character of inns in France at the time. It seems to have been then as now, although perhaps rather more emphasized, that in the more important cities the inns were sometimes very good, while in the provinces they were small, badly kept, and sometimes disreputable. The innkeeper, if not himself a footpad, was often in league with bandits, and the traveler was scarcely more secure at the hostel than on the road. The inn generally consisted of but three apartments, the stable, the kitchen, and a common bedchamber, where the traveler shared

his lodgings with the innkeeper and the servants. Voltaire says rather sneeringly, "Some travelers think that the whole universe has its eyes upon the inns in which they have slept;" but, certainly, the traveler has the right to complain when no better accommodation is provided than he could generally obtain in those days in France. The scenes often witnessed in the French provincial inns are powerfully suggested in that masterly work, "Manon Lescant," a work which has been to modern French writers such a mine of inspiration as Defoe and Richardson have been to the English novelists of this century. The *cafés* early became of great importance as social factors, especially at Paris, where six hundred existed in the reign of Louis XV., the number largely increasing up to the Revolution. Of these, the most famous was the *Café Procope*. The *guinguettes* were more especially wine-shops, often consisting of a large tent, surrounded on the interior with benches; in the centre was a space for the dancers. In the outskirts of the city they were called *courtilles*, because embowered in verdure, the word *courtille* signifying a *group of trees*. The *Grande Courtille* was in the *Faubourg du Temple*; but the most noted of these establishments was the *Tambour Royal*, kept by *Ramponeau*, on the road to *Clichy*, now densely covered with houses. The sign-board represented the *Boniface* astride of a hogshead; and he himself was very popular, the result of a keen sense of humor, and a portly person which seemed to be in keeping with his character and occupation. Not only did the nobility frequent the *Tambour Royal*, but even *Marie Antoinette* went there repeatedly, escorted by the Count *d'Artois*, her brother-in-law, and her disguise was respected by those who chanced to recognize her. She was often heard to say, in after-years, that she never so enjoyed herself as on the night of *Shrove-Tuesday*, when she attended and danced in the course in the *grand salon* of this *courtille*. The course was an indescribable rout, in which many hundred dancers, joining hands, whirled around the room frantically, treading under foot whoever fell down.

At the present day, the number of inns at Paris is nearly twelve thousand, subdivided, of course, to meet the various wants of the community and large traveling public ever present there, into regular hotels, *hôtels garnis*, or lodging-houses, furnishing only occasional meals in the apartments, restaurants, *cafés*, and *estaminets* of various grades, names, and kinds. The restaurant system of Paris is a natural out-growth of the peculiar conditions of society in that city. If adopted by the most careful deliberation, the organization could scarcely be more complete, and yet it has gradually grown out of the needs and characteristics of society, which again is in turn influenced and moulded by the way in which it takes its dinner. Leaving out of question the "swell" restaurants, one of the most common forms of eating-house in Paris is the *établissement de bouillon*. Nominally a mere lunch-house, where beef-broth is the chief dish, they all of them, in reality, furnish a variety of meats, fish, and vegetables, with table-

wine in addition, at a lower rate than at the ordinary restaurant, while at the same time they differ in quality according to the quarter of the city, even when controlled by the same company. They all have certain characteristics in common, one of which is, that a man is employed solely to sit at a desk by the door, and hand each guest as he enters a printed schedule, corresponding with the bill of fare; the waitress marks off all the dishes ordered on this paper, and, after paying his bill, the visitor returns the schedule to the man from whom he received it. These papers are then compared with the moneys received at the desk, and thus a system of checks against stealing is established that is nearly perfect. The waiters in the *établissements de bouillon* are always women, wearing white caps. Breakfast is from 10 A. M. until 1 P. M., and dinner from 5 or 6 until 8 or 9 P. M., in summer. *Duval* has eighteen of these *établissements* opposite the *Madeleine*, on the *Boulevards des Italiens*, and elsewhere, of various grades as regards furniture and decorations, but generally with little difference in the viands. The *crêmeries* are ostensibly milk-shops, where one may also in the morning get coffee, tea, or chocolate, the tea always very bad, as it almost always is in France, with a steak or an omelet. The customer, on entering, calls for *trois du café*, for example, meaning three cents' worth of coffee. The regular restaurant differs from the others because it offers meals at all hours, besides breakfast and dinner in the usual French hours. The price of the regular meal is printed in gilt letters on the window-pane, and thus the wayfarer may walk through the streets from one restaurant to another until he finds one suited to his means, merely by reading the prices on the windows. There is also a scale of fees for the waiters, established by custom, according to the rank of the establishment, and the guest very soon learns from the simple and surly "*Merci*," or the emphatic "*Merci, monsieur!*" with attendance to the door, which is respectfully opened for him, whether he has "tipped" the right figure. As the waiters receive their pay in this way, they can hardly be blamed for testifying their views on the subject; but the system is degrading to the waiter, and excessively annoying to the guest, and we desire to enter our protest most heartily against its introduction into the hotels and restaurants of the United States. Well, thrice daily Paris empties itself into the streets and invades the *cafés*, *crêmeries*, and restaurants, with its vast population; it is an astonishing spectacle, that overwhelms one with sombre reflections, as he considers that it shows the looseness of the family tie and a preference for publicity to the privacy and genial comforts of life at home, and that families by tens of thousands wholly dine abroad. It must be admitted that one generally gets his money's worth at these restaurants—leave a Frenchman to see to that; the food is also generally savory, even when it is not expedient to analyze its constituent parts. At the same time it is a mistake to suppose that living in Paris is so much cheaper than in New York; prices have gradually advanced, and food and lodging of the same

relative grade now cost nearly the same in both cities.

An interesting organization has also gradually grown up in connection with inns in Great Britain, which could not possibly obtain in America, because with us men are not so divided into classes, and if they are temporarily in a subordinate position expect eventually to rise to a higher one, or altogether to change the business they are pursuing, and therefore naturally and very properly prefer to mix with their fellow-citizens in other pursuits on the common ground of citizenship, without regard to the trade that each may for the time being be following. We refer to the class called commercial men, or bagmen, and the hotel privileges which custom has granted to them. With us, a "drummer" is generally such only for a certain period of life preparatory to an advance in business; but in England, "once a commercial man always a commercial man" is the maxim. The system, whatever may be the opinion of its merits, has gradually become very complete, and numbers at present about fifty thousand members, organized in a guild. They have schools, orphan asylums, hospitals, and a fund exclusively for themselves and their families, and at all the hotels to which they resort a box is kept in plain sight, into which contributions for these various objects may be deposited. In every town of the United Kingdom an hotel will generally be found, entitled "The Royal Hotel;" sometimes it is intended for guests of all classes; and a coffee-room, and waiters in white neckties and swallow-tails, and the quantity of supercilious funkeyism requisite in such an important individual, are provided for miscellaneous guests; but in all there is also a commercial-room, especially reserved for the commercial men, who, *ex officio*, claim sole right to it, and to invite only such persons to share it with them as they choose, and highly resent any intrusion on their domain, as has been demonstrated on various occasions. Dockrath, in the story of "Orley Farm," alludes to this circumstance. Happening once to be delayed over Sunday in a town in the north of England, and staying at the Royal Hotel there, it was my fortune to fall in with one of these commercial men, a very jolly, intelligent, good fellow, who, with the consent of others of the guild also staying there, invited me to the freedom of their parlor while remaining in the town. A noble fire of sea-coal in the ample grate of the old building, slippers and smoking-caps, were the order of the day, and good tobacco in long white clay pipes, called "church-wardens," of which a supply was ranged over the mantel. Each had a stock of stories to tell of a comic or tragic cast; some were pious churchmen or dissenters, others believed in neither God nor devil. One was traveling for a tobacco firm that had been in existence since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. All agreed that a good dinner on Sunday contravenes no laws either divine or human. Having so agreed, we retired to sleep over it, and met on Sunday after church to discuss the aforesaid dinner at leisure. The wine for the day, together with the allowance, was decided by a *viva voce* vote, and the

toasts were of two kinds, after that for the queen: "Wives and sweethearts," and "Sweethearts and wives," the former being proposed by the married men, the latter by those who still remained bachelors.

In the East we go back at once to patriarchal customs, finding little modification in the accommodations long afforded to travelers, which are still simple and primitive, excepting a few hotels conducted on the European plan in some of the seaports. The khan is still the most important form of inn provided, and is found in its glory in the cities. It is invariably a quadrangular, massively-constructed building, generally in two stories, with an open cloister or balcony running around each side facing the court, which is entered by a lofty, arched way. In the court are often fountain and a cluster of mulberry and fig trees. The rooms are entirely unfurnished, but free to travelers, and covered with vaulted roofs, each apartment being surmounted by a dome, which springs from an otherwise flat roof. The traveler is obliged to provide his own bedding, food, fuel, and cooking-utensils. Of these khans there are over two hundred in Constantinople. A simpler form is found in the small towns and villages, consisting generally of only two apartments, either adjoining or one over the other, a stable, and a sleeping-room. Very often this is combined with the village coffee and wine shop. The floor is the simple earth, and on one side is a wide divan surrounded by a low railing, and spread with a mat which prudence suggests should not be examined too closely. On entering, the traveler takes possession of the divan—or such part of it as is unoccupied—and his bedding is spread upon it, over a rug which is first laid down. The *surridge*, or muleteer, turns the horses into the stable, which is perhaps separated only by a low partition, and then assists in preparing the simple meal, which is cooked on an earthen pan of charcoal provided by the innkeeper, and placed on the divan. Smoking follows, of course, and then the traveler rolls himself up in his blanket, and, if well seasoned to such fare and lodging—including innumerable fleas—will sleep gloriously, independent of anodynes and opiates.

Well do I remember an inn of this sort in the little seaport of Phocis, on the coast of Asia Minor, formerly Phœœa, which sent a colony to found Massilia, or Marseilles. We ran in there to make a lee in a heavy gale, just making the entrance to the harbor at nightfall, and a very nasty, uncanny night it was. We moored close to a small, dilapidated quay, that jutted out in front of a coffee-house, which, although scarcely visible in the gloom, we knew must be dirty, dilapidated, and picturesque, like everything else in a Turkish town, as it proved on further inspection. It was dusky as a cavern, except in the centre, where a pan of coals threw red gleams on the grotesque features of a group of sailors lying on tattered mats around the fire, wrapped in *capotes*, and enveloped in a haze of tobacco-smoke. A few leaky wine-skins and casks, two or three old flint-locks, a number of pipes, *nargiles*, coffee-cups, and a broken mirror set in mother-of-pearl, seemed

to complete the outfit of the primitive hostel, which, as indicated by the mirror, served also as a barber-shop and a surgery. In the East the keeper of such a hostel is expected to act also as barber, and a barber is invariably a practitioner of local importance, versed in phlebotomy, the application of leeches, cupping, binding up of wounds, and the like. A common way of shaving in these shops is for the barber to lay the head of his customer on his knee, and, having scraped one side of the face, to turn it over and shave the other side. The man who combines in one establishment a tavern, a barber-shop, and a surgery, is naturally a character of consequence in his neighborhood, as one may often see illustrated in the "Arabian Nights."

Equally entertaining in the retrospect is the recollection of a night spent at a small khan in the mountains of Arcadia. All of Saturday afternoon we toiled up the gorges in a terrific thunder-storm, the lightning leaping from crag to crag, accompanied by the thunder's ceaseless roll. Across our path rushed a mountain-torrent, so tortuous that we forded it twenty times between noon and night. Its bed was dry when we first came to it, and the last time we crossed it a furious, turbid flood reached to the saddle-girths, threatening to sweep us away. Drenched to the skin, at dusk we reached a little hamlet, and immediately took possession of the wretched inn, consisting of two apartments, the stable, and, directly over it, the room we slept in. A roaring fire was built; around it we dried our bedding, as our eyes filled with smoke, and our nostrils with the odors of the steaming horses below; discussed cold chicken, black bread, tea from our tea-caddy—the faithful companion of our travels—and then to bed on the floor,

where, in spite of various other inconveniences, we slept as only the weary can sleep.

We might go on to speak of the inns of Russia, where the traveler, on alighting, always finds the *samovar*, or peculiar tea-urn of the country, steaming with hot, delicious tea; or of the entertaining inns of Portugal, amusingly kept, still retaining many ancient customs, and often situated amid spots of great natural and historic interest—the adage, "Good wine needs no bush," still has a practical sense in Portugal; or of the hostels of Germany, Italy, and other lands, more or less traveled. But it is growing late. Let us adjourn for a quiet smoke in a coffee-house on the shores of the Bosphorus. Here we are; twilight is approaching. A purple haze, like a veil on the face of a Circassian beauty, hangs over yonder towers, heightening but not hiding the charms of the imperial city, that bathes her feet in the Golden Horn and tips her minarets with stars. The shadows of ships, of mouldering walls, and palaces, and kiosks, sleep on the still water, and innumerable lights shoot quivering reflections down the glassy depths. And, lo! the moon rises majestically over the summit of Beylerbey, and sheens city and landscape, cypress and sea, with unimaginable splendor; and now the magical tinkle of a guitar floats over the water. In such a paradise as this one can easily turn optimist, and, soothed by *mocha* and *latakieh*, can reason with a certain equanimity upon the destiny of man. Like the smoke of this pipe, our days are born only to vanish. Life is but a journey from an uncertain sunrise to an unknown night. The world is but an inn, wherein we tarry in our passage from the past eternity to the great hereafter beyond!

THE BURDEN OF ISTAMBOUL.

STORM out, ye trumpeters of death!
Along the Orient mountains blow!
Awaken larums keen with woe!
Blow, cruel trumpets, spare no breath!

They call destruction—hear, O East!—
They call destruction on your race,
Because ye grant our faith no grace,
Because your cursing hath not ceased.

A people hastens from afar,
The mingled nations of the North;
They gather from the ends of earth
To crush, and overthrow, and mar.

A fire devours before their haste;
Behind them smokes of torment rise;
Before, the land is paradise;
Behind, a voiceless, desert waste.

Their hearts are merciless to slay;
They clamor like the ocean-storm;
They brandish sword and lance; they swarm
On horses ranked in war-array.

They scale the battlemented walls,
They leap along the city streets;
Behold them in your fair retreats!
Behold them in your lordly halls!

Be fearful; hold within the gate;
Seek not the harvests of your land;
They hide the foeman's bitter brand;
On every side the slayers wait.

O daughter of the Orient, cry!
Cry out, with ashes on the head,
Like one who mourneth for the dead!
For lo! the spoiler draweth nigh.

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

" . . . With unladen breasts,
Save of blown self-applause, they proudly mount
To their spirit's perch, their being's high account;
Their tip-top nothings, their dull skies, their thrones."

"**N**OW, then," said Flora, "put your hands behind your backs, and for your lesson to-day learn that :

"A frog he would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
"Heigho!" says Roly."

Two childish voices repeated the ancient nursery classic with a readiness that would have been laudable and surprising had they now uttered it for the first time.

"And what does wooing mean?" said Flora, surveying the atoms before her with invincible gravity.

"Getting married," said Taffy.

"Kissing," said Colin, solemnly.

Their mother broke into a sudden peal of laughter. Her laughter was like herself, abundant; for Nature had assuredly not found herself skimped for material when she created Flora. No, nor for color; for though all about her was a great blaze of scarlet, yellow, and blue flowers, her own tints in no way suffered by comparison, for they were every whit as vivid, and saucy, and daring, as theirs.

"There is," says a famous French writer, "but one way in which a woman can be handsome, but a hundred thousand ways in which she can be pretty." This, being translated, means, I take it, that the devil's beauty of extreme youth, a joyous mood, a becoming gown, the neighborhood of a favored lover, or any other pleasurable and fugitive emotion, is able to transform a negatively plain woman into a positively pretty one.

Now, Flora's good looks in no way depended on any of the adventitious aids before enumerated; nevertheless it was a fact that she just missed being extremely handsome, through the one feature of the face that is so often the stumbling-block over which female beauty trips—the nose.

Lovely eyes are plentiful as blackberries, lovelier, perhaps, among the humble ones of the earth than the great; cherry lips are as often to be met with as the pretty fools to whom they would seem to especially belong, but—a handsome nose! Is there any man who can reckon among all his acquaintance more than a couple of perfectly-shaped proboscides? So far as my own experience goes, I have never discovered a phenomenon of this kind save on the countenances of either profoundly stupid or intensely irritable people.

"*Un petit nez retroussé bouleverse les lois d'un empire;*" but, when there is no empire to overturn, Chloe

is apt to grow dissatisfied with what Providence has seen fit to send her, and to glance with envy at the classic features of Amaryllis, her rival, and Flora would have cheerfully parted with one of her own plump fingers if by so doing she could make that pretty little disdainful nose of hers straight.

With women Flora did not find favor; they affected to consider her coarse, but that she was not, only her splendid *physique* and robust vigor of constitution made her antagonistic to, and intolerant of, those lymphatic and half-starved souls who were not able to take a good free breath of anything, whether of life, air, or beauty, without wincing and shivering, and suffering acute moral indigestion afterward.

There was about this young matron a bold, gay *bonhomie* that might be no more than a mere animal delight in existence, the outcome of a sensuous and a pleasure-loving temperament; but, on the other hand, and on this point opinions were extremely diverse, be no less an admirable quality than solid Christian charity and goodness of heart. Complexion, constitution, and digestion, alike precluded the possibility of her being ill-humored, and to do her justice she seldom was, unless the admiration and attention, that were food and drink to her, were diverted on their way to her by a fair and skillful sister-bandit, though on occasion she was capable of entertaining for certain people a strong dislike. Of these persons her brother Adam was one. Her nerves, too, were excellent, enabling her to bear the discordant shrieks of a paroquet who was strutting on the lawn before her with perfect equanimity and indifference.

"And pray," she said, with mock solemnity, "what is the difference between kissing and getting married?"

"Nurse got married," said Taffy, thoughtfully, "but we never saw anybody kiss her; and Anne gets kissed, but she doesn't get married—" Here the infant mind paused on the threshold of a definition, and could proceed no farther on its way.

"So Anne gets kissed!" said Flora, coolly; "and pray who kisses Anne?"

Taffy, who had all the elements of a first-rate sneak about him, was about to reply, when a sharp and sudden pinch in his rear from Colin the younger's small hand caused him to stammer and hesitate.

"Now, then," said Flora, impudently, "who kisses Anne?"

But Taffy's enforced indecision had, for the nonce, saved the recital of Anne's delinquencies, for at this moment there appeared upon the scene no less person than—Mr. Montrose.

"So, so! Lessons, I perceive," he said, benignly, yet irritably, as his eyes fell on his grandsons; "nevertheless, if not on any subject of moment, my dear Flora" (he bowed gracefully toward his daughter), "perhaps you will do me the favor to dismiss

them, as there are matters upon which—in short, you will understand, I am sure—"

"Certainly, father," said Flora, dutifully; and at a signal from her the boys vanished. Mr. Montrose drew out his watch and looked at it.

"Five minutes to eleven," he said, solemnly; "in five minutes they will be here."

Mr. Montrose replaced his watch with slow deliberation, then commenced to pace the gravel-walk with steps that he was evidently at considerable pains to keep within the measured bounds that he had long ago laid down as suitable to a man of his years and moral excellence. For, unlike some persons who are quite above taking the trouble to convince the world of the validity of their pretensions to perfection, he was ever trying to act up to his own standard of what he thought right and becoming. Thus he never lost his self-consciousness, beholding, not the people he addressed, but the attitude he himself maintained toward them, whether of the attentive host, the affectionate yet severe parent, or the generous friend—in short, finding in everybody a reflection of—himself.

"They won't come any the sooner for your fidgeting, father," said Flora, tranquilly, as she inserted a stitch or two in her lace-work, and meditated on Anne's osculatory escapades.

The color in Mr. Montrose's face deepened perceptibly; he continued his walk, but with an air of offense. For if there be one thing on earth that irritates a fussy person more than another, it is to be told that he is fussy; for in his own mind he invariably sees himself the only collected person present.

"I am not aware of fidgeting," he said, stiffly, "and I am sorry to be compelled to remark (you being a married woman, and no longer subject to my authority) that there is—ah—a tone of *levity* about your whole reception of this unfortunate affair that seriously displeases me. When your brother came here last night, and with a coolness highly unbecoming in so young a man, announced that he was actually *married*, in what way did you receive the intelligence? With indifference and an epigram! Now that I display a pardonable impatience to behold my new daughter-in-law, I am told that—I fidget!"

"I beg your pardon, father," said Flora, meekly, "but, when Adam walked in and told us that he was married, at the same time volunteering not the slightest information as to the lady's antecedents or relations, a vision suddenly rose up before me of what she would probably be like that quite upset my gravity—"

She paused expressively, and shrugged her shoulders.

"You have not, then, a high opinion of your brother's taste?" said Mr. Montrose, coming to a full stop before his daughter, and handling his eye-glasses nervously.

"Adam the gardener's taste!" said Flora, slightly; "if he has married according to his taste, father, it is not difficult to imagine what that will be. Probably this young woman is some gardener's daugh-

ter with whom Adam has become enamored while pursuing the congenial occupation of helping to pot out her father's herbs and bulbs."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Montrose, with much earnestness, all his little pompous airs utterly put to flight for the moment; "you surely don't conceive such a thing possible! With all your brother's peculiarities and odd choice of amusements, he would not, I hope and believe, so far forget himself as to introduce into our family-circle a young person who—who—"

He paused, utterly overcome by the visions of the "young person" suggested by Flora's words.

"There is no knowing what Adam will do when once he takes an idea into his head," said his sister. "So long as he himself were satisfied, he would not care a button what you or I or anybody else might think!"

Not often did Flora venture to make so bold a speech as the foregoing, and now she glanced with a somewhat quickened pulse from under her long eyelashes to see how it told.

Mr. Montrose was irritably glancing across to where, in dim perspective, was visible that trim and well-stocked kitchen-garden in which Adam had dug, and delved, and accomplished his destiny.

"Your brother is his own master," he said, stiffly; "owing to your departed mother's injudicious bequest to him, he is in no way dependent upon me, and, although it is true I might show my displeasure by refusing to receive him and his wife, still a family scandal" (he made a gesture of disgust, much as though he had lighted on some noxious and repulsive insect) "has always been my special abhorrence; besides" (here he raised his eyes to the surrounding walls), "how is it possible to be on unfriendly terms with a son who actually lives next door to you?"

"How on earth he got there is a mystery to me!" said Flora, yawning; "the servants say it is a school, or something of that kind—perhaps the schoolmistress improves the shining hour by taking in boarders while her pupils are away!"

But Mr. Montrose was not attending; for the first time in his life he felt himself to be in a dilemma.

Hitherto he had, under all circumstances, been equally pleased and satisfied with himself in all that he did, and with unruffled dignity had acted up to what he conceived to be a right and proper standard of excellence, and, since he was never called upon to fill any situation with which his previous experiences did not enable him to deal, he had been saved from even the mere suspicion of the barrenness of his resources.

Now, suddenly confronted with an unexpected exigency, he was entirely at a loss how to meet it, and in this disagreeable revelation to himself of his own helplessness and incapacity, felt an added cause of resentment against the person who had been its occasion. As a Roman father, renouncing his offspring in well-rounded periods, and enunciating highly moral sentiments from a lofty height of virtue,

Mr. Montrose would have been quite in his element—he would even have figured handsomely as the stately yet condescending parent who received a privileged and duly approved-of daughter-in-law into his bosom—but as a parent who disliked a match concerning which he was by circumstances compelled to spare the thunders of his righteous indignation, he felt himself to be in a false position, whence he knew not how to extricate himself with dignity.

Across the silence that had fallen between father and daughter came the cool splash of a fountain, and the distant laughter of Taffy and Colin the younger, who were evidently having a good time somewhere out of sight. Although the morning was one of intolerable heat, in this corner of the garden were shade and coolness in plenty.

"They are late," remarked Flora, presently, laying down her work, and regarding it critically. "Doubtless the bride is arraying herself in her Sunday's best, and Adam, poor man, is doing his best to tone down the colors a little. Or perhaps—" She paused suddenly, her mouth closed, then opened again in a little, quick gasp of astonishment, as she saw the girl who came stepping toward her by Adam's side.

Here was no gardener's daughter, but a woman in whose veins ran blood every whit as blue as her own, in whose bearing was a pride of race even greater than her own; moreover, who was possessed of one supreme advantage that she herself lacked, the freshness and incomparable bloom of extreme youth.

If there was a moment of hesitation it did not proceed from those whose province it may have been to display it, for Adam, leading Mignon forward, "Father," he said, "this is my wife."

Something that did not often make itself felt stirred in the old man's selfish yet not unkindly heart as he looked down on the girl's gentle face, and felt her slight hand close upon his. Perhaps there was more of human nature in him than he suspected, or some thrill of healthy young life passed from her palm to his, and unconsciously freshened him; yet when he did speak it was only to add one more to those countless billions of unanswered "How-do-you-do's?" of which English air suffers a plethora, and that are about as reasonable as the habit that still prevails in some parts of the globe of rubbing one's nose against a friend's, or offering him a taste of one's own choice and particular lump of salt.

"And this is my sister, Mrs. Dundas," said Adam, turning to Flora, who, with a very perceptible increase of color, had risen to greet her new sister-in-law.

"How do you do?" she said, in her turn, but the meaningless words had a jovial, gay ring in them; and Mignon, turning her eyes from Mr. Montrose's uninteresting, not to say stupid, countenance, to Flora's blooming, good-humored one, was instinctively attracted toward her.

"This seat is not a large one, and I am not a small person," said Flora, laughing; "nevertheless I think that it will hold two." And with a gesture

of invitation she sank into the wooden contrivance whence she had risen.

"What a lovely garden!" said Mignon, involuntarily, as she mentally compared this smiling Eden with the wilderness on the other side of the wall.

"Is not yours as good?" said Flora, mentally adding, "How this chit's blue eyes will put out my gray ones!"

"No," said Mignon, "it is bare, and brown, and ugly; and, though I have planted lots of things, somehow they never seem to come up right!"

"Oh!" said Flora, glancing at her brother (and it was significant of the relations existing between the brother and sister that they had hitherto made each other no sort of greeting), "Adam will soon change all that! He will rout the slugs, pickle the snails, and keep you in flowers and vegetables all the year round—in short, I believe that at a pinch he would not be above doing a little—weeding!"

She flashed her eyes full on Adam's (very like her own, by-the-way, in shape and color, but how different in expression!) with an insolence that he was not slow to appreciate; but Mignon, believing this to be an intentional allusion to a matter of which she could never think without intense shame and vexation, blushed furiously, and with the unwise, impetuous courage of youth, exclaimed:

"And why should he not? It is a very right thing to do, and a very kind one! I was very much obliged to him for making those shabby old garden-walks look so beautiful!"

"He did!" said Flora, opening her eyes to their utmost extent; "well, I knew Cupid did odd things sometimes, but—weeding!"

"I am not aware," said Mr. Montrose, addressing Flora in a tone of dignified rebuke, "that there is anything derogatory to a young man in the act of weeding; on the contrary, it appears to me an earnest of industry, and industry in the young is a very excellent quality. There is, moreover" (here he bowed gracefully toward Mignon), "a gracefulness in the idea of a lover tending his mistress's flowers, a poetry in the image of him presenting her with a cluster that he has preserved from untoward influences—"

"But he wasn't a lover," said Mignon, unexpectedly.

"Not a lover!" cried Flora, "and what was he, then, pray?"

"I thought he was a gardener," said Mignon, in an exculpatory tone.

"There!" said Flora, triumphantly, "did I not always tell you so, that you looked like a gardener? After all, the nickname I gave you was well chosen."

He glanced across at her contemptuously, then back again at his wife.

"But it was nothing to do with his looks," said Mignon, hotly; "it was all my stupid mistake, and—and his coming over the wall that morning."

"Over the wall!" echoed Mr. Montrose, in deepest bass tones of horror; "do I understand you to say my son came over the wall?"

"To be sure!" said Mignon, nodding, "after

snails—at least, I supposed so then, as there was nothing else—only you see he found—*me!*"

"And may I ask," said Mr. Montrose, his meaningless countenance becoming positively vacuous under the influence of the amazement that filled him, "if my son's intrusion into your garden was the occasion of your first introduction to each other?"

"The very first," said Mignon, nodding again; "I just asked him his name, you know, and he told me—and that's how it all happened."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Montrose, dropping his eye-glass in a spasm of outraged decorum; "and what did your people—your father—your mother—say?"

"I have no father and no mother!"

"Your nearest relatives, then—your lawful guardians?"

"Haven't got any," said Mignon, sighing; "I've nobody in the world but one other person and Prue—and Adam," she added, as an after-thought, glancing up at him with so cold and kind a glance as to convince Flora that for whatever reason this mysterious and candid young lady had married Adam, it certainly was not for love.

"And who is Prue?" said Mr. Montrose—"a female relative, I presume?"

"She is a house-maid," said Mignon.

"But," said Mr. Montrose, almost gasping, "your chaperon at your interviews with my son—there must surely have been some one?"

"There was nobody," said Mignon, "unless," she added, meditatively, "you would call Bumble a person!"

"And who is—ah!—*Bumble*?" said Mr. Montrose, his hopes reviving at the mention of so eminently respectable a name.

"A fowl," said Mignon; "Adam used to help me catch him—or try to."

"Is it the punishment of mine enemy, that he should marry a fool?" thought Flora, glancing at Adam, who stood bareheaded, listening to his young wife's disclosures as calmly as though she were presenting those unwritten vouchers of respectability that society expects and demands. And yet no man living was better aware than he of how severe was the world's condemnation of any intrigue, howsoever pure in motive and intent, that traverses its laws.

"Good Heavens!" said Mr. Montrose again, his usual noble panoply of words utterly failing him, and reverting unconsciously to the simple and forcible language that he may have used in the less distinguished and ornate days of his youth.

"Are you angry?" said Mignon, looking attentively at the vacuous, fleshy face before her, in which there was not one line that said, "I have suffered, I have conquered, I know"—"but you must not blame Adam, for it was every bit my fault that we got married—you see, I was so lonely, and poor, and miserable, with no one but Prue to take care of me, and he was so sorry for me!"

"Not because he was sorry for her," said Adam, quietly, "but because he loved her."

"So, so!" said Flora, to herself, "you love her, do you, my saintly brother? Take care that I don't find out a way through her of paying off some very old scores."

"In my young days," said Mr. Montrose, recovering his usual stately flow of language, "it was not usual for a young woman to marry a young man because he expressed himself sorry for her; on the contrary, I may say that the whole process of courtship (resulting in matrimony) was an extremely gradual and delicate one, extending over a very considerable space of time. First came a proper and admiring regard; then a heedful and respectful approach on the part of the gentleman (with the cognizance and full approval of his family) to the lady; then a duly-considered and well-digested declaration of love, followed by a period of anxious suspense on the part of the gentleman, of modest hesitation on hers; after which, if she answered him in the affirmative, there ensued a decent and enjoyable interval of courtship, and, finally, a marriage celebrated in the presence of the assembled relatives of the bride and bridegroom."

"Then I'm afraid," said Mignon, shaking her head with an air of conviction, "that our courtship was hopelessly wrong from beginning to end! There was no asking anybody's permission, no suspense (I said 'Yes' the minute he asked me), and, as to having a lot of relations to see us married, why, we had not got one between us!"

"I don't think that you can mean that," said Mr. Montrose, rebukingly. "I should be quite sorry to think that you really mean us to understand you accepted my son without a moment's hesitation; it would augur a curious lack of delicacy that I should deeply regret to discover in you. There must have been a period of hesitation, of maidenly—ah!"

He paused, the right word not having presented itself, and he being of so conscientious a turn of mind, that he would rather keep his audience waiting five minutes than affront it with one not exactly suited to the occasion.

Unfortunately, it often happens that while the proper noun, adjective, or what-not, is being sought, the vagrant mind of the expectant auditor sets off with a skip in search of other pabulum, so that when Mr. Montrose had satisfied his critical taste, it was to discover that Mignon's whole attention was given to the parrot, who had been for the last few moments viciously regarding the pink ribbons in Flora's mob-cap as though he meditated taking a bit out of them.

"Self-examination," said Mr. Montrose, his glance wandering from one to another in that search of a word that is so ludicrous to the indifferent, so painful to the sympathetic observer—"self-examination," said Mr. Montrose, raising his voice a little and growing very red in the face.

"Ha! ha! ha!" went the parrot, in an ecstasy of mirth, and, alas! whether it was the force of that godless bird's example, or the provocation of a certain something in Flora's eye, Mignon broke into a peal of laughter that astounded Mr. Montrose as

much as though she had suddenly hopped up and dealt him a facetious dig in the shins.

He began to think that there were worse things about this young person than making love over a garden-wall, and saying "Yes" the moment she was asked in marriage.

"I was not aware," he said, majestically, "that I had said anything extraordinarily ludicrous—still, I am sure, I am always happy to amuse."

So saying, and wishful to mark his sense of Mignon's impropriety by a very proper haughtiness of bearing, he stepped back a pace or two, when, alas! that little imp who ever seems to be at hand to make a mock of dignities, caused him to stumble over a footstool in such wise that he found himself seated with excessive harshness and emphasis on an easy-chair that stood hard by.

Even Mignon felt the occasion to be too awful for laughter, much less smiles, so sat in a scarlet agony, biting her lips and puckering her forehead into a frown in her violent efforts to preserve a decent gravity; nevertheless, as Mr. Montrose glanced from her to his daughter, whose nose rested on her lace-work, and from his daughter to Adam, who had carefully turned his head away, he felt burning within him the righteous anger historically supposed to be cherished by wise men for fools.

What was there to laugh at? he would like to know. He would not have laughed at any one under the same circumstances; on the contrary, he would have felt and expressed sympathy. There was to him something extremely coarse in these repressed manifestations of mirth, and indeed it is one of the hardest problems on earth to decide where humor ends and levity begins, where our subtle and keen appreciation of the incongruities and inconsistencies of human nature deteriorates into a bold and irreverent license that does us an infinite discredit.

At this moment, and surely no winged Mercury of good tidings was ever more welcome, a footman noiselessly approached, and, appearing in their midst, handed to Flora a telegram.

"It must be from Miss McClosky!" said Flora, briskly. "Surely it cannot be to say she is not coming to-day."

She bowed in apology to Mignon, opened the missive, read and handed it to her father.

"It is!" she said, resuming her work. "McClosky *père* is ill—sensible man!" she added, in an aside that was only audible to Mignon.

Meanwhile, the paroquet, abandoning his intentions on Flora's ribbons, and perhaps feeling certain memories of the tropical climate whence he had been torn in his youth, awakened in him by the sight of James's canary-colored livery, at this moment elected to make a sudden dash at the man's arm, and swarm up his shoulder. James neglecting in his flurry to lift his shoulder for the bird's support, the latter, feeling himself to be slipping, laid hold of the man's ear, to which he clung like grim death, while the luckless victim, not daring to utter a sound before his master, leaped at least a foot in the air with an-

guish. I wonder what unseemly impulse is that which sets us smiling when we see injuries of a ludicrous character inflicted upon others; why we think it an exquisite joke when, at the pantomime, one clown metes another a sounding crack on the pate; and why we feel our pulses pleasantly quickened when the villain of the piece receives the trouncing he so richly merits? Mr. Montrose, who was a stranger to self-analysis, and only beheld himself as that which he was not, could not, for the life of him, have explained why, when Adam had interfered, and James departed a sadder if not a wiser man, he should have had a far less vivid consciousness of his own wrongs than was his before the episode occurred, and that he was even able to discuss the subject of Miss McClosky's non-arrival with his usual dignity.

Not that he would have retained his irritation long, for it takes such a tremendous effort of imagination on the part of a stupid man to convince him that you are laughing at him, that he is only too glad to dismiss it, and revert to his usual consciousness of perfectibility with solid satisfaction and comfort.

"And who is Miss McClosky?" said Mignon, when the whys and wherefores of that personage's non-appearance had been exhaustively discussed.

"Who is she?" said Flora; "well, she is Miss McClosky! But if she could have had her own way she would be—somebody else!"

"But how could she be that?" said Mignon, much puzzled.

"Ask Adam!" said his sister.

Mignon looked at him, trying to understand; then, all at once, a light flashed upon her.

"I know!" she said, clapping her hands; "Miss McClosky was in love with Adam, or he was in love with her."

"Yes," said Flora, grave and amused; "it was one of the two!"

"Were you *very* fond of her?" said Mignon to her husband, without one flicker of color in the cool, delicate cheeks, whence the blushes had long ago faded.

"But he married you, not Miss McClosky!" said Flora.

"People don't always marry the ones they like best," said Mignon, with a wistful look in her blue eyes that struck Adam like a blow, and gave birth to fifty hitherto formless suspicions in Flora's busy brain.

"And now, Mignon, if you are ready, we will go," said Adam; and the girl stood up and put her hand in Flora's.

"I hope we shall be good friends," said the latter, in her hearty, pleasant voice, "although we *are* relations, and *do* live on the opposite sides of the wall. I won't inflict myself upon you too often, but I'll come—sometimes."

"Come often," said Mignon, impressively, "come twice, three times every day if you are able, for oh! though I was as dull as dull could be before I got married, I am ten thousand times duller now!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Pleasure is oft a visitant, yet Pain
Clings cruelly to us like the gnawing sloth
On the deer's tender haunches."

"ARE you very busy?" said Mignon, putting her head in at the half-opened door of the room that now went by the name of Adam's study, but retreating when she saw how he sat, his head buried in his hands, at a large table covered with books.

"I am not too busy to attend to you," he said, coming forward and leading her in. "Where will you sit?" he added, looking about him in some perplexity, for every chair was piled as high with dusty tomes as was the table.

"Are you doing lessons?" said Mignon, looking about her with considerable awe as she sat down on the big easy-chair that he had swept clear of its contents and placed for her; "why, I thought—I thought—"

"You thought that because a man gets married he leaves off learning anything?" said Adam, laughing.

"No," she said, still looking about her, "but I had a notion, an impression, that you never did anything but—gardening!"

"To garden is the occupation of my leisure hours," he said; "I have periods of work as well, Mignon. Has it never occurred to you to wonder how I managed to amuse myself during the many hours a day that you are working or gossiping with Prue?"

She looked across at him with a sudden, quick compunction: no—it had never occurred to her to wonder what he might or might not do, so thoroughly had she been engrossed in her own selfish thoughts, hopes, and fears.

"Has it been very lonely for you," she said, "all by yourself? Do you come and read these dusty, stupid books because you have nobody to speak to? You see," she went on, drawing a little nearer, and looking at him with anxious, gentle consideration, "it is not a thing to get used to all at once—a husband—and sometimes I forget all about you! Do you know that one morning I actually got up early because I thought that it was my morning to practise before breakfast, and only when I was walking past your door recollected I was married?"

"You will get more used to it in time," he said, encouragingly, "perhaps—who knows?—forget to learn your gospel and collect as you did last Saturday night for Sunday!"

"But that was because I had taken off my wed-ding-ring when I washed my hands, and forgotten to put it on again," said Mignon, hastily; "you see it is so bright, and new, and pretty, it would be a thousand pities to spoil it!"

Yes, that was what a woman's badge of life-long duty and devotion was to her, no more and no less than a pretty shining toy.

"And these books," she said, touching one of the heavy tomes before her, what are they? geography? history? mathematics?"

"Something far more serious and disagreeable," he said, ruefully—"law!"

"You are studying it?" she exclaimed, looking at him with respect; "and why do you do that?"

"Because," he said, "to live, one must eat, Mignon, and to eat costs money, and, if one has not a great deal, why then one must do one's best to earn it!"

"But have you not got plenty?" said Mignon, in surprise. "Do you mean to say that you have got to work for it?"

"I intend to do so!" he said; "but until now, Mignon, I have been somewhat idle—indeed, for the past two months before our marriage I never opened a book or a paper—though I am afraid it will be a long business, this making money, and that I shall be an old man before I begin to grow rich."

"But I have some money," said Mignon, triumphantly, "oh, a great deal, and I can draw it out whenever I please; and you shall have it all, every penny of it, to do just what you like with!"

"No, no," he said, kindly; "we won't take the little woman's hoard away from her. Perhaps she'll find it useful some day, when she wants to run away from her husband."

"I know I am a great expense to you," said Mignon, not heeding his latter words, her mind anxiously bent upon her own shortcomings. "And I have a very large appetite, and I bought a pair of new boots yesterday! But I won't buy any more," she added, shaking her head with immense decision; "at least not out of your money—I'll use some of my own!"

"But I thought you were going to give it to me, Mignon?" said Adam, gravely.

"So I was!" she said, looking rather chapfallen. "So I will! Only, you see, now that I know you are not very rich I shall hate to come and ask you for so much as a penny!"

"You must try and get over that," said Adam. "It would be such a thousand pities to touch a tremendous sum like that, Mignon! No, no, as soon as we come to the last bit of bread in the pan, and meat in the larder, we will begin to draw out your hoard—a pound at a time!"

"But are we as poor as all that?" said Mignon, in awe-struck tones.

"We are not rich," he said, lightly, "and to beg I am ashamed—and to earn money at the bar is not easy, Mignon—"

"You are a barrister!" she exclaimed, "and some day you will wear a wig and a silk gown?"

"If I live long enough," he said, laughing, "though I am afraid that the wig and gown will be the most important part of the concern, for, until a man is forty, his briefs are usually to be counted on his fingers!"

"But I thought—" she said—"I have heard Miss Sorel say that barristers usually live in chambers—in the Temple?"

"So they do," he said; "and I have a little den of my own there. When I was eating my dinners I lived there altogether, but now that I have mar-

ried a wife," he added, leaning forward and patting her blooming cheek with his forefinger, "why, Mignon, I thought I would study at home, so had a cart-load of books sent down—*voilà tout*."

"But why did you do that?" she said. "It was a great deal of trouble, and you might have gone up as often, and stopped as long, as you liked."

"In short," he said, with a very unusual touch of bitterness in his voice, "I might as well have gone—and stopped altogether, Mignon, for any difference that it would have made to you!"

"There you are mistaken!" said Mignon, quickly, "for I should miss you very much indeed. Ask Prue if I did not stand at the gate a whole hour yesterday, watching for you, and only came in because a rude young man would walk up and down, and kiss his hand to me!"

"And yet, Mignon," he said, "and yet—" but he proceeded no farther in his speech.

The sweetness that is not love, the gentleness that is not affection, the sense of pleasure in a person's society that yet is not sympathy, are they not harder to fight against than positive indifference, suspicion, and dislike?

It is in the capacity we possess to move certain people that we are able to estimate the extent of our power over them; and of such power over Mignon, Adam knew that he possessed not so much as the shadow.

And about her, too, was that somewhat rare quality, in a nineteenth-century maiden, a "gentle hard-heartedness" that some writer has ascribed to Miss Austen's heroines, and that is more difficult to overcome than the aversion of an obstinate, self-willed virago.

The girl had risen, and was looking down on a book before her that had opened at the title-page.

"You have a second name!" she exclaimed, putting her finger down on the book; "and such a pretty one, too! Why do not Flora and your father call you by it?"

"My mother always did," he said; and how different was the tone in which he said "My mother" from the one in which he habitually said "My father!"

"You loved her?" said Mignon, gently.

"Yes," he said, leaning his head on his hand; "home was home to me while she lived."

"And afterward?"

"Afterward," he said, with a short, impatient sigh, "it was—different. My father and I had but little in common, Flora and I still less. They were as uncongenial to me as I to them—they went their way, I went mine; and yet we managed to clash pretty well sometimes."

"Did Flora marry Colin for love?" said Mignon, irrelevantly, her eyes wandering to the open window, through the curtains of which showed a patch of blue sky, set about by a frame of scorched Virginia creeper.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"But did she?" persisted Mignon.

"Do wives always love their husbands?" he said, and looked hard at her. Then he burst out laugh-

ing. "What a couple of Quakers we are, to be sure, with our cross-questions! If you want to know, Mignon, you must ask Flora herself. She won't hesitate to tell you the truth; and as to hurting her feelings on any point except her complexion, it's utterly impossible."

"It is very odd," said Mignon; "but though he seems so fond of her, they never go out together by any chance. He never proposes, nor does she seem to expect it."

"Colin is a wise man," said Adam; "and perhaps, when you have been out once or twice with Madam Flora, you will the better understand why he permits her to take her airings alone."

"But what does she *do*?" said Mignon, thoroughly puzzled.

"What does she *not* do?" he said, with much disgust. "Well, Mignon, she has asked you again and again to drive to town with her, and, by my desire, you have each time refused; but, the next time she asks you to do so, go! And if you ever want to go with her a second time, then I am very much mistaken."

"One sees a great many people when one goes to town?" she said.

"A great many."

"One stands a good chance of meeting the people one wishes to see?"

"No, not a very good one; it is a big place, Mignon."

She was standing directly before him; she had put her hands behind her back, and was regarding him very thoughtfully.

Some emotion was working in her mind, and had brought a faint color to her cheek; a question of some sort trembled in her eyes and seemed to seek the answer in his. Unconsciously, he put out his hand and drew her nearer to him.

"Do you think that I should be likely to run up against *him* there?" she said.

He dropped her hand as though it burnt him, his face changed from the warmth of flesh and blood to rigidity of steel, as he said, calmly:

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Mr. Rideout," she said, looking surprised; "of whom else should I speak?"

"There are other men in the world," said Adam; "why cannot you call him by his name?"

"Because," she said, with conviction, "somehow he always was, always will be, *him* to me! You see he was the first person who ever fell in love with me, he wrote me my first love-letter—and, altogether, I really think that, if I lived to be a hundred, he would always be *him*!"

Had the air suddenly grown stifling, or was the mere touch of Mignon's gown too irritating to be borne, that Adam rose abruptly, and, going to the open casement, leaned far out into the garden air?

"I am nearly positive," she went on, "that he told me that he was living near here, that he was constantly in and out of Lilytown; and, if so, he is sure to come back sooner or later, and we are bound to meet him, are we not, somewhere or other?"

No reply.

"Though I should think it was most likely that, if he were passing this way, he would come in and see us."

Adam left the window, turned and faced her.

"And does your happiness depend on your meeting this man again?" he said, sternly. "Do you look forward to such a meeting with feelings of interest and pleasure?"

"I look forward to seeing him so much," she said, vehemently, "that, if I thought I was going to see him this very minute, I should jump for joy. There is no one on earth—save her—that I so long to see as I do to see him!"

"And you say this to me," he said, in an intensely low, clear voice—"to me?"

"And to whom, then, should I say it but to you?" said the girl, gently.

"Tell it to the winds—to Flora—whom you will; but bring me no more of your confidences—I will have none of them! Do you hear me, Mignon? I will have none of them!"

His clinched fist came down with a crash on the table by which he stood.

She looked at him with a sudden fear and wonder in her blue eyes.

"And if I may not come to you with my hopes and thoughts and fears," she said, with a certain sweet and simple dignity, "then there is no one else to whom it is meet that I should go, for it is not to Flora, no, indeed, that I should speak of such matters. And I will not trouble you again, nor vex you with my troubles and desires—you who have been so good and kind to me always!"

Her voice ceased in a little sob; then she turned and went quietly away, and all the sunlight and sweetness of the summer day seemed to merge themselves in her garments and go out with her through the open door, leaving the man who stood in the midst of his room looking very cold and pale and weary, as one who in the battle of life flags suddenly, and, weary of the rout, feels that he has no longer heart or vigor to continue the war with any hope of success.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; all that runs over will be yours."

"I BEG your pardon," said Flora, "but I have knocked three times, and—have you and Adam been quarreling?" she added, abruptly, as, advancing, she caught sight of Mignon sitting, like Niobe in grief, with tears splashing heavily down upon her clasped hands.

"No," said Mignon, dashing her tears away and sitting erect, "we have not been quarreling." Her right hand instinctively tightened on that oft-perused, closely-guarded letter of Miss Sorel's that now told a flattering tale of love and hope, and now one of utter despair and desolation.

"It is rather early days to begin," said Flora; "as far as I can remember, Colin and I were perfect turtle-doves for the first month we were married—though, to be sure," she added, meditatively, as she sank into an easy-chair, "we have fought without intermission ever since! It is always a great mistake to cry," she went on, with conviction; "to get into a rage is not half so disfiguring to one's appearance, and answers the purpose just as well!"

"But," cried Mignon, with a little, impatient stamp, "we have *not* been quarreling; I have not even seen Adam since breakfast, and—"

"Then you have been indulging in sentimental poetry, or are you a prey to melancholy?" said Flora, "If the latter, I can tell you of an excellent cure I saw in a book for it the other day: 'It is no small remedy to cure melancholy to rub your body all over with nettles!' I can't say I have ever tried it, but I make you a present of the suggestion."

Flora had risen, and was now surveying herself from head to foot in a swing-glass with sincere admiration; and, indeed, it must be confessed that Flora in out-of-door attire was every whit as fine a woman as Flora in a white morning cap and gown—the only pity was that she struck one as being almost *too* fine—*one* felt a sensation as of catching one's breath in the effort to get her all into one's eye at once.

Some people have a distinct personality of their own; one picks them out instinctively from the ruck of breathing automata by which one finds one's self surrounded in all places; we are conscious of the presence of the others, but we do not look at or observe them; whereas, to those who distinctly impress themselves upon us as *persons*, we give our full and critical attention.

Now, Flora's personality was very great. Mignon could have found it in her heart to wish there were less of it as she sat looking at her sister-in-law, and wondering how it was that, though other women wore oddly-shaped head-gear and curiously-blended colors, they never contrived to look half as remarkable as she did.

"I am not quite sure," said Flora, taking up a hand-glass, and surveying herself with grave deliberation, "whether this shade of tea-rose is not rather too deep for my complexion. Of course, it's all very well for those whitish-brown women who can't supply any color themselves, but, when one has a skin like a peach, why, one is obliged to be careful!"

Flora had long ago come to regard Mignon as a little, harmless, pretty schoolgirl, without an idea in her head, or even the sense to observe when she (Flora) made a fool of herself.

"It is very odd," said that young matron, as she slowly revolved before the presentment of her own charms, "but, wear what I will, people stare at me when I go out as if they had never seen a woman in all their lives before! It used to make Colin furious; he actually had the impertinence to declare that it was my fault, but now he goes his way and I go mine, and, if we were to take a drive together, I am sure we should both feel as if the world were coming to an end!"

"And where is he this afternoon?" said Mignon, rousing herself with a great effort.

"Gone to town with Taffy and Colin the younger," said Flora—"but come!" she added, walking briskly to the window and lifting the blind; "put on your hat and cloak, for if we dawdle about in this fashion we shall never get out to-day."

"But I am not going out," said Mignon, who had put away her letter and taken up an ancient piece of needlework.

"But, indeed, you are!" said Flora. "Why, I do believe," she added, suddenly, "that Simon Pure is going to town himself, for he has got on a respectable hat, and his nether garments dimly suggest a wedding! Have you been quarreling," she said, turning sharply round on Mignon, "and is he striding away,

"All in his Sunday best,"

to sue for a divorce or catch the tidal-boat from Folkestone? My dear, I know his little ways, and there is—there certainly is—(or can it be merely the unusual elegance of his coat?)—an unutterable *something* about his back that speaks volumes!"

A rustling of petticoats, a scramble of feet, the blind lifted a few inches higher, and Mignon, with an odd and unaccountable sinking at her heart, was also regarding the unusual spectacle of Adam in perfectly orthodox costume disappearing in the distance.

"I wonder where he is going?" she said, dropping the blind, and looking at Flora anxiously; "he scarcely ever goes out in the afternoon—"

"So you *have* been quarreling," said Flora, calmly; "I thought as much. Well—take my advice, my dear, don't be the first to give in—bring him down on his marrow-bones, and, for you're quite pretty enough, keep him there! When I first married," she continued, returning to the contemplation of her charms, "I made up my mind never to yield a point, whether I was right or wrong, particularly if I were wrong, and I never did! It is only a question of pull devil, pull baker, and whichever pulls hardest and longest wins!"

"Poor Colin!" thought Mignon, with a sigh.

"Here is your hat," said Flora, who had fallen to rummaging among various bandboxes; "my dear, why do all your garments look as if they came out of Arcadia? How on earth you contrive to look such a piece of innocence I can't imagine; I'm sure I did not at your age!"

Mignon, glancing across at her sister-in-law, could not find it easy to suppose that at any time her looks could have erred on the side of innocence.

"Shall I go?" said the girl, doubtfully, half to herself, half to Flora.

Five minutes ago the visit to town had been unhesitatingly negatived. Now she hesitated; what had happened in the interval to work the change in her mind?

"Of course you will," said Flora; "as that husband of yours has gone out himself, he can't possibly

object to your going, or want you for this, that, or the other, as he generally does."

No, indeed; it was rarely enough that Adam ever wanted her for anything now, thought Mignon, as she took up her gloves and followed Flora downstairs.

Without, Mr. Montrose's men-servants were simpering in the sun with patient disgust, while Mr. Montrose's horses were champing their bits and pawing the gravel in a fury of impatience to be gone.

Whatever might be the quality of the old gentleman's wits, his taste in horse-flesh was unimpeachable and no tightly bearing-reined showy screw ever disgraced the respectability of his family chariot.

"After all," said Flora, as they rolled away, "it was very foolish of me to come out this broiling afternoon" (she moved her pale-pink parasol a few inches and glanced up at the blazing sun overhead), "and very kind of you, I am sure, to accompany me!"

Mignon did not reply; she was wondering whether Adam had made up his mind to go out before or after Flora had appeared.

Her speculations were, however, cut short by the discovery that to go out with Mrs. Dundas was to assist at a rare-show, to which all comers were welcome, and no one paid a penny for the treat.

For every head to turn as on a pivot as she passed, for the stolid faces of passers-by to rapidly change from an indifference to an open-eyed and wondering regard, nay, for the very carters on their perches to remove their pipes the better to favor Flora with a broad and familiar stare, surely there must be something hopelessly wrong somewhere, or did all women of quality and fashion conduct themselves thus when they went abroad?

"It really is very singular," said Flora, with much complacency; "but the way people will stare at me is perfectly ridiculous! Now, do you know" (she paused to pursue with her eyes and wrest from a man who was passing a glance of bold admiration) "that, although you are very pretty in your way, yet for one person who looks at you there are ten who look at me?"

"I dare say!" said Mignon, smiling, in spite of her heavy heart.

"It was always the same," said Flora, pensively. "Colin declares that it is because I stare about, but other women stare about enough, goodness knows, but nobody looks at *them*."

And she extended her plump hand with a slightly theatrical gesture, that made Mignon, scarcely knowing why, shrink farther back into her corner.

At this moment a man in a mail-phaeton, who had been passing and repassing the carriage for some minutes, apparently deeming the free-and-easy gesture a sign of encouragement, turned slowly round and looked at Flora with a half smile, that from a stranger is so deliberate an insult (if she did but know it) to the woman who has provoked it.

"People are so ill-natured in this world," said Flora, a momentary flicker in her eyes betraying that

she had accepted, not repelled, the impertinence ; "would you believe that there are actually people who call me—fast? And if there is one thing on earth more than another that I have a horror of," she added, piously, "it is a frisky matron!"

It is a peculiarity worth observing in human nature that, having taken mental photographs of ourselves, the result should always be the exact reverse of what we appear to our friends.

"Did you see that?" suddenly exclaimed Flora, laughing heartily. "A man on a cart was so engrossed in staring at me, that he actually fell off his seat!"

"Did he?" said Mignon, her pale cheeks growing scarlet, and glancing apprehensively at the gray backs of the coachman and footman before her. Verily we should pay good wages to our servants, who, however flagrantly we may sin or misconduct ourselves, dare not treat us with anything but absolute respect! When *they* trip and fall, their shrift is apt to be short indeed.

As they neared town, the fun grew fast and furious. Flora's form seemed to grow larger and more striking; she sat erect, her eyes darting hither and thither, missing not one glance of admiration, from the faultlessly-attired whip who tool'd his four-in-hand by, to the hurdy-gurdy man with a monkey, who dared to lift his eyes to hers with as bold an appreciation of her beauty as the other. A fine, free woman is fine and free for prince and peasant alike, and the latter is in no way impressed by the sober respectability of her servants or the irreproachable character of her equipage; she may be a duchess for all that he knows or cares.

"The park," said Flora, as the footman turned and touched his hat for orders.

"Not that there will be a soul there," she added, to Mignon; "how can you expect people to remain in town the last week in July, when they have a chance of getting out of it? If there is one thing on earth I made a mistake in," she went on with conviction, "it was in marrying—Colin! Boxed up in the Highlands for three parts of the year, with a visit to his frumpish old mother in Eaton Square, in June, a month with papa in July and August, these, including a visit to Ireland in the winter, are all the amusements I get; and, except the winter trip, there is not an ounce of fun to be got out of the whole twelve months! It all comes," she continued, impressively, "of marrying a man who has not come into the title and estates, and who has an old father who literally seems to intend to live forever; and until Sir Peter dies, we have nothing, absolutely nothing, to make life bearable!"

They were by now in the park, and though, according to the shibboleth talked by the fools of fashion, there might not be a soul present, still there were a good many bodies riding, driving, and walking about, who did not seem to find the lack of the spiritual essence before alluded to to trouble them in the least.

It was all new to Mignon, and from beneath her white sun-shade she looked all about her with eager, curious interest.

There were men in the company of their wives looking bored and extinguished; men acting the part of *cavaliere serventi*, looking alert and happy; the right Jill with the wrong Jack, the right Jack with the wrong Jill; here and there a pair of lovers properly matched, the man having that contented air which is his nearest approach to happiness in public, the girl pervaded with that ineffable air of *bien-être* that nothing short of the right man in the right place ever produces; women who were pretty by nature and ridiculous by fashion; women who spent half their lives in trying to persuade the world that they were beautiful, and who had all the tastes of pretty women, with none of the means of gratifying them.

But if Mignon was amused, so was not Flora. The carriage had been drawn up beside the railings, and as the minutes went by and the stream of carriages on the one side, of people on the other, flowed slowly past, she grew more and more impatient, her fine color grew finer still, her roving glance flitted incessantly from one to the other of the passing faces. Now and again a hat was raised to her, but the owner of the same, after a more or less admiring glance at her blooming countenance, invariably passed on.

Flora Dundas might be a very lovely and charming woman to flirt with at home, or on the quiet, but in public—no, thank you! She had an awkward knack of attracting general attention to herself, of conducting her flirtations in the broadest light of day, so that all who ran might read, and men as a rule prefer a little secrecy about the matter, and are far oftener found faithful to the plain woman, whose behavior is irreproachable abroad, than to the imprudent beauty who has thrown the challenge down to society, with a foolhardy defiance that, by some curious process of reasoning, she justifies by the name of courage.

In vain Flora bowed with charming *empressement*, in vain she threw arched invitation into her eyes, the carriage in which she sat remained unbesieged, while those of infinitely less attractive women were surrounded. Her gay smiles began to fade, the corners of her lips to fall; she was indeed intensely conscious of looking that shorn and incomplete splendor, a handsome woman, from whom that indispensable adjunct, man, was missing.

Nevertheless, there was balm to be found in Gilead, when, by-and-by, a languid voice murmured, "How d'y'e do, Mrs. Dundas?" into the back of Flora's pink bonnet, and, turning with instantly-recovered good-humor, she found herself face to face with one of those frock-coated, tight-booted, eye-glassed gentlemen whose object in life it appears to be to prove how contemptible and worthless a creature man can be when he has nothing to occupy either his mind or his hands.

"How do you do?" said Flora, with great animation, "and where on earth do you spring from? Why, I have not seen you since—since—"

"Lady Waterdale's garden-party," he said, taking her hand and gently squeezing it, while his lan-

guid glance dwelt on her face as though, on the whole, he rather admired and liked looking at it. Rather, not much, for this person's manner gave one the impression that it would be absolute death to him to be in earnest about anything.

"Mr. Colquhon—my sister, Mrs. Montrose," said Flora, turning to Mignon, and with faint reluctance Mr. Colquhon withdrew his gaze from the one occupant of the carriage to the other.

There is that in every woman's eyes which will instantly determine a man's glance either in the direction of respect or freedom. It is no more than the work of a moment, yet the woman's place in the man's estimation is then fixed forever.

Thus Mr. Colquhon, as he raised his hat to Mignon, became all at once aware that he was in the presence of some one altogether different from, and by no means to be confounded with, Flora.

"Is your husband here?" he said to the latter, his tone changing, his familiar, lounging attitude insensibly becoming more respectful.

Flora stared at him for a moment in silence. Was this man mad? Could any past or present admirer commit a more glaring solecism than to make inquiries after the lawful lord and master of one who herself totally ignores him?

"I believe he is very well," she said, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, and then was piqued to discover that Mr. Colquhon was not listening for her reply, or indeed looking at her at all, but at Mignon.

He leaned over Mrs. Dundas.

"Miss Montrose surely," he said, in a very low voice, "not Mrs.?"

"She is my brother's wife," said Flora, coldly.

"How d'ye do, Colquhon?—How d'ye do, Mrs. Dundas?"

And another dandy, even more fearfully and wonderfully made by his tailor than the man he addressed, paused to smirk, and bow, and murmur his little nothings by the side of Flora's landau.

Flora was now in her element, coqueting, smiling, ogling, making herself, in short, as detestable as a woman in whom vanity has obliterated all traces of good-breeding, possibly can.

In all this mirth Mignon took no part. Almost hidden beneath her white umbrella, she watched the passers-by, and dreamed her dreams undisturbed, and the two men, finding it impossible to win one look from those misty, exquisite blue eyes, devoted themselves to Flora and her follies, laughing loud and long at her sallies with the laughter that is not with the person who provokes it, but against him.

"There is Colin!" exclaimed Mignon, suddenly, feeling the sight of Colin's ugly, honest countenance to be a refreshing one, and wishing with all her heart that she could pluck up enough spirit to jump out of the carriage and ask him to take care of her, along with Taffy and his brother.

"Is that you, Colin?" said Flora, in her loud, clear voice, a voice that set the passers-by turning round to see from whom it proceeded. "Come here, I want you!"

At hearing himself addressed by his wife he started, winced visibly, then raised his hat, nodded, and passed on.

He had no taste for the rôle of *mari complaisant*, and his wife's conduct in public had an unfortunate knack of making him appear to fill the character whether he would or not.

"Upon my word!" said Flora, reddening and biting her lips as she caught a covert smile upon the faces of the two men beside her.

It spoke something for Colin's manliness of character that, in spite of all that notorious flirt Flora Dundas might do, he was *not* known in society as Mrs. Dundas's husband.

"It is quite a family gathering, I am sure," said Flora, sarcastically. "Is not that" (turning to Mignon) "your amiable spouse, yonder?"

Mignon looked up quickly; yes, sure enough, at a little distance, and apparently watching her intently, was Adam. He, too, when he found himself observed, waved his hand and disappeared in the crowd, his great stature marking him out to her eyes for some distance.

There came into her face so lovely a rush of color, into her eyes so proud yet wistful a regard, that Mr. Colquhon, after duly noting these signs, turned and looked about him for their cause, with true masculine presumption concluding that they must be caused by one of his own sex.

"Is it possible?" suddenly exclaimed Flora, in tones of intense excitement, her fine color paling a little, her breath coming and going quickly; "yes—no—yes—it really *is*," and regardless of the sun's scorching rays, she leaned eagerly forward to look at some one who was advancing slowly along the gravel-walk.

Both men turned to stare; Mignon, catching something of Flora's excitement, also bent forward, and beheld—Philip La Mert—haggard, ill-dressed, worn, strangely out of place in this arena of frivolity and fashion, brought hither by no thought of distraction or amusement, a shadow, indeed, of the handsome, devil-may-care fellow who had shaken Prue into bringing Mignon her first love-letter not two months ago.

"He does not see me," cried Flora, breathlessly, too taken up with herself to see how the girl by her side was gazing at him with flushed cheeks, and her soul in her eyes, only prevented from uttering his name aloud by a sudden shyness, and almost fear, that his looks induced in her.

For he saw neither her nor Flora; his gaze was bent beyond them both—bent on a person who seemed to have for him as great a fascination as he had for them.

Involuntarily Flora and Mignon turned to see what it was that he regarded; the two men turned also, and, as they looked, made up their mouths into that whistle which is a man's way of showing surprise or concern, and to which the fair sex has no equivalent.

A block in the carriages had occurred, and drawn up so close to Mr. Montrose's that Flora

might have put out her hand to touch its sole occupant, was a Victoria, in which was seated a woman whose face, manner, and costume, were as irreproachably faultless as her equipage and horses.

Cold, chaste, pure-looking as the snow-drops that rested on her blond hair, she was the very impersonation of chilly innocence, of passionless perfection, and a greater contrast to the man whose eyes at that moment met her own could not well be conceived. It was as it should be—he was the sinner, she the sinned against; and as she looked, there dawned slowly on her lips a faint and haughty smile of triumph.

It was all the work of a moment, then the carriage moved on; Philip La Mert had passed on his way; then—

"Who was that woman?" cried Mignon, breath-

lessly, something in that fair, cold face, that transient yet cruel regard, impressing her so strangely, that she did not even note the disappearance of the man whom she had so ardently longed to see again.

"*That*," said Flora, drawing a deep breath, "was—Mrs. La Mert; now she is—Miss Dorillon!"

"And will be Mrs. De Voeux before three months are out," said Mr. Colquhoun, shrugging his shoulders, adding, *sotto voce*, and with more real disgust than one would have believed him capable of entertaining, "demmed bad taste on her part to show so soon after the *esclandre*. I really couldn't have believed it of a woman whose taste in dress and everything was always so good; while as to La Mert —*que diable fait-il dans cette galere?*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRIALS OF DIGGING IN CYPRUS.

SEVENTEEN years ago General Cesnola came to this country from Italy, where he was one of Garibaldi's soldiers, and opened a riding-academy in this city. The war of the rebellion having begun a few months after his arrival, he shut up his academy, and enlisted as a volunteer in the Union army. He soon became the colonel of the Fourth New York Cavalry. He was thrown into Libby Prison. It took him ten months to get out of that place of horror, and when he presented himself again in Washington he found waiting for him his commission as brigadier-general. He served until the end of the war, when Mr. Lincoln nominated him as consul to the island of Cyprus. In that island he made excavations and discoveries during the next twelve years, spending in his diggings the sum of seventy-two thousand dollars, and obtaining a collection of statues, bass-reliefs, and objects in gold, silver, and bronze, valued by competent judges at four hundred thousand dollars. Eighty-eight boxes of these treasures, containing four thousand objects, he sent to the Turkish Government as a royalty—the Turks did not propose to let him dig without paying them for it. Sixty boxes, containing fourteen thousand objects, were lost at sea by the burning of the vessel that was carrying them. Three boxes, containing four hundred objects, were sold to the Berlin Museum; and several more were presented to nine other European museums. The bulk of the treasure, consisting of two or three vessel-loads, came to this city, and was deposited in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which paid General Cesnola for it one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Signor Castellani, who is a competent judge in such matters, says that it is worth three hundred thousand dollars, and that he himself would give that sum for it. General Cesnola soon followed his goods to New York, and was elected secretary of the Metropolitan Museum. He is now busy superintending the arrangement of them in their new home. He expects to stay in this city, and to educate his two daughters here.

He does not think that the island of Cyprus is exhausted. The northern shore of that island might, in his opinion, still be explored with profit. There are, doubtless, Greek antiquities buried there. But he believes that the Assyrian and Egyptian antiquities are for the most part exhausted by the researches already made, with the exception, perhaps, of those in Palæo-Paphos and its suburbs. It is nevertheless difficult to see why there are not yet left many more trophies of the Assyrian-Egyptian civilization, although General Cesnola's opinion that, owing to the outlay of money necessary properly to conduct the explorations, only a national government could afford to enter upon the business, is worth the consideration of any enthusiastic archeologist who may be contemplating a voyage to Cyprus.

This, then, in brief, is the story of the general's life. The true value of his excavations consists in the fact that, by means of them, we learn for the first time the origin of Greek art. This art was not created out of nothing. It was a growth from the soil of Egyptian and Assyrian art in Cyprus. In ancient times, long before the days of Phidias and Praxiteles, the Assyrians and Egyptians went to Cyprus, lived there, and built houses and temples. They went there because the Mediterranean island was rich in cedars, in grain, in hemp, in flax, in copper, iron, silver, and gold. The ships of Cyprus were famous in the days of the prophet Ezekiel (xxvii. 7). In the course of time the Greeks also went there, landing on the northern coast, and learning from the Assyrians and the Phoenicians whatever the latter could teach them. There was a good deal that they could learn in art-matters, as some of the Cesnola antiquities very plainly show. They took the knowledge with them to Greece, and made themselves immortal by it. Cyprus, as Dr. Brünn well expresses it, is the caldron where Greek art was brewed out of the civilizations of Assyria, Phoenicia, and Egypt. And the Metropolitan Museum of Art in this city is now the place, the only

place, where we can see just how this was done. The "brewing" is actually going on there right before our eyes.

General Cesnola found himself in Cyprus with but little to do. The duties of the consulate were not burdensome. One day he saw in a bazaar at Larnaka, a town on the southern coast where he lived, some terra-cotta heads finely sculptured; and, having asked the salesman where they came from, learned that they had been found on a spot about a mile off. This very trifling circumstance led to the beginning of his labors as an explorer; for he immediately went to the place, hired two or three men to dig for him, and in two years obtained nearly six hundred heads, statuettes, and statues, at depths varying from six inches to two feet. So much for a beginning. By the death of a near relative, he soon came into the possession of ten thousand dollars. He spent every dollar of it, and more than sixty thousand dollars besides, during his ten years of exploration.

The difficulties that he encountered make the story of his triumph romantic. First and foremost in his way was the covetous, ignorant, treacherous, fanatical Turk, who rules in Cyprus. The sultan, indeed, allowed him to dig, but the governor-general of the island and the local authorities were suspicious and fault-finding. They bothered him with their interference, and often set the mob on his men. Little knew they of the real value of his treasures, except, of course, what they learned from the Europeans. But their cupidity was great, and so was the cupidity of the populace. On one occasion, General Cesnola, asleep at midnight in his house, was awakened by the pawing of horses in his court-yard, and by the loud talking of the riders. Dressing himself in haste he ran down-stairs, and found that his visitors were couriers come to tell him that a mob had taken possession of his diggings some distance off, and were preventing the removal of some sculptures which he had excavated. While they were telling their story, a third courier arrived with the intelligence that two policemen had appeared on the scene, and had claimed possession of the sculptures in the name of the sultan. The general did not wait for any more arrivals, but, mounting a mule, galloped to the spot.

It was about half-past one o'clock in the morning when he reached it, and the sight that confronted him he has not forgotten. The people had lighted fires on the desert plain, and were bivouacked there. They made the night awful and hideous with their shouts and contentions. Each walking figure cast its shadow in the firelight; around the encampment was blackness of darkness; above it a thick and starless sky. What should be done with this noisy, fighting crowd? The tactics of a United States general and the sense of a Solomon would not have been out of place. General Cesnola had at least one of these qualifications: he was a Federal general. Comprehending the situation at once, he rode up to one of the Turkish policemen present, and asked him to take charge of the mule, reeking with foam, and to walk the animal around slowly for its health. The

officer consented. His companion was then called, and requested to disperse the crowd. He proceeded to do so; and before the throng seemed to know what the American consul, whom they had recognized, was about, the general had his sculptures carefully placed upon carts, had given them and his mule to the care of one of his servants, and had seen them safely started some distance on the way to his house. He then put himself under the care of the two policemen, and, followed by the noisy but almost unaccountably harmless rabble, proceeded to the nearest village, and found a shelter and a wooden shuttle. Wrapping himself in a pair of quilts, he soon fell fast asleep.

The owners of lots where he wished to dig usually held them at their full value; but when he had been successful in one lot, and wished to buy an adjoining one, their prices were prodigious. Five thousand dollars on one occasion was asked for a few acres of ground; one hundred dollars was the price received.

When the cupidity of the natives led them to steal, their superstition sometimes forced them to make restitution. The peasants at Aghios Photios secreted in their houses a good many statuettes, but, after considerable inquiry and the exercise of tact, General Cesnola learned the names of the thieves, and the nature of the objects that had been stolen by the principal offenders. He summoned one of these men and opened before him a copy of Layard's "Nineveh," a book which has many illustrations. "This book," said he, gravely, "is a book of divination. You have stolen some of my property. You know it—I know it. I will show you, by means of this volume, just what you took." He pointed to a picture which resembled very nearly the object that he had lost, and then fixed his eyes upon the bewildered peasant. "The Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed the latter; "I will get it for you immediately." And off he went, returning in a few minutes with the missing piece, and apparently with the deepest contrition. Mr. Layard's "Nineveh" is, in General Cesnola's opinion, a most entertaining and useful treatise.

If the peasants bothered the explorer, certainly the local authorities were not less troublesome. These dignitaries did not know the worth of the general's acquisitions in Cyprus until some of his brother consuls told them. The brother consuls, not unnaturally, perhaps, seemed to be very jealous. They informed the authorities that the American consul was appropriating the wealth of the land; that he was digging up vast quantities of gold and precious stones; that he had found countless and priceless works of art; that he was enriching himself at the expense of the country. The noise of their complaints often reached the governor-general of the island; and nothing but General Cesnola's official position as the accredited representative of the United States saved his labors from being stopped, and his treasures from being confiscated. Indeed, his position needed constantly to be supplemented by stratagem. The Austrian consul, in particular, was an active reporter at headquarters, having had a little

quarrel with his American peer. For eight years he never called on him. Finding the excavated objects accumulating at the American consulate, and not knowing how to store them all, General Cesnola determined to ship sixty boxes of them to London. He slyly chartered a vessel which was about to return to Alexandria, intending to reship the goods at that port. The schooner happened to be an Austrian one, and in order to leave Cyprus it was necessary to get a bill of lading from the Austrian consulate. To that consulate went General Cesnola's servant. "What are the contents of these boxes?" inquired the representative from Vienna. General Cesnola had entered the goods as "private effects," but his servant stupidly let the cat out of the bag. The governor-general was written to about the matter. He informed General Cesnola that he would like to look at the collection before it left the harbor.

The general replied that the goods were private effects; but that, if the governor-general desired to see what had been excavated in Cyprus, the desire should be gratified at once. Would the governor-general be good enough to call at the American consulate, and visit the collection? His excellency wrote that he would. Meanwhile, the explorer gathered a large number of mutilated and headless figures which had been cast away as rubbish, or as too heavy for transportation, and set them in the rooms lately occupied by the boxed treasures that he wished to transport. Along the walls in nice order he placed them; and upon the shoulders of each headless figure he stuck a broken and valueless head taken from the same heap of rubbish. It mattered not to him that fragments of women's heads appeared on the bodies of men, nor that fragments of men's heads appeared on the bodies of women. He did the best that he could, and awaited the visit of the governor-general. That functionary soon came, clothed in Oriental dignity, and in the insignia of office, and attended by a numerous and imposing retinue. He traversed those rooms in state, examined the wonderful sculptures, expressed his satisfaction with their noble artistic qualities, and his willingness to permit the shipment of the sixty boxes of "private effects." The story somehow or other soon got around Larnaka, the seat of the consulate, and is told there to this day; but, whether or not it has reached the august ears of the governor-general, history does not record.

During the excavations at Golgos, which were very successful, the governor-general was again appealed to. He had heard that the gold in that place was abundant, and that great quantities of it had been unearthed. He laid the matter before the council, and asked what should be done. The council, composed of the dignitaries of the island, including the Turkish chief-justice and the Greek Archbishop of Cyprus, advised that the excavations should be stopped, and that the sultan at Constantinople should be notified. An order to that effect was issued; and in the order, with characteristic Turkish incongruity, the general was informed that a recently-made request for the loan of twelve tents for the use of his men would be granted.

It was not pleasant to be cut off in the midst of those days of success at Golgos, eleven of which had brought the explorer two hundred and twenty-eight beautiful and very valuable sculptures. There was no telegraphic communication between Cyprus and Constantinople; and the general knew that, whatever might be the decision reached by the sultan, it would take a month for that decision to reach Golgos. He bethought himself, also, of the sluggishness of Turkish diplomacy, and determined to carry on a correspondence with the governor-general, and also, meanwhile, to carry on his explorations. Accordingly, he wrote to the ruler of the island a letter of thanks for the promised tents, explaining the good purpose that those coverings would serve for his hard-working men, offering most warmly his gratitude and theirs, but omitting any reference to the obnoxious order to stop digging. Ten days passed before an answer came. The governor-general was pleased that the tents would be so serviceable, but had not the American consul *forgotten* to mention whether his excavating had been discontinued? Following the example of dilatoriness in official correspondence, the American consul suffered a week to elapse before he replied to the second letter, and then wrote that he hoped very soon to be able to leave the diggings. He did leave soon with his oxen, his camels, his carts, and his trophies. It is easy to see, however, that had he been merely a private citizen, and not the representative of a great nation, his stratagems, clever as they were, would not have prevented his defeat and expulsion.

The town of Paleo-Paphos is especially attractive to the explorer. It gave its name to the Paphian queen who was born of the foam. General Cesnola thought that the ruins of a castle there might cover the site of one of the ancient royal palaces. The ruins were used by their owner as a stable for his camels and donkeys; but, when the diggings began, this man looked for gold beneath them. He watched the diggers, and dogged the footsteps of their chief; and, when his interference had become almost unendurable, the general promised to give him all the gold that was found. As the work proceeded, and no gold made its appearance, the old man—his name was Osman Aga—threatened one day that, if before sundown he got none of the precious metal, he would put an end to the operations. The men were then forty-one feet below the surface, and had struck the foundations of what seemed to be the very palace that they were in search of. Something must be done to appease the cupidity of the Turk. General Cesnola happened to have in his pocket two gold-coins of the Emperor Heraclius, which, by-the-way, were very common in Cyprus; and he remembered how the King of Naples used to do at Pompeii when taking royal visitors out to see the excavations. Beckoning to his foreman, he slyly slipped these coins into the man's hand, giving him to understand that they were to be buried, and then dug up for the benefit of Osman Aga. After that the aged owner of the place was eager to have the work go on as fast as possible, and

his eyes twinkled at the thought of the possessions that might be in store for him. The next day, at the depth of fifty-two feet, the workmen reached virgin soil, and soon afterward the excavations were abandoned, the results not having been encouraging.

The peasants in Cyprus persistently refused to work with iron spades and with wheelbarrows, and their refusal was one of the principal obstacles encountered. Although those useful implements had been imported from England for the purpose, they left them on the ground. The native basket, slung over the shoulder by a rope, was, in their estimation, better than a patented wheelbarrow. Their hands and their knives were preferable to spades. It sometimes took these men one month to dig out a single statue, after the statue had been reached. In any other country the labor could have been done in two hours. The earth around these statues was, indeed, very difficult to remove, being mixed with clay from decomposed bricks, and being often as hard as the figures themselves. It was necessary to bring water, and to pour it on the concrete mass—a slow process, because the water was brought a good distance, from a spring so small and feeble that some time was necessary for the filling even of a single jar. In carrying this water, the jars, incased in a wicker yoke, were put upon the backs of donkeys, ridden by men; and it is interesting to learn from some little terra-cotta images found at Alambra, in Cyprus, that the same method was used by the Cypriote water-carriers three thousand years ago. After wetting the statues in order to get off the incrustation of clay, the men placed them in the tents lent by the governor-general—a precaution the importance of which had been very severely inculcated by the fact that the sun, shining upon the statues, had, in several instances, produced evaporation so rapid that they began to split. In addition to the clay which surrounded them were large quantities of triturated straw from the mortar of the fallen walls of the buildings, which the combined action of heat and moisture had very effectively consolidated.

The "Golgos-room" in the Metropolitan Museum, in this city, contains about eight hundred and ninety heads and statues. Its contents cost General Cesnola two thousand dollars to dig up, and three thousand dollars more to remove from the place of digging to his house in Larnaka, the seat of the American consulate in Cyprus. These sums give some idea of the expense incurred in archaeological excavations in that island. A number of mountain-ridges lay between Golgos and Larnaka, and the process of removing the sculptures was difficult and tedious. The objects excavated were put in carts and drawn by oxen to the foot of the first mountain, where they were taken out of the carts and placed upon camels and mules. The smaller objects, like statuettes and heads, were laid in long wicker baskets, two of which were slung across the back of a mule or camel, one of them being on each side. Life-size statues were also slung across the backs of these animals, one statue hanging lengthwise on one

side, and the other statue on the other side. A colossal statue required two camels to carry it. The beasts were fastened side by side about two feet apart, so that they could not get away from each other, the saddles and bridles being connected with ropes, and the statue was laid at right angles across the camels' backs, their irregular gait causing it to swerve back and forth oddly but safely enough. Thus they ascended the mountain, and descended to the foot of the second range, where their load was transferred to a new set of carts, and borne up an easy ascent to the top. At this place the descent was almost precipitous, and a heavily-loaded camel or mule, careful though his step might be, could not be trusted. So the wheels of the carts were taken off and put upon the beasts, while the carts themselves, with their contents, slid like sleds to the bottom, where the wheels were put on again, and the treasures resumed their journey across the plain to Larnaka. The price per day for a cart, two oxen, and a driver, was one dollar. The general had ten carts. Fifty additional men were employed at half a dollar a day. It took three months to remove the Golgos collection from Golgos to Larnaka. It cost not less than seventeen thousand dollars to remove the Cypriote antiquities from Larnaka to New York. The boxes in which they were brought were made of wood that came from Trieste in Austria. There are no forests in Cyprus—only a few locust and olive trees—and, consequently, no boards.

As General Cesnola's excavations advanced, it began to be evident that the authorities on the island did not propose to have the results of them leave Cyprus for foreign ports. We have already mentioned one occasion on which sixty boxes of his treasures were shipped by stratagem. For this reason it was that he did not write early to European and American journals the story of his successes. His object was, first, to get his sculptures; and, next, to get them away: and, knowing as he did the cupidity and the treachery of the Turk, silence about the nature and the worth of his discoveries was his best ally in the effort to give the benefit of those discoveries to Christendom. Dr. Schliemann's enthusiastic public announcement of the finding of the well-stocked tomb at Mycenae has caused him a world of trouble with the Greeks. In his recent lecture before the London Society of Antiquaries, he spoke very feelingly about "the obstructiveness of the delegate of the Greek Government," and the interference of the Athens Archaeological Society. He has suffered also from robbers, a class of persons with whom General Cesnola, doubtless by reason of his policy of secrecy, had little to do.

The mention of Dr. Schliemann's "tombs" suggests to us that General Cesnola also found tombs, and that the exploration of them was attended with peculiar difficulties. The dead in ancient Cyprus were not often laid in chambers cut into the rock, but in chambers walled with brick and mortar, through the interstices of which, during twenty centuries, the dust slowly and easily filtered; so that the tombs, when opened, were found full of powdered

earth. The vaults of the famous temple of Kurium were also filled with dust, and two months were consumed in laying bare their contents.

The rank and authority of an American consul were, as we have seen, indispensable to General Cesnola's success as an explorer in Cyprus. Indeed, his own presence on the ground was almost always necessary for the proper protection of his men. In 1868 he sent a number of diggers to Neo-Paphos, under the charge of a foreman. They were stoned by the Turks, and compelled to flee for their lives. A letter from the governor-general, it is true, apologized for the misbehavior of his subjects, and assured the consul that their hostility would not again impede him in his work. But when, a year afterward, he repeated the experiment in the same place, a Turkish mob attacked his men, who left their tools and fled. The ringleaders were prosecuted before the local magistrate, but so lenient was his treatment of them, that they were really encouraged to renew their attacks.

General Cesnola, very naturally, determined to go himself to Neo-Paphos, and look into matters. The prefect, or *caimakim*, of that region, having heard of his arrival, sent an officer with four policemen to take care of him. A few hours afterward, while on the road to Ktima, a place near by, the general and his escort came upon two Turkish gentlemen, and overheard the following not very complimentary conversation : "Who is that dog?" asked Turkish gentleman number one of his companion. "Some great *giaoour*—may Allah confound him!" was the reply. Considering the circumstances, the provocation was intense. The consul determined to make an example of the offenders, and, calling upon the officer who accompanied him, demanded their arrest. They were arrested forthwith, greatly to their surprise; they did not know that the American understood the language of the Turk. They begged his pardon; they kissed his dirty boots; they pleaded for mercy; they behaved themselves most abjectly generally—but to no purpose. Their captor had them conducted in disgrace through the crowded bazaar of Ktima, and, as the police-court was not in session, saw them ignominiously caged in the common jail.

The next morning the prefect called upon General Cesnola, and interceded in behalf of the prisoners. "They are Turks of distinction," he said. "So much the worse," replied the general; "they should have known better;" and the prefect departed. In a few minutes two ladies, one of them thinly veiled, made their appearance. Pretty women wear the thinnest veils in Turkey, and one of these women was very pretty. They were the wives of the prisoners, they said. Would the good and mighty American listen to their prayer? The general was sorry for them, but he desired to protect his band of honest laborers, and considered that the present was an important occasion for vindicating their right to dig. The prisoners were sentenced to a month's imprisonment. General Cesnola staid a week in Ktima, and just before leaving had the men

released from confinement, after they had publicly begged his pardon. He knew that they would be released as soon as he had left the place, and he made a virtue of necessity. Thereafter he was known in Ktima as the *Seitun*, which, being interpreted, is the devil.

The American consul, it is worth the while to remark in passing, had opportunities, on several occasions, for exercising his authority in behalf of the oppressed in Cyprus. Many poor creatures are now living who are believed to have found, through him, deliverance and joy. The revolution in Candia, for instance, several years ago, temporarily dissevered the diplomatic relations between Turkey and Greece; and thousands of Greek subjects living in Cyprus were for weeks in daily dread of being banished from the island. When at length the order for their banishment came—they were commanded to leave Cyprus within twenty days—the poor creatures were in the direst distress. It was a cruel edict, almost incredibly cruel, did we not remember the scores of similar though more ferocious edicts that Oriental, and even European, history records: the edict of Ahasuerus, for example, with respect to the Jews in his kingdom; the edict of Mithridates, King of Pontus, by which, according to Valerius Maximus, eighty thousand Romans and other Italians living in Asia were put to death on the same day; the edict of Mehmed, Pasha of Sidon, by which the Druses were exterminated; the edict of Sultan Selim I., by which forty thousand persons in his domains were massacred because they belonged to a sect which repudiated the three immediate successors of Mohammed, and thirty thousand more were condemned to perpetual imprisonment; the edict of Nadir Shah, King of Persia, in the eighteenth century, by which thirty thousand men were indiscriminately murdered; the edict of Ferdinand and Isabella, by which half a million Jews were expelled from Spain; the edict of Philip III., by which the Moriscos were banished from that country. It was a sad sight—the sight of the thousands of men, women, and children, gathered in the square in front of the American consulate, whither they had fled with vague hope of succor. Their houses, and lands, and goods, were to be abandoned; and nothing but the most distressful poverty awaited them on the shores of Greece, to which they had been ordered to depart. Very pitiful were their cries and lamentations; but all that the American consul could do for them was to use his personal influence with the Turkish authorities. He had no official authority or influence at his disposal. Like every other consul on the island, his orders were not to interfere. For several days General Cesnola bethought himself how best to reach the heart of the governor-general, and to procure for the miserable villagers the right to stay in their homes. He went and expostulated with him; asked him what means of transportation were available for such a crowd; where they could get the money to pay for their passage; whether it were wise to give such a blow to his own popularity among his subjects; whether he supposed that the great powers

ever would allow Turkey and Greece to go to war with each other ; and whether it were well, by one act, to neutralize all the good that he had ever done to Cyprus.

The governor-general reminded the consul that the edict had issued from Constantinople, and that it applied to the rest of the Turkish domains as well as to the island on which they two were living. The consul begged him, in return, to ask for instructions from the sultan ; and the upshot of the matter was, that from Constantinople soon came a prolongation of the time for another twenty days, at the expiration of which the war-cloud had passed away, and the Greek colony were free to remain in their homes. It is unnecessary to add that General Cesnola received from the colony many tokens of gratitude. He will not soon be forgotten by the Greeks of Cyprus.

A residence of twelve years in Cyprus did not favorably impress the American consul with the government of the Porte, or with the character of its subjects. He has returned to this country in a mood of mind capable very heartily of approving Mr. Edward A. Freeman's recent scarification of the present lord of the Paphian isle ; and, like Mr. Carlyle, he puts little store by the promises or the prophecies of the " unspeakable Turk."

The passion for excavating seems to lie very deep in the human breast. Many of the tombs that General Cesnola explored had been opened and rifled of their contents centuries ago in Cyprus. The tombs of celebrities are, indeed, especially fascinating to persons who do not occupy them. Just now the Florentines are said to be anxious to open Michael Angelo's tomb in Santa Croce. They have already exhumed the bodies buried under the statue of Lorenzo in the Medici Chapel, and treated them most villainously. Raphael's tomb in the Pantheon was uncovered with great ceremony fifty years ago. As for archaeological excavations, these are now in progress—in very suc-

cessful progress—in almost every country in Europe. Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Germany, Ireland, and England, have yielded certainly, during the last few years, as much as could reasonably have been expected. Nevertheless, General Cesnola asserts that nothing is more precarious, more expensive, and, so far as money is concerned, less remunerative, than archaeological excavations.

The chief value of the labors of the American consul in Cyprus consists, as we have said, in the discovery of the pedigree of Greek art. Greek art was not a distinct creation, but a gradual development from Egyptian, Assyrian, and Phoenician art. The sarcophagus of Athienau, found in Cyprus, contains examples of Assyrian, Egyptian, Chaldean, Persian, and Greek art, side by side ; and some of the Golgos statues show the gradual departure from the conventionalism and stiffness of Egyptian art and the arrival at pure Greek art, together with many of the intervening steps ; so that the gaps between the two styles are now almost entirely filled up. The attainment of this result involves also the attainment of other important results. The Homeric archaeology, for example, has been elucidated ; the sites of seventeen ancient cities have been identified ; the history of the island has been discovered, and Engel's " Kypros " is now an obsolete book ; the Cypriote alphabet has been deciphered by the labors of De Luyne, of Lang, of George Smith, of Samuel Birch, of Brandis, of Moritz Schmidt, and of Isaac H. Hall, which have given a new and wholesome impetus to philological study ; the first authenticated specimens of Phoenician art, and the first authenticated specimens of Greek glass-manufacture, have been brought to light ; the earliest and most precious examples of Greek glyptic art have been secured—in a word, the archaeology and the art of ancient Greece have been rediscovered. General Cesnola's position as an explorer is altogether unique, and admirable, and safe.

MY MOTHER'S DOOR.

I MET in the mist one summer morning
A girl whom I had known from a child,
And whose bright self was her best adorning—
But that dark morning her looks were wild.
"Stop, little Norah ! " She did as I bade her.
" Why are you here alone on the moor ? "
" I was sad last night, to-day I am sadder,
Because I go from my mother's door."

" Why do you go, then, and what is your sorrow ?
Tell an old man who has known you long."
" Soggrath Aroon, you will know to-morrow,
And be first—but don't—to say I was wrong.
I used to be glad—no girl was gladder—
I never remembered that we were poor ;
I was sad last night, and to-day I am sadder,
Because I go from my mother's door."

" What has she done to you ? " " Broken my heart, sir."
" And what have you done to her now, pray ? "
" Nothing but love him, and take his part, sir,
For the poor fellow hasn't a word to say."
" Then she got mad, and you got madder,
And didn't you stamp your foot on the floor ? "
" I was sad last night—" " And to-day you are sadder,
Because you go from your mother's door.

" You will go back, Norah. Give me your hand now."
" I would rather not, sir." " I say you will.
You will fetch him to see me. You understand now."
" Your reverence knows him. It's only Phil.
She locked me up, and he brought a ladder.
He loves me." " You told me that before,
But your mother is sad." " She shall not be sadder—
I will not go from my mother's door ! "

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BIRDS.

BY no possible stretch of the imagination am I an ornithologist; nor do I claim to possess any more knowledge of natural history in general than the smallest neophyte might pick up by a little quiet study and about the same amount of quiet observation. Nevertheless, I am an ardent lover of birds, and more particularly of what are conventionally termed "cage birds." Perhaps this love, together with a little experience in nursing their daily lives and in drawing, whether by artifice or otherwise, the *social* part of their natures into close communion with my own, will justify to the reader all that I may hope now to narrate on the subject.

A certain writer—it might have been Emerson—has said truthfully that Americans raise birds wholly for pleasure, without having the smallest sense of what pleasure is. I say "truthfully" has this remark been made, because I verily believe that people, and they are counted by thousands, know very little of the pleasure that *may*, by proper conduct and management, be derived from the keeping of birds. For some unexplained reason we are apt to look upon birds as creatures loathing the human family, and as eager to avoid us altogether. We are prone to regard them as timid and afraid of mankind, and not at all desirous of courting our society or of sharing in our friendship. Does not the bluebird that willingly becomes a tenant of the tiny house which we have reared in the garden, and repays our thoughtfulness by a wealth of melody; does not the robin that, as if conscious that the Creator made provision for him as well as for us, comes and partakes of our cherries, and, if unharmed, sings for us from early morn until night; do not the hundred other warblers that linger when we linger and sing when we are sad—prove unceasingly that the nature of a bird is social, that it has a keen sense of kindness, and is ever ready to give more than it receives?

But, allowing that you do not look at these birds through my spectacles, that in most of them you recognize only thieves, what have you to say with regard to the little prisoners which, in brass cages, adorn your windows or your conservatories? Do they sing for you through the livelong day, and are you satisfied with this only? Have you no misgivings when, on your approaching the cages, they dart upward and in all directions against the bars, terrified by your presence? Do you ever pause to ask yourself, "Why is my bird afraid of me?" and have you ever found the answer?

Such questions as these seem pertinent to my subject, and I have repeated them here because they are or have been uttered a hundred times by every bird-owner. I would only say, in answer, that a person who can remain satisfied with *only* the song of a caged bird has really no good reason for holding him a prisoner; and, furthermore, that that which causes your bird to be afraid of you is a lack of confidence, engendered by the neglect on your part to

inspire him with confidence. To come more forcibly to the point: A friend and neighbor of mine owns a dog, a cat, and a canary—a very unusual combination for a person who has never forsaken bachelor propensities. Of the dog he makes a confidant and a familiar, always taking him on long walks and excursions. Tabitha is about half prisoner and half pet, fares well under his guardianship, and is, on the whole, as tame and humble as cats in general. The smallest of the trio, and not the least admired, receives his daily food in the morning, sings in the day, and when his master returns in the afternoon sings even louder, but ceases, shy and affrighted, when perchance its owner steps up to the cage and ventures to speak to it a word or two of greeting. These facts tell the whole story, and teach a lesson which, from a somewhat prolonged experience, I have found to be true, namely, that a dog or a cat is not more easily won into one's friendship than a bird, providing you set out with the determination to make them *all* your confidants. I am, of course, fully aware that we are more apt to make freer with a dog or a cat than we are with a bird; and, again, that most, if not all, of our animal pets come to us already tamed and trained; whereas we purchase birds in a semi-wild state, and have more to contend with as regards their training. Make due allowance for this difference, and still I maintain that it is much easier to *win the confidence* of a bird than it is of a dog. And now, how can this be done? I am not aware that I have developed any peculiar system, or discovered any new secret in the way of training birds. I will only say that I have never failed in any attempt yet made in this direction, and, if the method be worthy of acquisition, the reader is free to take advantage of it. Indeed, I sincerely hope that it may be looked into by bird-fanciers in general, and be more universally pursued by those who have birds and fail to understand them. Not to confound matters, I shall select from the aviary such birds as seem to be best suited for taming, and treat each separately. As regards the natural history of the subject, nothing need here be said—the books being sufficiently full on these themes.

I.—THE CANARY.

THE canary has been called the prince of domesticated songsters, and justly has he won his reputation. In the humblest cottage as well as in the palace, and in every quarter of the globe, you will find him singing, every strain a "dew-drop of celestial melody." It is his song which is the first attraction; for few people there are, I think, who would care more for the beauty of his plumage. Above either song or plumage, however, are those other and too often mistaken qualities which in him lie as purely wrought and genuine as do these same qualities in the heart of man—his loving, trusting, faithful disposition, his peaceful, quiet, and contented manner,

his lively cheer, his sympathetic tenderness, and his remarkable capability and patience in learning of new things. People have said to me oftentimes that they believed no bird less capable of culture than a canary; and, after some questionings, I have invariably found that their experience with other birds was wholly second-hand. Others have told me of their good luck in training a canary, asserting that they had finally won his confidence, that he would eat from the hand, come and go at bidding, etc. "Will he do the same by anybody else?" was the inquiry then put. "No." Such a bird, then, has been only half trained; for he should be taught to fear nobody that uses him well.

Now, the secret of training a canary-bird is very easily explained. I will suppose that, having conceived a fancy for such an object, you have gone to the bird-store and purchased a bird. If you have gone thither well advised in the matter, you will have demanded either a *jonquil*—that is, a golden-yellow male bird with almost an orange crown, the color much deeper on the cap over the eyes, and on the scapulars, and entirely free from any green tinge; or a *mealy-bird*, the golden plumage of the back, breast, and head of which appears frosted over or powdered. Either of these birds has superiority of form, being considerably longer and of more graceful curves than inferior varieties. Unless the dealer be scrupulously honest, which it is well to admit, or is not very desirous of depleting his stock, which it is right to question sometimes, he may take advantage of your inexperience, and endeavor to convince you that a *lizard* or a *spangled-back* bird is equal to the other varieties which I have named, both in respect of song and plumage. One should treat such information as chaff, demand only the best variety, if obtainable, and be *very sure* that a female is not sold for a male.

As regards cages, the brass, either square or round, are preferable to any other. Wooden cages of any sort are totally unsuited to canaries, and the painted-wire cages are not much better. I hold it as an opinion that the "model" canary-cage has never been seen in this country, or at least is not procurable at a bird-store. I saw one once in England, which seemed to fulfill every requirement, and which I hope may soon be introduced to the public. In appearance it resembled two round cages placed side by side, and opening into each other through wire-work; it was made of brass, and was not much taller than an ordinary single cage. A cage so constructed enables a bird to fly or spread his wings more readily, and does not, as now, confine his movements to mere hoppings. Moreover, it will put to silence the time-worn saying that "the smaller the cage, the sweeter the song of the bird in it." I have never been able to trace the origin of such an absurdity; and, so far as my own experience goes, it is not so much the size as the *suitableness* of a cage that influences the bird's song.

Having obtained, now, your bird and its future domicile, the most important subject next requiring investigation is that of management. There are a hundred different ways of taking care of a canary

now in vogue, but there is only one *right* way. The philosophy of management may be summed up in this wise: proper *light*, proper *air*, and proper *food*. Never, except for special reasons to be mentioned, remove the bird suddenly from a dark to a light room, or *vice versa*; from morning until night allow him the broad sunlight, but never expose him to the direct rays of the sun. Either of these wrongful proceedings has a tendency to destroy the song and, in very many instances, to develop epileptiform symptoms. If a bird, say a golden-yellow bird, be kept constantly in shadow, his plumage will gradually lose its smooth, glossy appearance, and assume a dun color. If, on the other hand, he be kept exposed to direct sun-rays, and especially so in summer, his bright yellow will lapse into gray, the feathers will become crusty, and the bird will assume a sickly look and habit. In respect of birds, I say to my friends, "Give them the same light that you would give to your tender flowers in the summer-time," and this is the advice which I always endeavor to follow.

As a general rule, you cannot give a bird too much *fresh air*. Even in the winter-time, although it is never safe or expedient to hang the cage in the window, it is advisable to throw open the window once or twice a day and let in the air. Canaries are tender creatures; but they will stand a low temperature—as low as fifty degrees—providing they be out of the reach of draughts. A temperature not lower than *sixty* degrees is perhaps more desirable, and this should be maintained day and night if possible. More birds sicken and die from diseases contracted by exposure to night chilliness than from any other known causes. Again, the air of the room should not be overheated or suffused with gas. If, of a morning, you should chance to observe the same tinge gathering on the wings of your canary that is constantly noticeable on silver-plate in winter, the chances are that coal-gas has much to do with it. On the other hand, the odor of tobacco-smoke, instead of injuring, seems to have the tendency to improve the brightness of the plumage, and at the same time to put more vigor into the canary's song. Were I writing without some experience, I should unhesitatingly say, never subject your birds at all to tobacco-smoke. But facts appear to controvert any counsel of this order: for my own birds, whenever tobacco is lighted, will, if the cage-doors are open, immediately fly toward the smoker, and vie with each other in getting into the densest cloud. Having sniffed the aroma, they will light upon the shoulder, or the back of the chair, and pour forth the sweetest harmonies of the day. Permit me to suggest, then, plenty of fresh air, an even, moderate temperature, and, occasionally, tobacco-smoke. Be sure, however, that during and after smoking a current of fresh air is allowed to pass through and to ventilate the room.

I come now to speak of the food best adapted to canary-birds. The few authorities on this phase of the subject show but little agreement, and, while some suggest the same kind of food day after day, others would give to a bird whatever he cares to eat —acting, I suppose, on the theory that the feathered

tribe best know their own wants. For my own part, I have learned to follow a little common-sense in the matter, and, disregarding books and their conventionalized notions, have adopted my own way of feeding.

In the morning, usually at the same hour every day, I give to each canary a daily allowance of summer rape-seed, canary-seed, and millet-seed, in equal proportions, altogether a *desert-spoonful per diem*. Most birds will eat more than this amount if it be allowed them, others will remain satisfied with less. In the summer, or, rather, as early in spring as possible, they are allowed every other day a small quantity of chickweed, lettuce, or water-cress, well washed and fresh. And here let me suggest that it is a good plan to start lettuce in a pot about February, so as to have an early supply. In the winter-time I place a thin slice of *sweet* apple in each cage daily. Birds are fond of apple, and I have yet to learn the first instance of its ever having hurt them. Once a week, in winter, I take half a wine-cracker, crush it, and put it into the cage of each bird; and occasionally, if sweet apples are scarce, I allow the same quantity instead of oatmeal-cracker, also crushed. During the mating-season, in March and April, whether the birds are paired or not, they are given selections from the above foods daily, efforts being made to vary it as much as possible. To the female, if breeding, a little wine-cracker soaked in milk is a most tempting and healthful morsel, as is also the oatmeal-cracker in milk. During the moultng-season, in July or August—a season which is about as fatal to canary-birds as it is to infants—the food should be very carefully chosen and proportioned. The mixed seed should be put into the cage as usual; and, once a week at least, a small quantity of raw beef, of the tenderest sort, scraped and moistened with cold water, should be put into the cage. Once or twice a week give a mixture of half a wine-cracker and *very little* hard-boiled yolk of egg crushed, and every day some ripe chickweed or lettuce. Some people are in the habit of giving, at such times, a bit of sponge-cake, a lump of sugar, or sugar-candy, also a little crushed hemp-seed. I believe such food totally unsuitable, and especially in respect of hemp-seed; it is much too rich and fattening ever to give to a canary.

Unless a person has plenty of time dragging on his hands, and a great deal of patience besides, I think it hardly worth while to attempt to breed canaries, or, for this matter, birds of any sort. Nevertheless, it is a very agreeable and instructive operation for such as have the time, and well worth all the trouble which it occasions. I have no special counsels to advance as regards the management of breeding canaries, and indeed this is no part of my subject.

I have been thus particular about the food suitable for birds because I deem it to be the first step to be learned before an attempt is made to tame them. Next to such food as I have suggested, every bird should be provided with plenty of fresh drinking-water, and also a *daily* bath. The cage, includ-

ing perches, dishes, etc., should be kept sweet and clean, and the bottom of the cage be either strewn with *river* sand, or covered with a sheet of so-called "gravel" paper—the former being preferable. If all these suggestions be regularly and continuously carried out, and the bird be neither in the mating nor moultng season, you may now begin to think of taming him. I may be permitted to show you one way of doing it, and, that I may take an actual case, I will give you the later-life history of a jonquil that came to me when he was about a year old.

When I first put him into his new cage, he was as wild a bird as I ever saw. Of beautiful plumage, graceful form, and sly yet winsome ways, his natural song, blended with the notes of a nightingale, his first instructor, charmed all who chanced to hear it. I must confess, however, to some misgivings in my first endeavors to gain the affections of this bird. For several days he confronted my approaches by the most willful conduct, and every repeated attempt to gain his good-will was rebutted. I have seen birds that one could tame by simply talking to them in a natural, subdued voice. But Tim was not one of this sort, and something more potent than "silvery tongue" was needed to impress him with a sense of the situation. Matters had thus continued for about a week or ten days, when I found myself obliged to resort to more severe measures. In the early morning his cage was cleaned, and fresh water put in, but no food was allowed. You would have smiled to see him peeping coyly down into his seed-cup, and yet disdainfully, on discovering nothing there. His apparent comprehension of "hard times" gave him the half-haughty and half-saddened look that most men wear under like circumstances. A two hours' survey gave him a pretty clear notion of the situation; he seemed now to take it all in at a glance, and whether convinced or not that this was his first lesson, he appeared to be at least a fit subject for further experiment. So, without saying a word, I opened the cage-door, and, with a few seeds in my hand, I thrust the latter gently into the cage. But not yet had he reached the verge of starvation; the seeds looked tempting, to be sure, but not sufficiently so to lower his dignity. Hence a patient waiting of two hours more. Again the hand was thrust into the cage, a few seeds were snatched up with lightning speed, and after this I was given to understand that Tim is hungry, but never stoops! I counted it a most encouraging sign, however, that the bird should deign to pick up the seeds at the end of a four hours' training. At the close of the sixth hour, Tim was as calm as an April sunset; he was, indeed, most tractable, and no sooner had I again put my hand containing the seeds into the cage than he perched upon my thumb as cheerily as though it had been his perch, and began to devour the proffered food.

I allowed him to satisfy his hunger for about one minute; then I drew my hand with the bird out of the cage, and retreated to a chair. Before I had seated myself, however, he had deserted me, and had perched above the window. "You may stay there all day,

if you like, my fine fellow, but you'll find it a poor pasture for hungry birds." I held the seed-cup in my hand, and on the floor beside me lay a small vial of oil of anise. "When you get ready, you may come and get your seed, Tim," said I; and then I went on with my whistling. For a half-hour or more the bird had the freedom of the room, and half in despair and half eager to improve the time, I sat down at my writing-desk, placed the seed-cup and oil-bottle in front of me, and went on with my work. I had wellnigh, while absorbed in other thoughts, forgotten Tim, when, on a sudden, I felt a slight rustling on my shoulder, and a moment later he was on the table in front of me. He was allowed to gather up a few more seeds; then I seized him gently, opened the vial, rubbed a very small quantity of the anise upon his nostrils, and then replaced him on the table. It must have been an hour before the intoxication or stupor (which, for the benefit of gentle readers, let me say is perfectly harmless) passed off; then the bird began to eat again, and, finally, on a little persuasion, hopped upon my finger, then on another, and so on back and forth until I put him back into his cage. Hardly was he returned when he poured forth his strains of sweetest melody.

On the next day, after cleaning the cage, I placed it on my table, leaving the door open and the seed-cup outside. It required no persuasion whatever to induce the bird to come out, and now every sign of terror had left him. While he ate, I gently stroked his feathers, talked to him, whistled to him, fondled him—it was all I cared to do. Tim was conquered at last. He had learned his first lesson, namely, that to know the master he must become friendly to him, and, before receiving food, he must respect the giver. From that day to this the bird has been one of the family. Whereas formerly I had to contend in order to get him *out* of his cage, now I have to contend to get him *into* it. A part of the day he spends with me, singing while I write and work, now pulling the beads off my pen-wiper, and dropping them into the ink-stand; now removing the pins from the coil, and carrying them to the top of the bookcase; now getting into an open drawer, and playing mischief among my papers. Even while I write these words of his little story, he and a bullfinch are contending in front of me for the possession of my blotter, and I will not say them "nay" to their little antics.

The story which I have thus related applies to all of my five canaries. As you will observe, it required more patience than trouble to bring Tim to terms, for he was, to begin with, a stranger-bird. To tame a nestling is no work at all; for if it is taken in hand early a little fondling and simple talk will accomplish the desired results. After one has passed the *hard* point, that is to say, after the goodwill of the bird has once been won, you need not trouble yourself about teaching him any "tricks." His own inventive genius will save you this trouble; and you may be sure that it never exhausts itself, until the little voice is stilled in death.

Most of my canaries are as familiar with other

members of the family as with myself. With the children Tim especially is on the most affectionate terms, joining them in their sports, nibbling their cookies on the sly, and following them everywhere about the house.

By thus gaining the confidence of birds, what else is gained? I have had this question put to me time and time again, and I will here try to answer it. Whenever I hear these birds warble, and watch their movements, note their mutual tenderesses, the words of Longfellow seem never so eloquent and touching. He speaks of the birds—

" Whose household words are songs in many keys,
 Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught;
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven."

Let me say that these birds—little prisoners, if you choose to call them so, but not little prisoners if you choose to sweeten the whole of their life by blending it with your own—teach us many a lesson. There is not on earth, I fancy, such perfect, unselfish, and devoted love as that of a bird for its chosen mate; nor is this love superior to that which the same bird will evince for its keeper when once its confidence has been gained. If you would wish to know something of the ideal of a perfect life—whether a bird has *soul* or not I am unable to say—study the nature of these birds. If you would wish to comprehend the full meaning of *friendship*, gain the friendship of a bird—and he, not you, will be the last to break it. It does not pay to keep a bird merely for his song; it does pay to keep him for his love. In health and in sickness, in life and—I was almost going to say in death—he remembers the first as well as the last kind act that you paid to him, and will thank you in the sweetest strains that the Creator bestowed upon his little being. I might cite numerous instances to illustrate this fact, but shall limit myself to one only.

About a year ago, a canary which I dearly prized, and which, in reality, was one of the most intelligent birds that I have ever owned, flew *voon* a case where some light and a few heavy vol—had been piled rather carelessly. While hopping *oot* he accidentally overturned one of the smaller volumes, his feet became entangled in some way or other, and the whole pile fell over upon him. I heard the chirp of alarm, the crash, and hurried to the rescue, but only to find that both of Goldy's legs were broken. Tenderly I lifted him, examined the injury, and splintered the fractures as best I could. For three days I nursed the little unfortunate, but without much satisfaction as to the results. I began to think that the bird had received some internal injury, but what it was no one could say. On the fifth day the bird, lying in cotton, was placed on my table—his old favorite spot, and he knew it well. Presently there was a slight rustling of his wings, he seemed eager to get again upon his feet, but, too wise not to see the foolishness of such an attempt, he contented his little soul by warbling the saddest and the most touching, if not the loudest, song that he ever sung. Naturalists will tell you that the story of the swan's

dying song is only an invention of the poets. No naturalist shall dispute with me that the last song of that dying canary was not *his* sweetest—ay, so sweet that it seemed almost attuned by the reflected minstrelsy of the hereafter!

II.—THE BULLFINCH.

A FEW years ago, while coursing down the Rhine, I encountered a man who had a small tin whistle in his mouth and a large osier cage upon his back containing about a dozen or more of small bullfinches. He was endeavoring to dispose of them, and his price for a single bird was only a mere pittance. Being about to turn homeward, I bought a pair, or what I fancied to be a couple of male birds. The man assured me that the birds which I had just purchased were not more than a week old, and he himself had only yesterday taken them out of the nest. My favorite whistling-theme in those days was the old-time "Bugle-Call," and, in order to get them early into good training-order, I procured for the birds a suitable cage and proper food, and gave them the benefit of the whistle as often as I found it convenient. In less than three weeks from that day I was on the Atlantic homeward bound. The voyage was altogether a pleasant one, and the bullfinches thrived as well as anybody on board the steamer. While we were coming home, however, I discovered that the bird-seller had either intentionally or ignorantly deceived me, and that one of the bullfinches was a female. I felt a little worked up at first, for I had counted upon having in a few months' time two excellent imitators. I consoled myself by the thought that perhaps I should get along as well with a male and female as with two males. So, on reaching home, I separated the birds and allotted them each a cage in different parts of the house. By this time the male had caught the simple air which I had not ceased to whistle frequently during the day, and in about six months he had not only mastered it thoroughly, but was also making rapid headway with another melody. Before relating more of the story, such of my readers as know nothing of the worth of the bullfinch as a *social* bird will need to be told something about it.

For some reason or other, the importation of bullfinches into this country has not been large, and, unless a person has easy access to a well-stocked bird-store, he will very rarely see one. It is a little singular that so few people should have any knowledge of one of the most famous of German favorites—I say German, for in the Fatherland almost every weaver and cobbler, tailor and tinker, owns a bullfinch. To say nothing of his docility and his quickness at learning a tune, the bullfinch possesses also the merit of being a very beautiful bird, notwithstanding that he is somewhat thick in proportion to his length. The combination of colors which he exhibits is most charming—his head, chin, and throat, being usually a velvety black, the lower part of the throat, shoulders, and back, a dark gray, the breast a crimson, and the rump clear white. The rest of the plumage alternates in white, red, steel-blue, and black.

Whether taken when old or when young, the bullfinch, always a quiet bird, thrives under all circumstances. It easily adapts itself to confinement, and a very small cage seems to please it as much as a very large one. Where a person has other birds under his care, however, it is best to keep the bullfinch in a separate room, beyond the range, if possible, of their singing. Of course, such a proceeding would not be at all necessary if no efforts were making to train the bullfinch.

The natural food of the bullfinch are the seeds of the fir-tree, the pine, beech, and also the berries which grow in the fields and forests of their native home. In confinement—that is, if you give him only the range of a small, square cage—his principal food should be summer rape-seed, occasionally a little wine-cracker, and at least once a week a little fresh lettuce or chickweed, and ripe sweet apple. The baneful hemp-seed, which so many people in this country still persist in giving to birds of all sorts, should be given to the bullfinch only for a special reason: namely, after he has learned to pipe a tune you may, once in a great while, give him a few hemp-seeds as a reward for his song. Bullfinches are very fond of hemp-seed, and I fancy they would eat nothing else whatsoever, provided they were free to select; but it speedily fattens them, puts them out of song and out of health, and shortens their days fully one-half. Like the canary, the bullfinch should have fresh water to drink and to bathe in every day, and the cage be kept supplied with river-sand. During the moulted-season, in September, it should be kept warm, out of the way of draughts, and should be allowed a little of the yolk of a hard-boiled egg two or three times a week.

To return now, after these general explanations, to the bullfinches which have been under my charge. I know of no better way of acquainting the reader with the *modus operandi* in the training of bullfinches than to begin at the beginning—or, if you please, at the nest.

My two birds reached America in the late spring, and in April of the following year I put them in their cages in the same room. In the course of a few days the wooing-call opened, and I next put the birds together in a breeding-cage, and wellnigh concealed the latter among some tall, leafy plants. I also put into the cage several short lengths of cotton twine, small twigs, hay, hair, and dry moss, hoping that my newly-wedded pair might thus be induced to build a nest, after their own fashion, on the slight wicker framework which I had previously attached to an inner corner of the cage.

I was not disappointed; for in the course of a few days they set about the work as harmoniously and industriously as though they were in their native wood. I cannot speak much in praise of the architecture of the nest, for it was a pretty shabby affair, and loosely and badly put together. Nevertheless, it suited them, and, if they were well enough pleased, what reason had I for complaint? The birds were about a day and a half building their nest, and on the following morning the first egg, bluish white and

speckled brown, was laid. Five of these eggs were laid in the course of six days. On the seventh day from the laying of the first egg, and about the fifteenth from the time the birds were mated, the female began to sit upon the nest, and for a couple of weeks she continued there, with only very brief intervals. During all this time the male bird sang repeatedly, no longer piping the "Bugle-Call," but rather uttering a low, prolonged strain closely resembling the grating of a small carriage-wheel. At the same time he was the most gallant of husbands, always calling and caressing his mate, and apparently never wearying of giving her the choicest food in the cage.

The hatching lasted fifteen days, and I was rewarded for all my small pains by seeing two young bullfinches—all mouth, as usual—in the nest. The three remaining eggs proved to be unfruitful.

I allowed the nestlings to remain with their parents five days—not daring to leave them longer lest they might learn some of the harsh notes of the older birds—placed them then in a new nest in another cage, and carried them to the most distant room in the house. These young were far from beautiful objects, their prevailing color being a dirty ash, with a tinge of red upon their breasts and coverts. Still I cared nothing for this, for both of them were male birds, as plainly shown by the red tinge and their remarkable sprightliness and docility. From this time onward I fed them daily—nay, somebody fed them *hourly*—on summer rape-seed bruised and soaked in water, mixed with a third part of soaked cracker. In about a fortnight, perhaps less, they were perfectly able to leave the nest, to hop about in the cage, and to feed themselves. They were as tame and trusting as a child, showing no fear or even the slightest embarrassment, provided anybody approached them gently, and spoke no harsh word. They would perch upon the finger, take food from the mouth, and allow themselves to be fondled and caressed by every member of the family. For the most part they were kept in a darkened room, and as much out of the way of noise as possible.

Just as soon as they were separated from the parents, and placed in quarters by themselves, they were accustomed to hear, in the early morning after being fed, at noon, and oftentimes before evening, "The Last Rose of Summer" played, always in the same key and measure, on a tin flute. I am particular in specifying the name of the melody, for it was suggested to me by a friend of somewhat longer experience as being, of all melodies, perhaps the best suited to the soft, pure, flute-like voice of the bird. When I say that no living *cantatrice* can interpret this beautiful, old-fashioned song with such sweetness and genuineness of expression as can the bullfinch, I am sure of stating a truth that will not be disputed by anybody who has chanced to hear them both.

During this training the room, as I have said, was kept nearly dark; but, as soon as the bird began to imitate a few of the earlier notes of the song, a

little light was admitted into the room, in order to exhilarate his spirits. Strange as it may seem, and yet not so strange, after all, to one who has ever visited a bullfinch academy at Hesse, the two birds advanced about equally in their training, and fortunately both possessed about the same tone of voice. Meanwhile they were kept on a short allowance of food, but were by no means *starved*, as is recommended by most bird-fanciers. This system was continued for about six months, at the end of which time both of the birds far, very far, surpassed the instructor.

People owning bullfinches that have come to them already trained have said to me that, oftentimes, they have been unable to induce their birds to pipe. The reason of this is, that they, like orchestral musicians, recognize and seem to stand in need of a *leader*, whose duty shall be to mark the measures of time. A familiar whistle, or rather the whistling of the first strain of the familiar air, will almost invariably suffice to induce the bullfinch to get into readiness for piping. You will then stand in front of the cage, and by a graceful, sidewise movement of the head to and fro mark the measure of the song. Quickly the bullfinch, in obedience to your invitation, will make several very elegant gestures, now swaying the body, now the head, and anon spreading out its tail like a fan, and presently he will burst out in song. Perhaps his voice will be a little husky at first, perhaps he may chance to strike a wrong note. No one better than he, however, can detect such a blunder, and no one more patiently than he will "try, try again" until success comes. It also, oftentimes, happens that such a bird, having been placed with other birds or neglected by his keeper, will lose the recollection of a phrase of the song. But be sure that he will be the first to realize his forgetfulness, and will not go on singing until his leader has uttered the whole.

What I have said with regard to the training of bullfinches is applicable, of course, only to nestlings. I fancy it would be an almost utter impossibility to teach an old bird to pipe, especially if he had been kept with other songsters. Bullfinches already trained to pipe one or more tunes may always be purchased at the bird-sellers' at prices varying from ten to a hundred dollars, while very young birds, unlearned, are sold from two to five dollars. If possible, a person interested in birds should purchase a nestling rather than a learned bird, for the pleasure of teaching him and winning his friendship amply repays all the outlay of time and trouble required. I am in earnest when I say that to train a bullfinch thoroughly is about half as troublesome as the keeping of a poultry-yard, and no more; for, after you have given him his food and drink for the day, your labor ceases, and only in leisure moments need you to repair to his room to give him the benefit of the flute for a few minutes—say, morning and night. Allow me to suggest, in passing, that the more flute-music and the less *talk* you give the bird, the better will it be for him; for rarely should he hear the sound of a human voice.

A MIDNIGHT DRAMA.

WHAT a sigh was that! not noisy, but profound and eloquent at once of an old grief and a fresh perplexity. Bob Withers, the gentleman in his shirt-sleeves before the mirror, had heaved that sigh every night for ten years, simultaneously with the act of removing from his head the fine chestnut wig which conceals the almost complete destitution of the natural covering. The grief is therefore an old one, but an element of perplexity has mingled with this nightly sigh more lately—namely, since having wooed and won Angie McLane in his wig, he has been screwing up his courage to the point of revealing to her that it is a wig, as he feels in fairness he ought to do. He has put it off, and put it off, never finding just the right opportunity for the confession, until now the wedding is but a month off, and the task seems harder, more impossible, than ever. He is at present spending a couple of days at the house of the McLanes in the country, with a view to getting acquainted with the family. For the sake of enjoying unalloyed the pleasure of Angie's society for this short time, he has compromised with his conscience by resolving at once on leaving to write to her and tell the truth, and by no means to procrastinate further.

Meantime the process of getting acquainted with the family does not get on very prosperously. Bob is a poor match from the parental point of view, and a bitter disappointment to the McLanes. Nothing but Angie's resolute character could have extorted the grudging consent which their engagement had at length received. The family consisted, besides Angie, of her father and mother, and two brothers, John and George. Mr. McLane kept his room, being a confirmed invalid. John, strong-willed and arrogant in temper, ruled the family with a rod of iron—George being kinder-tempered, but of much less strength of character. Angie was the only member of the family whom John could not rule, and she had carried the point of her engagement against his bitter opposition. Mrs. McLane was a mere shuttlecock between John and Angie, receiving an impulse from one which lasted till the other got hold of her. John had accepted the engagement with an exceedingly bad grace, and made scarcely a decent pretense of concealing from Bob his contempt and hostility, and his desire to find any pretext for forcing a quarrel. This was particularly unpleasant and demoralizing to Bob, because the injury to his own self-respect by the sense of the tacit deceit he was guilty of as to his wig left him unable to meet John's overbearing insolence with the quiet dignity he would have liked to assume.

After going to bed he lay awake a couple of hours thinking over these embarrassing circumstances, and the delightful fact of Angie's love, to which they were offsets. In the course of his tossings he became aware that his seal-ring was not on his finger, and instantly remembered that, after using it for a forfeit

in a parlor-game that evening, he had forgotten to replace it. Vexation at his carelessness instantly made him wide awake. The ring must be on the library-table. If not, then he knew not where; and, if there, it might be filched by a servant in the morning. Associations made it invaluable, and he found himself so uneasy about its safety that he could not sleep. Perhaps the best thing he could do was to quietly step down-stairs in his stockings without disturbing anybody, and make sure about it. He knew that he could, even in the dark, steer his way straight to the library. In this sleepless, excited state of his mind the slight tinge of adventure in his plan had an attraction.

Jumping out of bed he put on a part of his clothes, and, softly opening the door of the room, went across the hall and down the stairs to the ground-floor. It was quite dark, but he found his way easily, having a good topographic instinct. From the lower hall he entered the dining-room, and from that the library. The sea-coal fire in the grate was still flickering brightly, illuminating the sumptuously-furnished room with a faint, soft glow of peculiarly rich effect.

There on the table his ring glittered in the fitful firelight, and, as he slipped it on his finger, he facilitated himself on his successful enterprise. The room was so charmingly cozy that he felt it would be a sin not to linger awhile. So, throwing himself on a sofa before the grate, he fell into a delightful reverie.

Just there, in that chair, Angie had sat during the evening, and there he pictured her again, finally going and leaning over it in a caressing attitude, fondly cheating himself. Over there had sat Mrs. McLane, and the chair-back at once transfixed him with two critical eyes, till he was fain to look away. The brothers were there, and there.

Bob chuckled with a cozy sense of surreptitiousness as he thought how they would stare could they see him now. The subtle pleasure of clandestine things is doubtless partly the exaggeration of the personality which takes place as the pressure of other minds is withdrawn. To persons of Bob's sensitive mental atmosphere that pressure is painful when such minds are hostile, and often irksome even when they are friendly, if not in perfect accord. So that now it was with a positively voluptuous sensation that his personality expanded till it filled and felt the whole room.

The fire burned, and busily flew the shuttles of his fancy, weaving once again the often-varied patterns of the future. Those shuttles had little leisure nowadays, for all the web must be unraveled and rewoven, that through it all might run the golden thread of Angie's love. How rarely did it light up the fabric, before so dull and dark!

The bronze mantel-clock sounded with a silvery tinkle the hour of two, but the sound fell apparently

unheeded on the ear of the dreamer. It was a full minute before the impression reached his mind. There are times when the thoughts throng so that each new sensation has to take its place in the cue and wait its turn to get attention. Then he stirred and roused himself, emerging reluctantly from the warm, voluptuous atmosphere of imagination, as one leaves an enervating bath. He had been lying thus a full hour, and it was high time to return to bed. He left the library and started across the dining-room with a hasty step.

Perhaps long gazing at the fire had dazzled his eyes, or perhaps his haste, together with an undue confidence in his skill in navigation by dead-reckoning, rendered him less careful than when he had come down. However that may be, a light-stand which he had easily avoided then, he now blundered fully upon.

Everybody knows that when one stubs the toe in the dark, instead of delivering the blow when the foot is moving slowest, at the beginning or the end of the step, it always happens so that the toe strikes with the maximum momentum. So it was this time. If Bob had been kicking football he could not have made a nicer calculation of force, and the shock sent the stand completely over.

It would have made noise enough anyhow, but it must happen that on this stand the family silver was laid out for breakfast, and the clangor was similar to that of Apollo's silver bow, what time he let fly at the Grecian host before Troy.

Bob stood paralyzed with horror. Even the anguish of a terribly-stubbed toe was forgotten in an overpowering sense of the awful mess he had made, and the unimaginable consequences that would at once ensue. As the hideous clangor and clatter rang through the house, shattering its sacred silence, he shrank together and made himself small, as if he could impart a sympathetic shrinkage to the noise. The racket to his own ears was splitting enough, but he felt, in addition, as if he heard it with the ears of all the family, and he wilted before the conception of the feelings that were at that moment starting up in their minds toward the unknown cause of it.

His first rational idea was, to bolt for his room, and gain it before any one was fairly roused. But the shock had so scattered his wits that he could not at once recollect his bearings, and he realized, with indescribable sensations, that he was lost. He consumed precious moments bumping himself all about the room before he found the right door.

As he reached the foot of the staircase, voices were audible above, and lights were gleaming down. His retreat was cut off: he could not get back to his room without being discovered. He now distinguished the voice of Mrs. McLane in an agitated tone entreating somebody to be careful and not get shot, the gruff voices of the brothers responding, and then their steps rapidly descending the stairs. Should he go up and take the risk of a volley while announcing himself? It would make a pretty tableau. Presenting himself in such a guise and under such circumstances, what sort of a reception could he ex-

pect from John, who treated him with undisguised contempt in the drawing-room, and whose study it was to place him at a disadvantage? He might have hesitated longer, but at this moment the voice of Angie, crying down to her brothers to be careful, decided him. He could not face her under such terribly false circumstances, and without his wig.

All this took place far quicker than I can write it. The glimmer of the descending lamp already shone dimly in the hall, and Bob frantically looked about him for a hiding-place. But all the furniture stood up too high from the floor, and the corners were distressingly bare. He sprang into the dining-room, but in the dark he could not see how the land lay, and hurried on into the library.

The dying fire still shed a dim light around, and he eagerly canvassed the various possibilities of concealment which the room offered. Youthful experience in the game of hide-and-seek now stood him in good stead, and showed him at a glance the inutility as refuges of half a dozen places that would have deluded one less practised by the specious but too-easily-guessed shelter they afforded.

Vainly seeking a safe refuge, he ran round the apartment like a rat in a trap. He already heard the brothers in the dining-room picking up the silver and wondering to find it all there, when, obeying a sudden inspiration, he clambered upon a lofty bookcase that ran across one end of the room, arching above the dining-room door, and reaching within a few feet of the ceiling. In cold blood he never could have scaled it. Lying at full length upon the top of the bookcase with his back to the wall, the bulge of him was still visible from the farther part of the room, in case it should occur to his pursuers to look so high.

The latter now entered the library; and, peering over the edge of the bookcase, Bob recognized with singular sensations the two gentlemen with whom he had been quietly conversing a little earlier in the evening. Then they were arrayed in faultless evening dress, and their manner, although supercilious enough, was calm and polished. Now he saw them half dressed, with disheveled hair—John carrying a student's-lamp in his left hand, and in his right an ugly-looking cane-sword with a blade painfully naked, while George held a revolver at full cock.

Talking in a low tone, as they called one another's attention to various spots where possibly the burglar might be concealed, they went slowly from corner to corner, probing every recess with the sword, and in an attitude of strained attention to every sound. Their faces, grotesquely lit by the mingled fire and lamp light, showed a fierce hunter's look that made Bob fairly sick.

He did not dare to look at them long lest the magnetism of his gaze should attract their involuntary attention. Nay, he even made a frantic effort not to think of them, from the fear that some physical current might have the same effect—for he believed strongly, though vaguely, in the mysteries of animal magnetism, and had a notion that a person sensitive to such influences might detect the pres-

ence of his victim by the very terror the latter had of him.

He could scarcely believe his fortune, when, a moment later, the two brothers passed again beneath him back into the dining-room.

From there they went on through the rooms beyond, and the sound of their footsteps died away entirely.

Perhaps five minutes after, they returned—that is, as far as the dining-room—and Bob gathered from their conversation that they had found one of the fastenings in the basement in a condition indicating that the burglar might have escaped there.

Mrs. McLane and Angie, having satisfied themselves that the coast was clear, descended to the dining-room, and a lively discussion of all aspects of the problem ensued, which was highly edifying to Bob.

Then the conversation became still more interesting, as it turned on himself. He heard Mrs. McLane saying :

"He must be a hard sleeper, for I knocked several times on his door."

Then one of the brothers grunted something contemptuously, and he heard Angie's voice excusing him on the ground that he must be tired after his long journey.

"Are you sure you looked everywhere in the library?" was Mrs. McLane's next question, at which a cold sweat started out on Bob's face. He had just begun to feel quite comfortable.

John and George, however, declared that they had looked everywhere.

"Did you look under the sofa?"

"Behind the window-curtains?"

"In that dark corner by the bookcase?" asked the ladies in succession.

Ingenious cruelty of Fate! Even Angie was racking her brain to guess his hiding-place. What if it should be she who hit upon it!

Bob drew a breath of relief as John replied, with some asperity, to all these questions, that he had told them once that they looked everywhere.

This silenced them, but Angie said, a moment after :

"Just let me ask one more question: Did you look on top of the bookcase?"

It seemed to Bob that he died then, and came to life again to hear John reply, contemptuously :

"Over the bookcase? There's no room there; and, if there were, nobody but a monkey could get up."

"There's room enough," persisted Angie, "and I have often noticed, when sitting in the library, what a nice hiding-place it would be. What if he should be up there now, and hear what I'm saying!" she added, in an agitated whisper.

"Nonsense!" said John.

"Well, there is no harm in looking, anyway," said Mrs. McLane.

"Come along, then," grumbled John. "You shall see for yourselves."

At this Bob shut his eyes, and turned his face to the wall. The ostrich instinct is the human instinct

of despair. He tried to fly away from himself, and leave his body there as a derelict. The effort was desperate, and seemed almost successful. But he could not quite sever the connection, though his soul appeared to be hovering over his body, only attached by a single thread—but a thread which, alas! would not break.

A moment after they all passed through the door directly beneath him, and, going clear to the other end of the library, stood on tiptoe, and peered at his hiding-place. There seemed to be eyes in his back, which felt their scrutiny. But the lamp they carried did not suffice to bring out his figure clearly.

"I'm sure I see something," said Angie, getting up on a chair.

"It's only the shadow of the firelight," replied John.

"Light the gas and let us make sure," said Mrs. McLane.

George stood up on a chair under the chandelier, and lighted one of the burners.

An inarticulate ejaculation fell from every mouth. A human figure was distinctly visible, reclining along the top of the bookcase, with his face toward the wall. The ladies would have forthwith run away but for the fact that one door of the room was directly beneath the bookcase, and the other close to it. Upon Bob's paralyzed senses fell the sharp words of John :

"We've got you. Get down!"

He did not move, but at the summons his soul, with inexpressible reluctance and disgust, began to return from the end of its floating thread, and re-inhabit the quarters for which it could not quite shake off responsibility.

"Get up, or I'll shoot!" said George.

"Oh, don't shoot him!" cried Mrs. McLane, while Bob, still motionless, dimly hoped he would.

"Get up!" reiterated John; and he did get up. His own will was inactive, and John's was the force that moved his muscles. He turned around and sat up, his legs dangling over the edge of the bookcase, and his wet, white, wretched face blankly directed toward the group—a most pitiable figure.

"Jump down," said John; "and, if you try to escape, you will get shot!"

Bob let himself drop without regard to how he was to alight, and in consequence was severely bruised against a chair and the edges of the bookcase.

He stood facing the group. His eyes mechanically sought Angie's. What was his surprise not to perceive in her expression of mingled curiosity and slightest sign of recognition! A glance showed him that it was the same with the others. John and George evidently supposed they were dealing with an ordinary burglar, and the others were apparently quite as devoid of suspicion as to his identity. His wig! He had forgotten all about it. That explained their singular demeanor.

The bald man in stockings, trousers, and shirt, caught hiding in the library after an attempt on the silver, quite naturally failed to recall to their minds

the youth of rather foppish attire and luxuriant locks who bade them good-night a few hours previous. As this fact and its explanation broke upon Bob's mind he felt an immense sense of relief, instantly followed by a more poignant perception of the inextricable falsity and cruel absurdity of his position. He had little time to think it over and determine his best course.

John stepped forward, and with the point of his cane-sword motioned him into a corner, thus leaving the way clear to the ladies, who at once hurried into the dining-room, throwing glances of fear and aversion upon Bob as they passed. Angie paused at the doorway and asked :

"What are you going to do with the dreadful man?"

Bob even then was able to notice that he had never seen her so ravishingly beautiful as now, with her golden hair falling over her charming *deshabille*, while her eyes scintillated with excitement. She would have blushed to have been seen by him in such an undress toilet, but, with an odd feeling of being double, he perceived that she now regarded him as she would have an animal.

"George and I will attend to him. You had better go to bed," replied John to her question; and then he sent George after some cord, meanwhile quietly standing in front of Bob with cocked revolver. Had he scanned his prisoner closely, he might have detected something familiar in his lineaments, but in careless contempt he took him in with a sweeping glance as an average burglar, whose identity was a question for the police.

Bob had not uttered a word. In the complex falsity of his position he could not indeed muster presence of mind to resolve on any course, but regarded with a kind of fatuity the extraordinary direction events were taking. But when George returned with the rope, and ordered him to put his hands behind him, he said, in a tone so quiet that it surprised himself :

"Hold on, Mr. McLane; this joke has gone far enough. I am Robert Withers, at your service, and respectfully decline to be considered in the light of a burglar any further."

George's jaw dropped with astonishment, and John was scarcely less taken aback.

"D—d if he isn't!" ejaculated the former, after a moment, in a tone of incredulous conviction, as he recognized at once the voice and now the features of Bob; "but where's your hair?"

Bob blushed painfully.

"I wear a wig," he replied, "and to-night, coming down-stairs after you were all abed to get my ring which I had left on the table here, I did not fully dress. Going back, it was my luck to stumble over that cursed stand in the other room!"

"But what did you hide for?" asked John, sharply.

Bob just touched his bald head and replied :

"I heard the ladies up."

John pitched the revolver on the sofa and stood pensive. Finally he said, with a sardonic smile :

"Mr. Withers, how do you propose to get out of this? Shall I call in the ladies and let you explain? They will presently be wanting to know what we have done with the burglar."

Bob made no reply. Already bitterly humiliated, he saw no way of avoiding indefinite and yet bitterer humiliations.

John thought a few minutes longer, and then he said :

"Take a seat, Mr. Withers; I have a proposition to make."

They sat down.

"You are aware," continued John, in the calmest, most imperturbable tone, "that I don't like your match with my sister, and have done my best to break it off. But she is an obstinate girl, and I had pretty much given up hope. These peculiar circumstances have most unexpectedly put you in my power, and I propose to make the most of my advantage. If I were to call in Angie now and introduce you, I feel tolerably well assured that it would be the end of your matrimonial expectations in that quarter. Still, you shall have a chance for your life. I will call her if you say so?" And John rose.

"For God's sake, don't let her come in here!" groaned Bob, in abject panic.

John grinned, stepped toward the door, and then turned back irresolutely, muttering :

"Wonder if it wouldn't be the shortest way out of it to call her down?" Then, with a saving reflection upon the uncertainty of a woman's course under any given set of circumstances, he came back, and, reseating himself opposite Bob, said, with a sardonic smile: "So you don't like my little suggestion of giving you one more chance with Angie? On the whole, I think you are wise. The other alternative is to leave the house at once, relinquish your engagement, and never see her again. Make your choice, and as quickly as convenient, for I'm getting sleepy," and he yawned lazily.

Bob sat in an attitude of utter dejection, staring at the ashes of the fire, which an hour ago had blazed as brightly as his own love-lit fancies. He was completely demoralized and almost incapable of thought or resolution. There was something so pitiable in Bob's odd-looking, dismantled figure, half-dressed, with that queer, white, bulbous head, dimmed, black eyes, and expression of crushing shame and defeat, that it would have moved almost any one to compassion. It did stir compunctions in George, but there was no mercy in John's still, blue eyes. Two or three minutes passed in a silence so complete that even the almost noiseless movement of the French clock on the mantel was distinctly audible.

"You are taking altogether too long to make up your mind, Mr. Withers. It will make shorter work to call Angie," finally said John, sharply, his patience quite at an end. He rose and stepped to the door as he spoke.

"It won't be necessary, John—here I am!" said a clear voice, with a sharp ring in it that the family had learned to know meant decisive work, and An-

gie stepped into the room, her blue eyes flashing with indignation and her lip trembling with scorn, beautiful as a goddess.

Bob started up from his abject attitude and stood facing her with the look of a man waiting his doom from the firing-squad. As he stood there, drawn up to his full height, with just a touch of appeal softening the defiance of his expression, it was a manly face and figure in spite of all. But her brothers received Angie's first attention.

"You mean, cowardly fellows!" she said, in tones of concentrated contempt. "I would not have believed that men were so mean!—And I am almost as much ashamed of you, Mr. Withers," she added, turning to Bob, with a softer but yet angry voice. "Did you think, sir, that I took you for your beauty? I don't care if you wear forty wigs, or none. You

are absurdly vain, sir." She was smiling now. "You should know that when a woman loves a man it is of grace and not of works.—Anyhow, John," she added, turning to him, as if contrasting his slight figure with Bob's fine *physique*, "Mr. Withers doesn't wear shoulder-pads." With that parting shot she disappeared into the dining-room, in a moment reappearing, to say: "Mr. Withers, you may forgive me if you want to. I'm by no means sure that I shall.—And now go to bed, all of you, and don't be keeping us awake."

There was an outward silence for a few moments. Then John said:

"I don't ask your pardon, Mr. Withers, because I meant to succeed, and I'm sorry I didn't. But I know when I'm beaten, and you need expect no further opposition from me. Let's go to bed."

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.¹

THE family of Thomas De Quincey was unmistakably Norse in its origin—one of those families of restless, adventurous blood ready to follow any leader. They joined William the Norman, and as a reward, no doubt for good service, had privileges bestowed upon them, assumed a territorial distinction from the village of Quincey, in Normandy, and thence, as was to be expected from a family of such character, transplanted themselves to England in due course, and rose to rank and influence. A younger branch of the family was among the earlier emigrants to New England, where they laid aside the aristocratic prefix, and became sturdy enemies of the mother-country. Lord Hillsborough said of one of the most famous of them, Josiah Quincy, Jr., when he was in England just before the breaking out of the Revolution, that, if the government did its duty, he would be in Newgate or at Tyburn. He died in sight of his native land at the early age of thirty-one, and left his little son the heritage of a great name—a name to which he added new honors as the President of Harvard. The English De Quinceys did not succeed in perpetuating themselves as squires, the last who enjoyed any relicts of their territorial domain being an elder kinsman of De Quincey's father. The father of Thomas de Quincey was a plain, unpretending man, who began life with six thousand pounds. He married, while still young, a Miss Penson, the daughter of an English officer, a woman of marked character and intellectual attainments. The father of De Quincey was a man of cultivation, given to literary pursuits, and was himself an anonymous author. His small fortune did not promise to his wife the style of living to which she had been accustomed, so he became a merchant in Manchester, and carried on extended transactions with America and the West Indies. He

was far from lending himself to the slave-trade, however, even by passive concurrence to this memorable abomination, but was one of those conscientious protesters who throughout England stoutly abstained from the use of sugar in their own families. To this gentleman were born five sons and three daughters, his fourth child being Thomas, who opened his eyes to the light of this world on the 15th of August, 1785, at Greenheys, a rustic suburb of Manchester, forming a sort of *terminus ad quem*, beyond which was a cluster of cottages. Shortly after the birth of Thomas his father fell into such ill health that under medical advice he was compelled to spend nearly the whole of his time abroad.

The great shadow of death fell upon the boy when he was about a year and a half old in the loss of his sister Jane, who was two years older than himself. There was another death in the house about the same time—the death of a maternal grandmother; but as she had come for the express purpose of dying in her daughter's society, and from illness had lived perfectly secluded, the nursery-circle knew her but little, and were not much affected by her death. A few days before the death of his sister Jane whisper arose among the servants and the children that the nurse had on one occasion treated her harshly; and, as this happened only three or four days before she died, a sense of awe and indignation was diffused through the family. The effect of the story, which was doubtless exaggerated, was terrific upon De Quincey. He did not often see the person charged with this cruelty, but, when he did, his eyes sought the ground, and he could not bring himself to look her in the face. The feeling which fell upon him was a shuddering horror, as upon a first glimpse that he was in a world of evil and strife. With three innocent little sisters for playmates, sleeping always among them, and shut up forever in a silent garden from all knowledge of poverty or oppression, or outrage, he had not suspected until that

¹ Thomas de Quincey: His Life and Writings. With Unpublished Correspondence. By H. A. Page. In Two Volumes. London, and Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, 1877.

moment the true complexion of the world in which he and his sisters were living. His acquaintance with mortality commenced with the death of his sister Jane. He only knew that she had disappeared. She had gone away; but perhaps she would come back. Happy interval of heaven-born ignorance! Gracious immunity of infancy from sorrow disproportioned to its strength! He was sad for her absence; but in his heart he trusted that she would come again. Summer and winter came again—crocuses and roses; why not little Jane?

When De Quincey was a little over two years old he was seized with an ague, which clung to him till the end of his fourth year. At this mature age he donned nankin trousers, though he so far retained hermaphrodite relations of dress as to wear a petticoat above his trousers, and all his female friends, who pitied him as one that had suffered from years of ague, filled his pockets with half-crowns, of which he could never render any account. When his sister Elizabeth was about nine, and he was about six, she was taken suddenly ill. She had been permitted to drink tea one Sunday evening at the house of a laboring-man, the father of a favorite female servant. The sun had set when she returned, in the company of this servant, through meadows reeking with exhalations after a fervent day. From that time she sickened. The boy grieved that his sister must lie in bed, and grieved still more to hear her moan; but it appeared to him no more than a night of trouble on which the dawn would soon arise. The nurse awakened him from that delusion, and launched God's thunderbolt at his heart in the assurance that his sister *must* die! He reeled under the revelation. All was soon over, for the morning of that day came which looked down upon her innocent face sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking. On the day after her death he determined to see her once more. The house had two staircases, and by one of these, near mid-day, when all would be quiet, he knew he could steal up to her chamber. It was about an hour after high noon when he reached the chamber-door; it was locked, but the key had not been taken away. Entering, he closed the door so softly that no echo ran along the silent walls. He sought his sister's face, but the bed had been moved, and the back was turned toward him. Nothing met his eyes but a large window, wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at mid-day was showering down torrents of splendor. From the gorgeous sunlight and the cloudless, blue sky he turned around to the corpse. There lay the sweet, childish figure; there the angel-face; it was said in the house that no feature had suffered any change. Had they not? The serene and noble forehead *might* be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands laid palm to palm—could these be mistaken for life? He stood checked; awe, not fear, fell upon him; and as he stood a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Instantly a trance

came upon him. He slept, he knew not how long; slowly he recovered his self-possession; and when he woke he found himself standing close to his sister's bed. There was a foot (or he fancied so) on the stairs. He was alarmed, for, if anybody had detected him, means would have been taken to prevent his coming again. Hastily he kissed the lips that he should kiss no more, and slunk with stealthy steps from the room. When the funeral came he was carried thither in the ceremonial character of mourner. He was put into a carriage with strangers. At the church he was told to hold a white handkerchief to his eyes. He made an effort to attend to the service, but sank continually into his own solitary darkness.

One summer evening a few months before this, De Quincey was standing with the rest of the children and listening for the sound of wheels. His mother had been summoned by an express to meet his father, who had broken a blood-vessel. "What did that mean?" It meant that a person was very ill and feeble. "And would he die?" Perhaps he would; most people in cold climates did. Papa De Quincey returned, but only to go abroad again in search of health. He visited France, Portugal, the Madeiras, and the West Indies; but in vain. Before long they were waiting again one summer night for a carriage at Greenheys. The first notice of its approach was the sudden emerging of horses' heads from the deep gloom of a shady lane; the next was the mass of white pillows against which the dying patient was reclining. The hearse-like pace at which the carriage moved recalled to the mind of young De Quincey the spectacle of his sister's funeral, which had so lately formed a part in the most memorable event of his life. Mr. De Quincey languished for weeks upon a sofa, surrounded with East India productions, which he displayed for the amusement of his son Thomas, who, from his repose of manners, was a privileged visitor throughout his waking hours. The lad was aware by something peculiar in the look and aspect of the house—a depression visible on all faces, and a quiet tread—that some speedy catastrophe was approaching; and at length one morning he saw signs which significantly indicated that it was at hand. Dead silence reigned in the house—whispers only audible, all the women of the family weeping. Soon after the children, of whom there were four able to understand such a scene, were carried into the bedroom in which their father was at that moment dying. If he had asked for them, his senses had left him before they came. He was delirious, and talked at intervals, always on the same subject. He was ascending a great mountain, and had met with some obstacle, which to him was insurmountable without help. This he called for from various people, naming them, and complaining of their desertion. The person who had gathered his children together raised the hand of the dying man and laid it upon the head of his son Thomas. They left the room, and in a minute or two heard the announcement that all was over. The whole estate left by Mr. De Quincey amounted to only sixteen hundred pounds a year, the amount left

to each of the boys being one hundred and fifty pounds, and to each of the girls one hundred pounds.

William De Quincey, the elder brother of Thomas, an adventurous and haughty boy, with no love of books or of gentle pleasures, began to lord it over his fragile companion. His contempt for his shy and delicate nature was awakened on perceiving how he shrank from the calls made upon him to aid in his rough escapades. The pillars of Hercules upon which rested the vast edifice of his scorn of his brother were: first, his physics—he denounced him for effeminacy; and, second, he assumed—and postulated as *a datum*, which he himself could not have the face to deny—his general idiocy. Physically and intellectually he looked upon him as below notice; but *morally* he assured him that he would give him a written character of the very best description whenever he chose to apply for it. The boys were sent daily, shortly after their father's death, to study the classics under the Rev. Samuel Hall, one of their guardians, in Salford, within a mile from Greenheys. The coming and going became continuous scenes of feud. William picked a quarrel with the factory-boys, and a campaign was persistently carried on, and Thomas was compelled to help him, under terror of being punished and gibed at. Promotion was bestowed upon him for good conduct, and so rapidly that on his eighth birthday he was raised to the rank of major-general. He rose by his absolute docility. What he was told to do he did, never presuming to murmur or argue, or to so much as think about the nature of his orders. If those orders were to run away, he obeyed them cheerfully. On one or two of these occasions the poor boy fell into the hands of the enemy. On his third capture he was delivered over to the custody of young women and girls. Terrors and dire anticipations of punishment were passing through his brain, when suddenly a young woman snatched him up in her arms and kissed him. From her he was passed round to others of the party, who all in turn caressed him, with no allusion to his warlike mission against their relatives. Not only did these people kiss him, but, not seeing any military reason against it, he kissed them. Really, if young women would insist on kissing major-generals, they must expect that the major-generals would retaliate. One only in the crowd adverted to the character in which he came before them.

"Think," she said, "of this little dog fighting, and fighting our Jack!"

"But," said another, in a conciliatory tone, "perhaps he won't do so any more."

Thomas made great progress at Salford, especially in Latin, in which his teacher was an expert scholar. It was on account, probably, of his proficiency that, in his eleventh year, it was arranged that he should enter the Bath Grammar-School. He was accompanied by Richard, a brother younger than himself by four years, a boy of exquisite beauty, which was a source of ludicrous molestation in the streets, for ladies stopped continually to kiss him. He was so insensible to the honors they showed

ered upon him that he used to kick and struggle with all his might to liberate himself.

We have glimpses of De Quincey's school-life in the letters which he wrote to his sister Mary in his fourteenth year. He had already made a collection of books, and, exceeding his liberal allowance of pocket-money, had run in debt three guineas, which lay heavily on his conscience. Plaudits were showered upon him by the master of the school, who paraded his Latin verses before the older boys, who were moved to hatred rather than to emulation. They tried by every means to fasten quarrels upon him. His former tutor had given all the preference to Latin, but at Bath he developed a passion for Greek. At thirteen he wrote Greek with ease, and at fifteen he not only composed Greek verses in lyric measures, but could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment, and was in the habit of daily reading off the newspapers into the best Greek he could furnish *extempore*. "That boy," said one of his masters, a ripe and good scholar—"that boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one!" Praise sounded sweet in his ears; but it was accompanied by many mortifications from his school-fellows, and he was finally removed from Bath in consequence of an alarming illness that threatened his head. His mother read to him during his illness, as she had done during his infantine sufferings from ague; but was shocked at his hearing compliments paid to his merits, and refused to let him return to Bath. She kept him under her own eye, and engaged tutors for him and his brothers, one of whom was a Frenchman who had fled from his own country during the Reign of Terror, and who wanted to marry Mrs. De Quincey. He had an unruly trio of pupils, this poor pedagogue, for Thomas and his two younger brothers took seats at the window, and employed their time in making faces at an old lady who lived opposite. Utterly unable to teach or to keep order, the mastered tutor was constantly to be heard crying: "Now, Monsieur Tomma, oh, do be persuaded! Oh, do be persuaded!" The poor man wept; but Monsieur Tomma would not be persuaded. At length the old lady opposite complained, and Monsieur Tomma was persuaded (commanded, of course) to go over and apologize to her. She was surprised to receive a call from the little wretch who had so annoyed her; but his apology was so handsome that she asked him to sit down, and he at once entered into conversation with her. She afterward spoke of him to many people, saying that he was the cleverest and most charming little boy she ever saw. The tutor went back to France, but not as Monsieur Tomma's step-father.

Bath being out of the question in the opinion of his austere mother, Master Thomas was sent to another school at Winkfield, in the county of Wilts, whose chief recommendation lay in the religious character of its master. With him went his brother Richard, whom the boys christened "Pink," because he was so handsome; and to him came his mother, whom a schoolmate of De Quincey's described, fifty

or sixty years later, as a superior woman, intimate with Hannah More. Thomas considered his mother at least the intellectual equal of that overrated elderly prude. At the expiration of a year or thereabouts he left Winkfield to go to Eton, to join his friend Lord Westport, for a tour in Ireland. This was in the spring of 1800, his fifteenth year. Lord Westport was highly connected, his father being the first Earl of Altamont, and his mother a daughter of the celebrated Admiral Lord Howe, and he introduced his young friend to the notabilities of Eton. They visited the gardens of the queen's villa at Frogmore, where they saw her majesty and all the royal princesses. On one occasion they were throwing stones, when a turn brought them full in view of a royal party coming along one of the walks at Frogmore. Lord Westport, who had been practising on a peculiar twist of the wrist with a shilling, suddenly turned the head of the coin toward De Quincey with a significant glance, and muttered, in a low tone, "Grace of God," "France and Ireland," "Defender of the Faith," etc. It was his majesty George III., and, as he had perceived them, it was necessary that they should go and present themselves. The king spoke with great kindness to Lord Westport, inquired about his mother and grandmother as persons well known to himself; and then turned to De Quincey, whose name had been communicated to him. Was he of Eton? He was not, but hoped he should be. Had he a father living? He had not; his father had been dead about eight years. But he had a mother? He had. And she thought of sending him to Eton? She had expressed such an intention; but he was not sure whether that might not be in order to waive the question with the person to whom she had spoken, who happened to have been an Etonian. "Oh, but all people think highly of Eton; everybody praises Eton. Your mother did right to inquire; there can be no harm in that; but the more she inquires the more she will be satisfied—that I can answer for." Then came a question which had been suggested by De Quincey's name: Did his family come into England with the Huguenots at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? He replied, with some haste, "Please your majesty, the family has been in England since the Conquest." It is probable that De Quincey colored, or showed some want of composure, with which, however, the king was not displeased, for he smiled and said, "How do you know that?" The lad hesitated a moment, and said, in effect, that the family from which he traced his descent had certainly been a great and leading one at the era of the barons' wars, as also in one of the crusades, and that he had seen notices of it not only in books of heraldry, but in the very earliest of all English books. "And what book was that?" "Robert of Gloucester's 'Metrical Chronicle,' which I understood, from internal evidence, to have been written about 1280." The king smiled again, and said, "I know—I know!"

In 1801 De Quincey's guardians decided that he should go for three years to the Manchester Grammar-School. When he first entered they read Sopho-

cles, and it was a constant triumph to him to see their "Archididasculus" (as the pedantic teacher loved to be called) conning their regular lesson before they went up, laying a train with lexicon and grammar for blowing up and blasting any difficulties he found in the choruses; while the first form, in which De Quincey was, never condescended to open their books until the moment of going up, but were generally employed in writing epigrams on his wig, or some such important topic. Master Thomas bore his lot for more than a year, representing at first mildly, and then more urgently, to his guardians the claims he had to be transferred to the university.

It is piteous to read De Quincey's appeals to his mother to be taken from the penance of his school. He had not passed one quarter in it in health. There were three things there which murdered health. The first was a want of exercise; in winter there was for a considerable time not *one* hour in the day for walking out. The second was the badness of the air, which every day grew worse, from the increasing number of the factories in Manchester. The third was the short time they had to eat their dinners in; he had barely time to push it down—as for chewing it, that was out of the question. Except at the house of Mr. Kelsall, who was his father's successor in business, there was no house in the town to which he could go and come away at all hours; and even there he sometimes felt an intruder. Besides, Mr. Kelsall and he had not one idea in common, and Mrs. Kelsall was often out, and oftener engaged. He gave other reasons and representations, but all failed of effect. He must at once choose a profession, or stay where he was. As this meant drudgery in a lawyer's office for years, he declined to comply, and decided to take the matter in his own hands. He wrote to his friend Lady Carberry for five pounds. After some delay, through absence, she sent him ten pounds, saying if it were not repaid she would not be ruined. With this and the two pounds he had in his pocket, he resolved to run away. He took a solemn farewell of each familiar room, and wept; sought occasion to pass close by "Archididasculus," and thus bid him a silent farewell by bowing, as he thought to himself, "He is old and infirm, and in this world I shall not see him again." To one of his fellow-scholars who was in his secret he intrusted three pounds, as gratuities to be given to the servants, reducing to nine pounds the amount in his hand. Early in the morning he got out of the house; and having, after considerable difficulty, had his trunk conveyed to a carrier's, he set off to walk to Chester, carrying a small parcel with articles of dress under his arm, an English poet in one pocket, and a small edition of Euripides in the other. He proceeded to the Priory, Chester, where his mother lived, in the hope of having a secret interview with his sister; but some unknown servants of his mother's brother, Colonel Penson, spying the lad hovering about the house suspiciously, communicated the fact to their master, by whom he was confronted instead of his sister. He was taken in, and his whole affairs discussed; and his uncle, who had a sneaking sympathy with him,

disuaded his mother from any interference with his plans. He suggested the propriety of a small allowance, which was granted, and the young peripatetic was permitted to depart and make his way to Wales. As long as he kept up any correspondence with his guardians he received a guinea a week, upon which sum he obtained a bed and some apology for a supper, tea or coffee at least, at the inns scattered about the Welsh valleys for the sake of tourists. Finding, however, that his three shillings a day did not go far in these showy houses, more than half being exhausted upon a bed, and perquisites to the "waiter," "chambermaid," and "boots," he resolved to carry a tent with him and sleep out-of-doors. It was miserably small, to make it more portable, and on account of its pole, which was a common walking-cane. He pitched his tent always on the lee-side of a hill, and apprehended little from any enemies, except the wild mountain-cattle, which sometimes used to advance on his encampment in the darkness—why, neither he nor they, perhaps, knew. No lumbering cow appears to have broken into his preserve, and poked her heavy foot into his face.

By-and-by he thought it advisable to drop all correspondence with his guardians, and swing round the circle at his own sweet will. At one time he lodged for weeks at a solitary farm-house; at another he lived on blackberries, hips, and haws. Occasionally he wrote letters for cottagers, who had relatives in Liverpool or London; and oftener he wrote love-letters to their sweethearts for young women who had lived as servants in towns on the English border. Once in particular, near the village of Llan-y-styndw (or some such name), he was entertained for upward of three days by a family of young people, consisting of four sisters and three brothers, all grown up, and all remarkable for personal beauty and elegance and refinement of manners. They spoke English. He wrote, on his first introduction to them, a letter about prize-money for one of the brothers, who had served on a man-of-war, and privately wrote two love-letters for two of the sisters. He discovered what they wanted through their blushes, and wrote as kindly to their lovers as was consistent with proper maidenly pride. He slept with the brothers, the only unoccupied bed standing in the apartment of the young women. He was put to flight by the return of their parents, and, being actually without money to get on with beyond a very limited time, and no hope of supplies, this babe in the wood contrived to transfer himself to London, where he thought he might raise an advance on the security of his "expectations."

The first lodging of De Quincey in the nation of London was in a house in Greek Street, which might be practically considered unoccupied, though it was really tenanted by a man named Brown, or Brunell. He was a kind of agent for the Jews, with whom the impecunious lad had opened negotiations for an advance. One good trait he had—a love of knowledge—of that knowledge which we call literature, and it was probably to this that De Quincey was indebted for an asylum that saved his life. Hunger-bitten as

the house and household genius seemed, there was a clerk who bore the name of Pyment, or Pymont. This "Newman Noggs" received many opprobrious names from his master, having no reference whatever to any real habits of the man, good or bad. What made the necessity for Pyment was the continual call for "an appearance" at some of the subordinate courts, and an occasional call for his physics, aggressive or defensive, that needed instant attention. "Pyment, I say, this way! Pyment—you're wanted, Pyment!" The only other inhabitant of the large house was a little girl about ten years old, a poor, forlorn child, hunger-bitten and wretched. Great was the joy of the poor creature when she found that De Quincey was to be her companion through the hours of darkness. From the want of furniture in the house, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the staircase and along the hall, and the child suffered much from a dread of ghosts. She and De Quincey slept on the floor, with bundles of law-papers for a pillow, and with no other covering than a tattered rug or an old horseman's cloak; they crept close together for warmth. For a long time De Quincey subsisted on scraps picked up here and there. He generally contrived a reason for lounging in while Brunell was breakfasting, and taking up such fragments as remained. Sometimes there were none remaining. The marchioness, if I may call her so, was never admitted into the study, which was to her the Bluebeard-chamber, and was regularly locked up on Mr. Brunell's departure, which was generally for the night. When he made his appearance in the morning she went below-stairs, brushed his shoes and coat, and, except when she was summoned up to run an errand, she never emerged from the kitchen until De Quincey's knock at night called her little trembling footsteps to the front-door. All he knew of her daytime was what she told him at night, for he soon saw that his absence would be acceptable, and went off and sat in the parks or elsewhere till nightfall. The child was neither interesting nor pretty, nor quick in understanding, but he loved her because she was his partner in wretchedness.

Our young peripatetic soon became acquainted with other peripatetics of the opposite sex. Many of these women had occasionally taken his part against watchmen who wished to drive him off the steps of houses where he was sitting. For many weeks he walked up and down Oxford Street with a poor friendless girl named Ann, and rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticoes. She was not sixteen, and had a sad history, which she confided to De Quincey, but he never told the world what it was. One night while they were slowly pacing along Oxford Street, after a day when he had felt unusually ill and faint, he requested her to turn off with him into Soho Square. They sat down on the steps of a house, and he grew suddenly worse; he was leaning his head on her bosom, when all at once he sank upon her arms and fell backward on the steps. With a cry of terror she ran off into Oxford Street, and returned with a glass of spiced port wine, which instantly restored him, and which

she had paid for out of her scanty purse when she had scarcely the wherewithal to purchase the bare necessities of life. Shortly after this incident he met in Albemarle Street a gentleman of the king's household, who had received hospitalities from his family, and who challenged him on account of his family likeness. The lad answered his questions, and on his pledging his word not to betray him to his guardians, gave him his address. The next day he received from him a ten-pound note, which Mr. Brunell, who suspected its contents, gave up without demur. He had sought to borrow money from the Jews ever since he came up to London, and had at last found one who agreed to furnish it on condition that Lord Westport, who was no older than himself, would guarantee the payment on their coming to age. Three of the ten pounds went to this supposititious money-lender, a less sum to Mr. Brunell, and about fifteen shillings went for a wardrobe. A quarter of the remainder he gave to Ann, with whom he set off toward Piccadilly on a dark winter evening. He told her his plans, and, when he kissed her at their final farewell, she put her arms about his neck and wept without a word. He was to return within a week, and on the fifth night from the parting, and every night afterward, she was to wait for him at six o'clock near the bottom of Great Tichfield Street. He took the Bristol mail, and reached Eton the next morning, only to find that Lord Westport had gone to Oxford. Back to London by the Windsor coach, and to the old house in which Mr. Brunell did business, and to Great Tichfield Street, but not to sister Ann ! He sought her daily, and inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her, but to the day of his death, nearly sixty years afterward, he never found a trace of her.

Shortly after his return to London, the way was opened for reconciliation with his friends, and he returned to the Priory at Chester, where he found his uncle, Colonel Penson. His wanderings in Wales, and his Arab life in London, had cured him, one would think, of every desire for further vagrancy. His guardians at last agreed to allow him one hundred pounds a year, upon which allowance he went to Worcester College, Oxford. Upon this sum it was barely possible for a man to live in college, but not possible for De Quincey, who confided too much in servants, and did not delight in the petty details of economy. He soon became embarrassed, therefore, and, after a voluminous correspondence with a Jew, he was put in possession of the sum he asked for. He studied hard, but not in the lines that lead to university honors. One who was at college with him says that he was generally known as a quiet and studious man, who did not frequent wine-parties, though he did not abstain from wine, and that he was remarkable for his rare conversational talents and extraordinary amount of information on every subject that was started. Dr. Goodenough, of Christ-church, who was one of the examiners, declared to a member of Worcester College : " You have sent us the cleverest man I ever met with ; if his *viva-voce* examination to-morrow corresponds with what he has

done to-day, he will carry everything before him." To-morrow came, but there was no *viva-voce* examination of Thomas De Quincey.

It was in 1804, his second year at college, that De Quincey first tasted opium. He had been suffering severely from a neuralgic affection, due either to exposure during his wanderings, or to immersing his head when warm in cold water. He met a college friend in one of his many jaunts to London, who recommended him to take opium, and he speedily discovered a beatific chemist near the stately Pantheon, who for a few coppers became the minister of celestial pleasures. He took the quantity prescribed when he arrived at his lodgings, and in an hour was in the seventh heaven. It is not easy to reconcile the conflicting statements of De Quincey in regard to his consumption of opium, or to arrive at any very definite idea in regard to his opium history, but, as near as I can make it out, from his nineteenth to his twenty-seventh year he seldom drank laudanum more than once in three weeks, and usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night. In those days the incomparable Grassini sang at the opera, and as five shillings admitted one to the gallery, De Quincey betook himself thither, and to divine ecstasy. He had other than operatic pleasures, but only on Saturday nights, when he used to wander forth to all the markets and huckstering-places of London, to which the poor resort for laying out their wages. He listened to many a family party as they stood consulting on their ways and means, and the prices of household articles, and whenever he saw occasion, or could do so without appearing intrusive, he joined the party, and gave his opinion on the matter under discussion, and was listened to indulgently.

About the time that he first began to take opium, De Quincey made the acquaintance of Charles Lamb, to whom literary friend had given him a letter of introduction. He went to the India House, and after some trouble was shown into a small room, in which was a very lofty writing-desk, separated by a loftier railing from that part of the floor on which the profane vulgar were allowed to approach the clerical rulers of the room. Within this railing sat a half-dozen quill-driving gentlemen hard at work. He was obliged to announce himself and his errand, and walked, therefore, into one of the open doors of the railing, and stood beside the high stool of the quill-driver who occupied the first place in the little aisle. He touched his arm, presented his letter, and asked if the person to whom it was addressed was in that room. The gentleman smiled ; it was a smile not to be forgotten. The seat upon which he sat was a very high one, and in his descent he was forced to turn his back on De Quincey as if for the sudden purpose of flight ; this gave him an excuse for laughing, which he did heartily, saying that he should revolve upon him, that he was not going to fly, and so forth, which challenged a general laugh. The hand of De Quincey was extended, and taken, or rather was not absolutely rejected. The letter of introduction was run through, and the bearer was invited to spend the evening with him in the Temple.

He went, not greatly behind his hour, and found only Lamb and his sister. He began to talk about Wordsworth and Coleridge, with whose poetry he was saturated, and was shocked at the ridicule which Lamb showered upon their books, their thoughts, their places, and their persons. "The Ancient Mariner" was spoken of, and slaughtered by that quizzingly-ferocious critic. "But, Mr. Lamb, good Heavens!" said De Quincey, "how is it possible you can allow yourself such opinions? What instances could you bring from the poem that would bear you out in these insinuations?" "Instances!" and Lamb quoted—

"The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie!"

So *beautiful*, indeed! Beautiful! Just think of such a gang of Wapping vagabonds, all covered with pitch and chewing tobacco, and the old gentleman himself—what do you call him?—the bright-eyed fellow!" At this point De Quincey clapped his hands to his ears. Lamb finally ceased, and, when his guest had released his sense of hearing, said, with a sarcastic smile, "If you please, sir, we'll say grace before we begin." He was certainly in a mocking humor that night.

It speaks well for the intellectual character of De Quincey that he perceived the excellence of the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge while he was at Oxford, and while it was very generally ridiculed. He wrote to Wordsworth in his eighteenth year, and actually went into Westmoreland to call upon him, but his heart failed him, and he turned back when within a short distance of his door. Four years later, while on a visit to a relation at the Hot Wells, he learned that Coleridge was staying with a friend near Bristol. He went to the house of this gentleman, and found that Coleridge had gone to Bridgewater, whither he followed him. Under a gateway, and gazing about him, was a man about five feet ten inches in height, with a tendency to corpulency; his complexion was fair, and his eyes were large, soft, and hazy. He was in so deep a reverie that De Quincey dismounted, and advanced close to him before he was conscious of his presence. The sound of his voice announcing his name first awoke him; he started, and seemed at a loss to understand anything, repeating rapidly a number of words which had no relation to either of them. This little scene over, he received him graciously, led him into a drawing-room, and rang the bell for refreshments. There was a large dinner-party that day, and De Quincey accepted Coleridge's invitation to attend it. He met Coleridge a few days later at the Hot Wells, and agreed to accompany his wife and children to Wordsworth, whom they were to visit, to be taken in charge by Southey. They set out by post-chaise, and reached Grasmere in due time. When they came in sight of Wordsworth's cottage, De Quincey was seized with his old panic, which did not leave him until he was helping Mrs. Coleridge and the children out of the carriage, and advancing to the door to announce their arrival. He pressed forward through

the gate, and passed rapidly to the door of the house; a step, a voice, and there emerged a tallish man, who held out his hand, and welcomed him warmly. As Wordsworth passed him to receive Mrs. Coleridge, he observed the quaint beauty of the cottage and its diamond-paned windows, and the figures of two ladies who had just entered it. The first was a tall young woman, with a winning face, who made him a slight courtesy, and presented her hand so frankly that all embarrassment fled. This was Mrs. Wordsworth. Just behind her moved a lady, much shorter and much slighter. "Her face was of Egyptian brown;" her eyes were not soft, as Mrs. Wordsworth's were, nor were they fierce or bold; they were wild, startling, and hurried. This was the only sister of the poet, Dorothy, his companion in his most solitary years, a noble, gifted woman, as the world now knows. On the third morning after his arrival De Quincey and all the family started in a common farmer's cart for a trip across the mountains. Their style of traveling occasioned no astonishment; they were saluted with smiles everywhere, Miss Wordsworth doing all the flying talking with stragglers on the road. They reached the inn in the vale of Patterdale by moonlight, and, taking fresh horses in the morning, passed the margin of Ulleswater. At Ewsmere Wordsworth and De Quincey went on to Penrith, where on that evening a memorable incident happened to the latter. His companion read to him "The White Doe of Rylstone," which was not published till eight years later. Wordsworth had business which occupied him the next day, and De Quincey sauntered off alone to Keswick. It was about seven in the evening when he reached Greta Hall. The arrival of a stranger created little sensation in the house, and by the time the door opened he saw Mrs. Coleridge and a gentleman standing hospitably to greet his entrance. His hair was black, yet his complexion was fair; his eyes were hazel and large; his nose was aquiline, and was perked up in the air as if he was looking at abstractions. He was taller than Wordsworth, with slenderer limbs, and, from being more symmetrically formed about the shoulders, he presented a better and lighter figure. He wore a short jacket and pantaloons, and had the air of a Tyrolean mountaineer. This was the industrious editor of "Palmerin of England," "Specimens of English Poets," "Remains of Henry Kirke White," essayist, critic, poet

—Robert Southey.

A month later De Quincey was in Bristol, where he called upon Joseph Cottle, and asked him about Coleridge's pecuniary resources. Cottle was afraid that he was a legitimate son of genius. Would he accept one or two hundred pounds? Cottle would ask, and let him know. When the offer was made to this legitimate son of genius, he was oppressed and agitated. "Cottle, I will write you. We will change the subject." He wrote, and De Quincey called on Cottle again, and told him that he would give Coleridge five hundred pounds. Was he serious? He was. Was he of age? He was. Could he afford it? He could; he should not feel it. Then he au-

thorized Cottle to ask Coleridge if he would accept five hundred pounds from an admirer of his genius; but he forbade him to mention his name. Cottle considered a moment, and advised him to present him with a smaller sum, which he could at any time augment. "Three hundred pounds I *will* give him," said De Quincey; and he did, for Coleridge acknowledged the money in a receipt dated November 12, 1807. Such was the beginning of the acquaintance of Thomas de Quincey with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Wordsworth, and Robert Southey.

The next year De Quincey made his appearance at Grasmere, having rented a cottage which was formerly occupied by Wordsworth, and which he himself was to occupy off and on for over a quarter of a century. The Nab, as it was called, was standing in the time of Hawthorne, who describes it as a small, buff-tinted, plastered building, agreeably situated under a great, precipitous hill, with Rydal Water close at hand. For about a couple of years after his settlement here De Quincey was almost a daily visitant at Wordsworth's, when Coleridge was a guest, and where he carried on the publication of the *Friend*. Many of De Quincey's books were German, and he gave Coleridge a general license to use them as he would, which license he interpreted so liberally that sometimes as many as five hundred would be out at once.

Children were very fond of De Quincey. "Here's a letter—" said Mrs. Wordsworth. "From Mr. De Quincey," interrupted Johnny. And, when he had finished his prayers, he added: "Mr. De Quincey is one of my friends." He was stopping at Allan Bank one time when he opened the door of what might be called the library in search of a book, and found Wordsworth seated and in earnest conversation with a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three. He was in a sailor's dress, was in robust health, and looked at once ardent and good-natured. "Mr. Wilson, of Elleray," said Wordsworth, in his deep tones. It was John Wilson, who was at Oxford when De Quincey was, though he knew it not, and whom he had lately seen dancing with all his might at Low Brathay, the residence of Charles Lloyd. They were friends at once, and for life. Wilson lost his fortune not long after this, and went to Edinburgh to practise at the bar. His home was his mother's house, to which De Quincey came at his invitation. They did not know what to make of the new-comer with the boyish figure and the gentle voice, who speedily asserted the right to say the final word, and who became the referee on knotty points of philosophy or scholarship. Everybody wanted to see and hear the new literary lion, and he was persecuted with invitations to dine.

Robert Pearse Gillies, who saw De Quincey during this visit to Edinburgh, and who speaks of the wonder he excited, says that he was daily in the habit of taking opium as food. The habit began, as we have seen, in 1804, and continued till 1812. A year later the irritation in his stomach, caused by months of starvation in London, led him to increase

his dose, which rose to three hundred and forty grains of opium, or eight thousand drops of laudanum, daily, which was only a little more than half what Coleridge was taking! I must not allow myself to speak of Coleridge's madness, of which the reader will find a curious account in Cottle's "Reminiscences," but confine myself to his benefactor and fellow-sinner, De Quincey, who resolved to conquer the habit, and reduced his dose to forty grains daily. Instantly, as if by magic, the cloud which rested on his brain was lifted, and he was happy, and ought to have been, for he was about to be married. The woman whom he loved, and who loved him, was named Margaret Simpson. She was the daughter of a Westmoreland farmer, a massive, upright character, who had read a great deal of the literature of his country, and from whom she inherited intellectual tastes. He was a courageous man to let his daughter marry De Quincey at the age of eighteen. A more gracious or a more beautiful lady never was seen. She was of a steady mind, tender and deep in her excess of love, full of patient good sense and readiness of service, and was an admirable manager. Without her aid all record of bills paid, and to be paid, must have perished, and De Quincey's domestic economy gone into irretrievable confusion. He was a tolerably happy man till his thirty-second birthday, but after that time the Circean spell fell upon him more heavily than ever. Sleeping and waking became alike to him. At length he was afraid to sleep, and sat up all night and the following day. Sometimes he lay down in the day, and had his family sit round him and talk, hoping to draw an influence from his outward into his inner world—but in vain. He seemed to live and to converse, when awake, with his visionary companions much more than with the realities of life. "Oh! what do you see, dear? What is it that you see?" was the constant exclamation of his wife, by which he was awakened as soon as he had fallen asleep, though to him it seemed as if he had slept for years. The tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself in his dreams. It often appeared upon the rocking waters of the ocean, which was paved with innumerable faces upturned to the heavens: faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged up by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries. Then there came an indescribable sense of physical horrors, ugly birds, snakes, and crocodiles. He was compelled to live with the crocodiles for hundreds of years. He escaped sometimes, and was in Chinese houses with cane tables and sofas, the feet of which were instinct with life—the abominable head of the crocodile, with his leering eyes, looking out at him multiplied into a thousand repetitions. The dream was broken by gentle voices speaking to him, and he instantly awoke. It was broad noon, and his children were standing hand-in-hand by his bedside. They had come to show him their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let him see them dressed for going out. The transition from the crocodile to the sight of innocent human natures and of infancy was so awful that he wept as he kissed their faces.

The liberality of De Quincey from his twenty-third to his thirty-fifth year was greater than his means warranted. He did not have a friend that was not welcome to his purse, and many of his friends (Coleridge, for example) were of the kind to whom anybody's purse was welcome. By the time he was thirty-six the greater part of his patrimony had melted away, and it was with a heavy sense of work before him that he made another mighty struggle to give up opium. He went up to London to live by his pen, and went as a matter of course to see the Lambs, who placed him by their own fireside, where he could say as much or as little as he pleased. Lamb introduced him to Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, the publishers of the *London Magazine*, who introduced him to their contributors as they were assembled round their hospitable table in Fleet Street. There he met Talfourd, with whom he had become acquainted in the Middle Temple thirteen years before; Hood, who was a sort of sub-editor of the *Magazine*; Reynolds, his brother-in-law, who assisted him in writing his "Odes and Addresses," and was himself a poet of high promise; Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, who was then a lion; Cunningham, also a poet, and the head-man of the sculptor Chantrey; Darley, the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, and a charming poet; Hazlitt, metaphysician and critic, who was about to make a donkey of himself by falling in love with the daughter of a tailor; Wainwright, dandy and poisoner; and Proctor, sweetest of England's lyrical poets. *Barry Cornwall* did not take kindly to De Quincey, whom he found by no means genial or unbending, and whom he did not like in the least. The most famous writer on the *London Magazine* when De Quincey began to write for it was Lamb's shadowy *alter ego* "Elia;" but it was not long before he was eclipsed by an "English Opium-Eater," whose "Confessions" were given to the public through its pages. They were immensely successful, both with the public and with men of letters. Sir James Mackintosh read them with more delight than he could express; Horace Smith had seen nothing so original and interesting in periodical literature; and James Montgomery wrote a series of articles about them in the *Sheffield Iris*. These famous papers were written in a little room at the back of 4 York Street, Covent Garden, which speedily became a busy literary workshop, turning out translations from the German, and a characteristic series of "Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been neglected," which Lamb, with De Quincey's assent, parodied, in one of his liveliest papers, "A Letter to an Old Man whose Education has been neglected." From this wonderful place proceeded the wonderful novel of "Waldmör," which some impudent German hack had perpetrated to meet the demand for a new story from the pen of Scott, which that year was not forthcoming for the Easter Fair at Leipsic, and which De Quincey transfused into English, making the German perpetration only a groundwork for his own. His fame grew rapidly, and publishers were anxious to have him write for them, among others Mr. Charles

Knight, who found him as helpless in every position of responsibility as when he paced Oxford Street looking for his lost Ann. Mr. Knight invited him to his house in Pall Mall one summer when his family were out of town, and he tells a story to the effect that he tapped at his chamber-door to bid him good-night, and found him at the window habited like a prize-fighter when he enters the ring. "You will take cold," exclaimed Mr. Knight. "Where is your shirt?" "I have not a shirt—my shirts are unwashed." "But why not tell the servant to send them to the laundress?" "Ah! how could I presume to do that in Mrs. Knight's absence?" On one occasion while he was staying at Mr. Knight's he expected a remittance from his mother, which would enable him to return to his family at Grasmere. During Mr. Knight's absence he took his box away; a clew to his lodgings was obtained, and he was found in a miserable place on the Surrey side of the Waterloo Bridge. He had received a large draft on a London banker at twenty-one days' sight, and, going to Lombard Street, was astonished to learn that he could not get the money till the draft was due. He produced it to Mr. Knight, who told him to come to him in the morning, and he would give him the cash for it. "What? How? Can the amount be got before the draft is due?" "Never fear; come then, and you shall go home as fast as you came."

The loss, within a period of four years, of his youngest and eldest sons, and of his wife, left De Quincey a widower of fifty-two, with three boys and three girls, and a mind unhinged with sorrow. After his wife's death he fancied that the children were too much for him; they were noisy, and intruded on him in his study, so he took lodgings for himself in another part of Edinburgh, and two or three years afterward went with his daughters to Lasswade. He changed his lodgings frequently, having at one time as many as four different ones, for all of which he paid rent. He had relapsed into opium again, reaching about five thousand drops a day, and had set to work resolutely to subdue the habit. His garden at Lasswade became a sort of tread-mill, in which he took his daily exercise to the extent of fifteen or twenty miles. In ninety days he walked a thousand miles—walked, walked, until he could say, "And the man was sitting clothed, and in his right mind." In June, 1844, he brought his dose down to six grains a day, and never much exceeded it, since it caused him such nervous suffering. His three daughters—Margaret, Florence, and Emily—were the light of his eyes, the eldest, Margaret, being the head of his cosy little cottage. Three sisters loving each other more he never knew or heard of, he told Miss Mitford, and it gladdened him beyond measure to hear all day intermitting gayety and laughter from their little drawing-room. He could not be broken of some of his peculiar habits, such as writing at night, refreshing himself with rivers of tea and coffee, going to bed in the early hours, waking at mid-day, and wandering round the country, or in the pleasant lonely lanes near his house. If by some chance the

day was not so spent, he indulged in starlight rambles—a thin, light figure in odd habiliments, in list shoes, advancing silently through the darkness.

His presence at Lasswade was the signal for a crowd of beggars who *would* tell him their doubtful stories, and who *did* get his money—the largest share going to borrowed babies and drunken old women. He set a morbid value upon his papers, and their not being disturbed. They accumulated till he was "snowed up," which meant that there was not an inch on the table to set a cup upon; that his bed could not be made up for the weight of papers there; that there was not a chair that could be used for sitting on; and that the track from the door to the fireplace had been cut off even for his own careful treading. When his lodging had reached this state of things, he locked the door and went elsewhere. He was a reassuring man for nervous people to live with—the commonest incident in his household at night being the casual remark, "Papa, your hair is on fire;" of which a calm "Is it, my love?" and a hand rubbing out the blaze, was all the notice taken. So passed the days and nights, and months and years, of Thomas De Quincey, opium-eater, scholar, author, and man of genius.

The early friends and literary contemporaries of De Quincey dropped off one by one—Coleridge and Lamb in the same year, Hood, Hartley Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and last his life-long friend Wilson. He was growing old, and his health, which was never strong, was becoming feebler. The slightest extra effort wearied him; laudanum lost its effect, and his sleep was broken and fitful. Just after his seventy-fourth birthday a physician who had been summoned to see him found him in his parlor sitting on a sofa, but resting his head on a cushion placed before him. He came again and again, and found him weaker and weaker. At last he refused all food.

One night when his landlady's sister had left him and his daughter had taken her place, he woke up, and she saw that he was anxious about something. She went and sat down by him, and he said he was grieved at the coarse manners of some rough fellows. What had they done? Well, she knew that he and the children were invited to the great supper. Did she know what supper he meant? No. Well, he was invited to come and bring the children to the great supper of Jesus Christ. Wishing them to have suitable dresses, he had them all dressed from head to foot in white; but some rough men in the streets of Edinburgh jeered at and made the children ashamed. His daughter Margaret was sent for, and great was his pleasure on seeing her. "How is mamma?" he said; nor would he address her by any other name. Toward evening his weakness became extreme. "Mamma, I cannot bear the weight of clothes upon my feet." His daughter pulled off the heavy blanket, and wrapped a light shawl around his feet.

"Is that better?"

"Yes, my love, I am better in every way. I feel much better. You know these are the feet that Jesus washed."

As the night wore on, his physician came and sat with his daughters. Twice only was his breathing interrupted by words. He had for hours failed to recognize his children, but they heard him murmur distinctly: "My dear, dear mother. Then I was greatly mistaken." As the waves of death rolled faster and faster over him, he threw up his arms, which to the last retained their strength, and said, as if in great surprise: "Sister! sister! sister!" The loud breathing became slower and slower; and, as the world of Edinburgh awoke to work and life that December morning, all that was mortal of Thomas De Quincey fell asleep forever.

AWAKENING.

I THINK I could do without you,
Perhaps, while the sky is fair,
And the infinite smile of Summer
Glowes in the golden air;
When Earth with its myriad whispers
Breathes in the ear of Day
The secret of that great glory
That waits her—far away.

For, indeed, there are fairer faces
That shine more bright in the sun,
And voices whose tones, it may be,
More smoothly and sweetly run;
And when over vale and meadow
Peace, like a mantle, flows,
Who dreams of the distant battle,
Who doubts the heart of the rose?

But when to a night of sorrow
Rises a day of scorn;
When out of the smile comes treason,
And out of the rose a thorn;

When the soul is sick with thinking
Of the plots and the lies of men,
Of life and life's long travail—
Could I do without you then?

O heart, more true and tender
Than ever was heart before!
O hand, whose faithful clasping
Holds fast for evermore!
O sweet, pure soul, unchanging
Through doubt and loss and pain,
Shall I, so slow to know you,
Know now at last in vain?

Behold, I come and whisper:
"Weary and bruised and hurt,
I plead for grace, not honor—
For mercy, not desert!"
Will you stretch your hand and lift me
Out of my own unworth?
For I know I can do without you
Never again on earth!

A WEEK IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

IT was a glorious September morning when I first awoke in a remote Highland inn, after sleeping off the effects of a tiresome journey, during which I had incessantly to look after the few *impediments* with which, as an unhampered and unfastidious American, I had contented myself during my brief sojourn in the "mother-country." It was, in truth, a faultless day—the deep azure of the heavens seeming to be almost tangible, the air soft and caressing, and redolent of that balmy fragrance which is the most exquisite charm of a day in autumn. Looking through the window, I could see the narrow vale of Glen Nevis, with its shallow, silvery stream meandering between banks just fringed with a vivid green, that died away imperceptibly into the dark-brown heather which clothed the valley and the mountain-side. On each side extended a range of low hills, whose slopes were striped with the torn channels of wintry torrents, now dry and overgrown with stunted birch and purple heather-blossoms. There was a stillness and languor in the hazy atmosphere that was suggestive of our own sweet Indian-summer; for it was the same sweet, silent, solemn sky—that faint memory of summer in which consists the frailty of surpassing loveliness, to which we give the sadly-suggestive name of the "Indian-summer."

There was a smart knock at my door. "Come in!" The door was gently half-opened, and a head—such a head!—protruded toward me. It was that of a young lad, with a look of age on his smoky face—a face that was nearly annihilated by the masses of unkempt, tow-like thatching that fell over it. Seizing a handful of that colorless, perplexed garniture of his, and nodding with dislocating emphasis, he said, "Her breakvost is wetting," and vanished. On descending into the sanded parlor of the little inn, I found an ample meal prepared of eggs, fresh trout, and wheaten "scones," of which I heartily partook, under the superintendence of the hostess, a fresh-looking matron in muslin cap, or "mutch," and homespun gown. During my rather vigorous performance, two little wonder-struck urchins, in tartan frocks, kept gazing at me, finger in mouth, that was surrounded with the stain of molasses, as if I were quite a new specimen of humanity. On mentioning my curiosity regarding the shock-headed waiter to the good lady, she laughingly said: "And, indeet, it was no other but chust Jan McTougal, the parish idiot, and he is a very good, wise laad—that laad, though he not know the English ferry well."

I bore a letter of introduction from a London friend to a gentleman in Fort William, named McIntyre, who was a superintendent of excise; and after breakfast I walked along the pretty, white, winding road into the village. Fort William is an Inverness-shire village of some two thousand inhabitants, situated on Loch Linnhe, and, from its situation at the southwestern extremity of the Caledonian Canal, along which swarms of pleasure-seekers travel on

their way to the moors, lochs, mountains, and wild but picturesque scenery of the western Highlands, it presents an appearance of great bustle and liveliness during the summer months. The Caledonian Canal was constructed by the Government at enormous expense, to connect Lochs Ness, Oich, and Lochie, so that even frigates-of-war might pass from the North Sea to the Atlantic without making the dangerous passage of the Pentland Firth; but, from want of depth and other causes, it has not yet been of much use—except to the flourishing Glasgow Steamboat Company, that sways its large passenger-trade.

On my arrival I received a truly Highland welcome, at which the inevitable decanter, containing the colorless fluid so much beloved by the inhabitants, was present. My entertainer was a hale old man, with a family of one son and six daughters. On further acquaintance, the girls proved to be charming company, full of fresh, boisterous spirits and ready wit, and not at all behind their peers of the city in mental accomplishments, even if their accent might not have been up to the Belgravian standard. The son, Ronald, was as fine a specimen of manhood as it has been my lot to see. It was a positive delight to gaze upon him, for he impressed me with the grand possibilities of even our physical conformation. He was six feet four inches in height, and proportionably built; with piercing gray eyes, a wealth of color, and glossy black hair. And he was—what to my inquisitive propensities was not quite so attractive—as meek and reticent as a nun; but this reticence by no means proceeded from lack of either learning, humor, or sociability.

On the third morning of my visit, the McIntyres took me to a shooting-party, called together by the local proprietor, Lord Abinger. The party numbered thirty, besides a score or so of "gillies" to load and prime, for most of the sportsmen had two fowling-pieces each. There was a fine stretch of moorland before us, dotted with those heathery knolls so dear to the red grouse; on our left, at some distance, was a fresh-water loch, with a border of fen, that was strongly suggestive of teal and snipe; and looming grandly on our right was the king of the British mountains—Ben Nevis. When all was ready, the party broke up into knots of twos and threes, extending over a considerable distance, and then began the "gentle sport" in earnest, for it was an unusually favorable season. Before that incomparable day expired, and the sturdy ponies were laden with the rich and beautiful spoil, I saw enough to lead me to the belief that perhaps the most interesting sport to be found anywhere is the shooting along the foot of the Scottish mountains. One never knows what an acre of ground may produce. It may be a hare, rabbit, partridge, duck, snipe, plover, woodcock, or any of the grouse family except the ptarmigan—so that at the close of the day there may be half a dozen different varieties in the game-bag. And the best of it is,

that one need not over-exert himself, for often within gunshot of a farm-house, on the outskirts of a hamlet, in a turnip-field just within hail of the mansion, round some abrupt turn of the highway, down the rugged slope where the tangled brushwood is uninvaded from season to season, across the rude, moss-covered dike—anywhere and everywhere, the sportsman may be on the alert. This, at least, is surely a bright result of the once-detested game-laws; and, although the right of shooting is reserved exclusively to those who can pay heavily for it to the local proprietor, to the English “milor,” who hires half a county for the gratification of his destructive propensities, or to the pursy and ubiquitous London wine-merchant who, by dint of his golden staff, pushes his way into the ranks of the blessed, yet every straw-thatched cottage in the district reaps substantial and savory benefits from the incessant musketry which enlivens the Highland moors during the season.

There is sometimes, of course, a sad waste of powder. The vexatious snipe, for instance, is admirably calculated to try the patience and unruffle the starchiness of the cockney millionaire, as he may shoot a whole month at one and never kill it. The baffled look of rage and despair on the vinous face of the city novice, as “Jeems,” with a dry, palatal chuckle and a well-assumed stare of stolid indifference, hands him his piece over and over again without results, would throw Mephistopheles himself into ecstasies of cynical delight.

At two o'clock the party assembled in a birch-copse for luncheon. Troops of ladies were there to meet their fathers, husbands, or brothers; and among them the brilliant Countess of S—, formerly—as I was informed by a clansman, with a look of unmitigated disgust—London *prima donna*, and now the best equestrienne and the most unconventional character in the county. “But,” continued this kilted autocrat, with grim satisfaction in his icy tones, “she is never received into society whatever; and she gallops about more like a man than as a lady, and moreover a countess, should.”

“But surely,” I said, “she must have *some* home society?”

“Yes—no; she lives the most of her time, except when she is in London, away yonder in Banchory, in a beautiful castle on the Spey, near the foot of Cairngorm;” and he pointed toward the dim, blue outline of the noble central Grampians. “There must be something wrong with her,” he continued, in an awed undertone, “for she never goes to church! But she is *ferry* good to the poor—oh, *ferry* good!” This he said with a look of suddenly becoming conscious that he might have been too sweeping in his censure of a lady to one who was a perfect stranger to him.

My curiosity, generally lively, was stimulated; and—pardon me, ye who are ever and justly jealous lest a citizen of the Great Republic should demean himself by sycophancy or grandeeworship—I stationed myself where I might fairly examine this *mala avis*. Superb! She was standing in a careless attitude, listlessly caressing a gigantic mastiff,

which seemed not unaccustomed to such homage; and, as she left him to speak to her attendant, I could scan her perfect *physique*, the bewitching figure, the ineffable grace of bearing and movement, the sweet but pensive expression on the pale, noble face, and heartily could I say, “*Incedit regina!*”

“Whatever is the matter with the man?” exclaimed Ronald McIntyre, close at my side. I started, and must have looked confused, for he laughed aloud, and, shaking his head, said: “Ah, Gordon, my boy, beware! Come along with me, and let me introduce you to a countrywoman of your own, who is a gem of a woman; only I am sorry to say this climate of ours has made sad havoc with her looks, and health as well—she is a confirmed invalid, poor lady!”

“Who is she?” I asked, with some impatience, and feeling that strange, yearning outgoing of the heart that the meeting with one's country-folk in a foreign land awakens.

“Come and see,” he replied.

We approached a group of chatty people who were standing around an open carriage, and a portly gentleman, with the unmistakable stamp of Britain on his face, turned round and cordially took my hand as Ronald said, “Lord Abinger, my American friend, Mr. Gordon.”

“I am glad to see you, sir—glad to see you. This is Lady Abinger, who, as your countrywoman, is naturally pleased to meet you,” he said, while the rest of the group edged away.

The worn and delicate little woman, half reclining in the carriage, held out her hand, and in a faint but kindly voice, and with a glimmer of enthusiasm in the poor, faded eyes, expressed her pleasure at meeting her countryman.

“The Highlands don't suit *me*, at least, Mr. Gordon. I have only been ten years in the country, going all the while from Inverlochy here to London, and from London to Inverlochy, in search of health, but only getting weaker at every turn.” I expressed my profound regret. “But why,” she said, brightening up, “don't you ask me what is my native State?”

“Oh, I wait for your ladyship to tell me. The inquisitive spirit must be kept within bounds on this island, I believe.”

“Well, I suppose I must shock your Northern instincts—Mr. McIntyre told us you are a New-Englander—by telling you I am a daughter of an officer in the Confederate Navy. There! What do you say to that?”

“Only that I am extremely sorry to see in your ladyship so melancholy a type of the fortunes of that cause,” I replied, with some feeling.

“I am not quite sure whether I ought to take such an expression of sympathy as that in good part or not,” she said, playfully.

I was warmly invited by Lord Abinger to call at Inverlochy Castle, and offered the freedom of moor and mountain; but the time I had at my disposal only admitted of my calling to say farewell before my departure, and, meanwhile, I was anxious to make the ascent of Ben Nevis, to see Glencoe, and

to get a flying glimpse at the strange medley of people who make the floating population of Fort William during the "season."

Evening came, with its long, delightful twilight, and I returned with my friends to the village. After dinner I retired to write letters, but I must have been more fatigued than I felt, for I had no sooner sat down in the ponderous arm-chair than I fell off into a dreamless nap, which must have been of some duration; for, when I awoke, it was with a sensation of cold and discomfort, and my room was getting dark and gloomy. I looked in amazement through the window across Loch Linnhe to the Argyleshire coast, and lo! a scene of such drizzly desolation as draweth the cheer from the heart of the son of man!

Loch and adjacent mountains were steeped in rain and mist; darkness brooded over the moor; the green slope of Ben Oig was changed to a yellowish brown, and streaked with brawling torrents; and the one rambling street of the little town sloopy and deserted, and overcast with that appalling dreariness which is to be found in its very acme only in a seaward town during a rain-and-mist storm. Not an honest, blustering, angry storm. I am patriotic! Not only so, but I can gaze hopefully at a whirlwind of temper, while I loathe sullenness, or, as the Scotch used to call it, "strunts," in their own very incisive but now almost discarded language. Therefore give me a merciless Vermont tempest, that descends at once in all its might and fury and exultant ferocity, only to be forthwith rent and hurled back into Erebus at the peremptory, relentless beck of his solar majesty; give me that, trebly enraged, before the mean, oozing, pervading, silent, disheartening clamminess of embrace of a Highland rain-mist. Was there ever a Scottish poet who left his own country to look on other skies, and, having returned to it, sang its soaking glories in the tender but knew-nothing-better strains of his youth? It is not the heavens that seem to rain in Western Scotland; it is the earth itself that appears to be throwing up this sombre, pale exhalation of miasmatic vapor. When, oh, when, did the Princess of Thule live, that she should have been so highly favored beyond other mortals of the damp-and-erie-hating order? I thought of poor Lady Abinger, and thought, too, she might well be faded!

"And the waters prevailed over the land" two days and two nights, and when at last the plague had expended its force, and I was timidly contemplating the feasibility of a walk, young McIntyre burst in upon me with an open letter in his hand, exclaiming:

"Come, old fellow, I promised you a glimpse of the older Highland life, and I am going to give it you. Chieftain McNab, who reigns fifteen miles away, has sent me an invitation to be present at a gathering of his almost extinct clan, and for your sake I don't mind if I go."

"But when shall we visit Glencoe?" I asked; for I was less enthusiastic about bagpipes and usquebaugh than about mountain-cap and yawning gully.

"As soon as we return. We shall be gone only a day or so."

After riding for four hours over the long reach of elevated moorland called "The Braes of Lochaber," a district which seems to be, in its entirety, under mediaeval Romish control, we passed a gray, cold-looking Catholic chapel, surrounded by a few fields of "clover" and "stooked" oats, and we were within the territories of the McNab. A sharp bend of the road brought us close to the residence, and at my wish we halted for a space to take its bearings. It was merely a large, square, and rather uncouth-looking tower, overgrown with masses of ivy. The grated and irregular windows told that the walls were of enormous thickness; a corbeled battlement surmounted the top, from the stone bartizan of which the standard of the owner was floating. The situation of this primitive fortalice was well chosen—it was perched upon a projecting crag, which overhung a small but beautiful sheet of water, having in its centre an islet, with the ruins of a chapel. The light-green birch, and sepulchral pine, flourishing wild and thickly, grew close to the edge of the loch, and cast their dark shadows upon its now unruffled surface. Around, the hills rose abruptly from its margin; some of them were covered with foliage to the summit, and others bare and bleak, with the exception of the whin-bush or purple heather; while, dimly seen in the distance, rose the misty crest of Ben Nevis. A little *clachan*, or hamlet, consisting of about twenty green-thatched cottages, clustered together with kail-yards behind, occupied the foot of the ascent leading to the tower; these were inhabited by the tenants, farm-servants, and herdsmen of McNab. A few men were about the fields in shirt and kilt; and three or four old women, clad in the varied tartan of their name, and their heads ensconced in stiff, white "mutches," sat busily spinning on turf-seats before their doors. The whole scene was intensely interesting and patriarchal, and I could have gazed longer, only we were drawing attention to us, and therefore we made our way straight for the tower-gate, where our entertainer was waiting to receive us, surrounded by his unbonneted retainers. Erect in person, stately in step, graceful in deportment, and strong and athletic in form, he appeared in every respect the genuine Highland gentleman as he advanced to bid us welcome in a few but pithy words. He was verging on seventy, but his eye was clear, keen, and bright, and his weather-beaten cheek and expansive forehead were tinged with a ruddy tint that made him look the impersonation of health. Unlike his servants, who wore the dark tartan of their clan, he was attired in the usual dress of a country gentleman, and wore his silver locks thickly and unnecessarily powdered, and gathered in a thick cue behind.

After exchanging the usual courtesies, we ascended a winding staircase, preceded by a servant in tartan, and were ushered into the hall, or principal apartment it contained, the roof of which was a stone arch. At one side was a large fireplace, on the mouldered lintel of which appeared the crest and

badge of the clan. At each end of the chamber was a window of moderate size, with a stone mullion in the form of a cross ; one commanded a view of the loch and neighboring forests, and the other the distant outline of the Ben Nevis group. The walls were adorned with hunting, fishing, and shooting apparatus, sylvan trophies, intermixed with targets, claymores, Lochaber axes, old muskets, matchlocks, and a hundred other curiosities. The furniture was of oak, and old, black mahogany, massive and much dilapidated. A few old, faded portraits hung on the blackened walls ; one was that of a stern old Highlander, whose white beard flowed over his belted plaid, and who seemed to scowl disapprovingly at us.

We passed the remnant of the evening in conversation, and I discovered how much a generous course of reading may do for a man who is practically shut out from the world. For the rest, of course, the McNab was one of the few chieftains who still adhere tenaciously to the old *régime* of clansmanship, who have canonized Prince Charlie, accepted under protest the Hanoverian dynasty, deplore the degeneracy of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and maintain that the bagpipe was instituted by Gabriel in solemn conclave of the first-grade seraphim.

We passed the next day in the hills—after the red roe and fat black-cock. I did not see much game ; and, feeling somewhat indisposed for exertion, I wandered alone among the mountains overlooking the village. Toward the afternoon I retraced my steps to the tower, and just as I was issuing from a stunted pine-grove I came upon two gigantic fellows bearing on their shoulders a stout pole, from which was suspended by the heels a large deer. Its branching antlers trailed on the ground, which was sprinkled with drops of warm, red blood falling from its dilated nostrils and a death-wound in its neck, which had been gashed across by the murderous *skian-dhu*. A number of red-eyed dogs accompanied them, displaying in their forms the long and muscular limbs, voluminous chest, and rough, wiry coat of the old Scottish hound—a noble animal, once common over all Scotland, but now very rare.

At six o'clock we dined solemnly on salmon, grouse, and venison-steak, with crisp oat-cake, pungent blue cheese, and smoky-tasted but excellent cold toddy by way of dessert. Meanwhile the old piper of the family was pacing with stately, consequential air to and fro under the windows, with the expanded bag of the *pibroch* under his arm, blowing from its long chanter and three huge drones that “tempest of dissonance” which, by-the-way, Virgil must have had in his mind’s-eye when he wrote the three words, “Stridens Aquilone procilla !” And truly he himself was a sight to see. Though low of stature, and about sixty, he was of a powerful and sinewy make ; his face was rough and purple from drinking and exposure to the weather—now, owing to his delightful preoccupation, doubly purple ; his long, sandy whiskers curled round beneath his chin, and grew up to his eyes, which twinkled and glittered fierily beneath their shaggy brows ; a smart blue bonnet, set jauntily very much over the right

eye, gave him a knowing look ; his knees, where exposed by the *fileadh-beag* (kilt), were hairy and rough as the hide of the roebuck ; his plaid nearly swept the ground behind him, and a richly-mounted dirk, eighteen inches long, hanging on his right side, completed his attire. But it was the expression of serene self-satisfaction, of exuberance of content, on the fellow’s face when for a moment he would withdraw his mouth from the chanter, and the gingly, dainty spring of his gait, that struck me as being the most inimitable and soul-satisfying combination of the pompous and ridiculous that mortal man need wish to witness. I fervently blessed the fellow in my heart of hearts ; it was too good to laugh at—it was a thing to treasure up, and set against all the absurdities that Leech ever conceived.

At night we had a symposium extraordinary around the massive old table. Those present numbered fully seventy stalwart men—some of them of other clans. They were reticent and courteous to a man, though some, through whose girlish shyness I succeeded in making a breach, displayed a quiet, unobtrusive humor that was absolutely winning and graceful. There were no ladies in the company—the only female in the house being the cook, an old Frenchwoman, who, as I was told, “knows more of history and of the ways of courts than all the compilers in Great Britain.” I have not the slightest doubt of it, and I regret to this day that I had no time to “interview” her. Pipers were there in plenty, though, and a few of their hated rivals—the “fiddlers” of Neil Gow’s untutored but bold and expressive school ; toasts were solemnly yet vociferously drunk ; the difficult and graceful but Saxon-abused and Saxon-misconceived “sword-dance” was executed by six men in succession to the bounding though half-mournful tune of “Gillie-Callum ;” and rambling monotones of ancient legend were crooned, that would have led captive the Celtic-loving heart of Professor Blackie. To me, as being an American Sassenach, and therefore wearing the sacred character of a “strange guest,” a special honor was accorded. On the benches along each side of the table stood two ranks of kilted worthies, with the left foot on the table, and the right hand grasping a silver-lined horn “quioch” full of the pale nectar ; and while six pipers, drawn up at the head of the table, sounded the clan-pibroch, the toasters—after shouting in hoarse concert in Gaelic, “Up with it ! up with it ! down with it ! down with it ! now ! now ! now !”—drained off their horns, and I—was matriculated.

When we rode slowly homeward early the next morning, there was such a vile, leaden feeling over my temples, and my scattered recollections were so interspersed with compunctionous twinges, that I felt strongly inclined to quarrel with Ronald. It is the orthodox thing, and it “comes so natural”—to seek out a scapegoat on which to vent the spleen that is generated by one’s own disturbed conscience. I felt under a confused impression of having been admitted, in my dreams, among the Olympian divinities, and of having been stupefied by discovering, on

gaining the summit of the sacred mountain, that I was unmistakably removed beyond the influence of the law of gravitation, and that the Muses were horrible ogresses with shaggy beards and raven voices. After riding for a whole hour in silence, I ventured to look in my companion's face. Yes, the scoundrel was actually laughing!

"What a heathenish mess that was you took me to, McIntyre!" I burst out on him—just to save myself from laughing with him, for I felt that I was rapidly evolving the ridiculous. It was of no use—we both roared out with a vehemence which startled a terrified hare into a mad scamper, and sent a covey of moor-fowl whirring away with pell-mell rapidity. When we regained some measure of quiet and reason, Ronald said, with a lengthened visage :

"Upon my word, Gordon, I had no idea you Americans were so intensely appreciative of our national dance."

"As how?" I said, suspiciously.

"How! why, you did that sword-dance to perfection, only you kicked away the edge off McNab's best blade; and as for the hilt—"

But I heard no more—I was off in flight with the speed of the wind, and I shudder to think what my utterances may have been.

That afternoon we took passage by the steamer Mountaineer—one of the handsome, fast-sailing Hutcheson steamboats—to Ballachalish, a distance of ten miles; and hiring ponies at the pretty hotel of that port, we cantered up Glencoe, the wildest glen in Scotland, and the scene of the notorious massacre of the Macdonald clan. It was a fine, still evening, and though there was a thin veil of mist overhanging the upper part of the glen, still we had a fair opportunity of examining the dire confusion, and the innumerable elements of sombre grandeur which combine to make this wild spot one of the most striking of Nature's handiworks. We were altogether about five hours threading some of the most notable of its fastnesses, and scrambling over its huge, porphyritic rocks. From my notes I condense a few of its characteristics.

The glen consists of two parts, differing in direction, each about three miles in length, and separated by a low, rocky barrier. The lower or northwest end opens up Loch Leven—not Queen Mary's Loch Leven—and this portion of it is covered with rich verdure, and the course of the river marked by alder and birch trees spreading up the face of the lower slopes of the mountains, which terminate in naked and furrowed declivities of a singular but not attractive intermixture of colors. The character of the other division of the glen is that of unmixed wildness and grandeur. On the north side, porphyritic ranges rise into a continuous series of high, naked, sharp-edged, and serrated precipices. The mountains which form the southern boundary are rounder, yet loftier and more bold, and they project unequally into the glen. From the fastnesses—many of which are inaccessible—numerous torrents descend into the plain. The impending gloomy

precipices are really awful; their ragged outlines and bold front, seamed with torrents, and shattered by storms, form a scene not only wonderful but terrific. The mountains on the north side of the glen terminate so sharply as, at one particular spot, for a space of some yards, to resemble the roof of a house. To surmount this critical obstacle requires no little nerve and resolution, for the only way to advance is to sit astride and crawl cautiously along the narrow ridge; yet, as my companion told me, many fox-hunters do not hesitate to perform this trying adventure, burdened with both dog and gun. Nor is this the whole of the exploit, for a little farther on they have to leap a height of ten feet from the summit of the precipice to where the slope becomes so gentle as to make this practicable by care and dexterity. A pass of a different nature, and more avoided, because safety depends less on skill than accident, is on the face of the pass of Glencoe proper. It is a very steep gully, the sides of which are covered with loose stones, which any slight disturbance brings tumbling down in great quantities. McIntyre told me that five lives had been lost here in four years; and yet he recollects an old woman who, to a very advanced age, almost daily followed her small flock of goats up this dreaded hollow, unconcernedly engaged in spinning with her old-fashioned rake and distaff. The glen possesses three sheep-farms, and a few huts in the lower portion, but the latter are deserted in winter, and the owners of the former have their houses elsewhere.

My sleep was sound enough that night when, after returning to the now peaceful village, I sought my little room, into which the moon was shedding her pale, faint beams.

"Ronald, I have only two more days with you, my friend, and you know I vowed to make the ascent of the Ben before I left—you are not forgetting, are you?" I said to that worthy the next morning.

"No, Gordon," he replied, with a start; and, advancing impulsively to me, he seized both my hands, and continued, in kindly, earnest tones: "Couldn't you stay another week with us, old fellow? Why, I am only just getting to know you!"

I thanked him cordially, but showed him the necessity for my departure at the specified time.

"Well," he said, "there is a party to start tonight from the Caledonian Hotel, in order to be at the summit by sunrise, and we can join them by paying the guide his crown. I half promised a few friends of mine to bring you along with me to a spree they are having at the hotel this evening, and—"

"Ronald!" I interrupted, aghast, "I am not going to submit to being killed with kindness for any Mac that ever breathed. Thursday night's 'spree,' as you call it, will serve me my lifetime."

"Oh, this will be nothing of that kind, I assure you," he said, laughing; "it is a tribute of respect to one of our prominent steamboat owners who has won the affections of the people by annually giving the children of the western Highlands a trip to Staffa

and Iona. However, if you wish it, we shall merely look in on the company."

And a medley, in truth, I found the assemblage to be that were lounging about the spacious and handsomely-furnished rooms of this very fine hotel, in noisy and cheerful groups: clergymen, commercial travelers, cockney tourists, "younger sons," "dour" sheep-farmers, puffy lairds, strutting, consequential officers—military and civic—a sprinkling of ladies of the dowager type, and laughing knots of rosy maidens shyly "making game" of everything around them. One could hit off those faces and costumes to a nicety, and read in them nationality—English or Scotch—occupation, social status—almost everything; for the British face, Saxon or Celtic, takes very decidedly, despite its outworks of reserve, the cast of its prevailing god.

It was a clear, cool night when Ronald and I joined the little party of sun-worshippers who aspired to ascend four thousand three hundred and seventy-three feet of as bleak and perilous mountainslope as the Scotch mountains afford. We were driven in three coaches to the base of the mountain, where we arrived at twelve o'clock, with four hours left to make the ascent before dawn. On our way I had had a glance at the dark, crumbling walls of Inverlochy Castle, all that remains of a stronghold whose antiquity no Schliemann cares to ascertain; and also at the handsome modern structure of the same name occupied by Lord Abinger. At the Ben Nevis Distillery, which was to be our starting-point, and which nestles cozily in the shadow of the mountain, guarded by a *posse* of government "gaugers," we were each handed a flask of the "mountain dew," as inspiration for our journey; then, each man grasping his staff, and responding to the hoarse "Are—you ready?" of the guide, we marched away in pairs.

When we had accomplished the easier half of the ascent, most of us were suffering from intense thirst, and we halted beside a tiny stream to have a draught, qualified with a portion of the now warm contents of our flasks. There was little conversation: all seemed to have set themselves down to a piece of hard, silent work. The peak of the mountain was not yet visible, being far withdrawn behind the range, and we could only see above us a dark semi-circle drawn across the sky. As we slowly climbed the slope, picking our way among masses of rock and patches of strong, prickly heather, the precipices on our right and left were appalling in the dismal shadows which filled them; but the sense of power and calm self-possession was exceedingly sweet, as from time to time we paused to take breath and look around us. At last we emerged on a damp, barren plateau, and sighted the peak. Up the arch of the opposite heavens the moon, within one day of being full, was sailing. While for some minutes we leaned against the shattered boulders, which pointed their long, weird, parallel shadows toward the lurid northeast, she appeared exactly touching the cone of the mountain—the projection of the peak on the disk darkening for a time our faces to each other, and lifting off the plateau, as if by magic, the attenuated

reflections of the rocks. Only for a short though gloomy interval, however; for the queenly orb sailed aloft, cleared the mountain, and bore splendidly away through the tinted sky. The motion was quite visible, and resembled that of a vast balloon. All the lower portions of the mountain were deeply shaded, while the peak, craggy and irregular, was fully exposed to the raining moonlight, and it seemed to be swimming in a splendor that was intoxicating to behold. We traversed the plateau, and in less than another hour we had scrambled up the steep into the cold, ghostly moonlight, and simultaneously it seemed as if the rest of earth were extinguished to us; for beyond the circle of light all was darkness. And here was the pure perennial snow, very fine-grained and a little moist, and sending a chill through the body as we slowly walked across it to the rude stone shelter that was our goal. It consisted merely of blocks of stone that had been thrown confusedly together from east to west when it had been first discovered that Ben Nevis surpassed by a few feet both Ben Macdui and Cairngorm. We squatted down in compact order as best we could, and proceeded to draw on our flasks and sandwiches. A few lighted their pipes, and there was a faint attempt at jocularity, but it died away into space like an echo, while not a few were soon snoring in their rugs, in imminent danger of suffocation.

"You are lucky, shentlemen," said our guide, emphatically, after draining off Ronald's flask to the last drop. "We are koing to hef a ferry fine tay; and, intet, I hef known the nobility not to fare so well with the weather.—Thank you, Master Ronald, it is goot whiskey!" he concluded, returning the flask, after looking to see if there was any more left to make him further communicative.

As for me, exhausted as I was, and cold as were my extremities, I felt somewhat elated to observe that I was not a whit more worn than was my Herculean mate, who presently, with his plaid-enshrouded head poking into a niche in the rude wall, was locked in sonorous repose. I have heard soldiers snoring in their crowded tents after a sweltering, hard field-day; but nothing to compare with the melodious voluntaries on the top of that mountain.

"Ah, look yonder!" I heard some one, as in a dream, exclaim near me, in an earnest voice.

I rose up quickly. The moon was declining, and the eastern heavens, low down, were rapidly assuming a deep-purple hue, above which, and blending with it by infinitesimal gradations, there was coming out a belt of red, and over this again zones of orange and violet. At length a faint illumination overspread the west; no cloud was to be seen; as far as the weather was concerned, we were going to have fair play. The dawn advanced; the eastern sky became illuminated and warm. The sun had not yet smitten the snows of the lower mountain; but the whole eastern sky was becoming deep orange, passing upward through amber, yellow, and vague ethereal green, to the ordinary firmamental blue. Away to the north purple clouds were becom-

ing dimly defined, hanging perfectly motionless, and giving depths to the spaces between them. There was something saintly in the scene—a something that bewhispered the repression of all action, and the substitution for it of immortal calm. At last arose the great artist of all this, the sun, flooding the revealed panorama of hill and silver-lined vale and burning loch with unspeakable glory. Here and there along the lower slopes there appeared faint, white streaks of mist that lost transparency as the moments advanced. The gauzy haze of the distant air on our plane, though sufficient to soften the outlines and enhance the coloring of the seemingly endless mountains, was far too thin to obscure them. Over their crests and through the valleys the sunbeams poured unimpeded save by the mountains themselves, which in some cases drew their shadows in straight bars of darkness through the illuminated air. Far off to the southwest could be seen the island of Bute, resting like a couchant lion on the deep, and surrounded by a score of the islets that dot this portion of the Atlantic; and, perched on the woody face of every

sheltered bay, shone the white walls of some outlandish village port.

This strange, sweet light was fleeting, however. Soon the whole horizon assumed its normal morning colors, and heavy masses of cloud, hitherto invisible, or floating in the air like barges of gold and purple, put on the gray, dull livery of full day.

"Are—you—reddy—shentlemen?" croaked the authoritative voice of our guide.

The dangerous mists that almost daily infest the mountain were creeping up with mysterious celerity, and, if we wished to have an untroubled descent, we must go at once.

Our descent was rapid, apparently reckless, amid loose spikes, boulders, and vertical prisms of rock, when a false step would assuredly have been attended with broken bones; but the senses were all awake, the eye clear, the heart strong, the limbs steady yet flexible; and in three hours we sat down to breakfast in the village—I, for my part, feeling as I might if I had been just awakened from the pleasantest dream of my life.

THE SISTER ATHANASIA.

SITTING in Father Geron's little parlor, and looking dreamily through the window, past the neat white chapel buried in the pines and birches, to the broad expanse of the White-Horse Plains beyond, shimmering in the fervid heat of a June day, I am roused by the voice of the father resuming the thread of a discourse which, I fancied, had died out and been forgotten in the languor and silence of the past half-hour.

"Yes," he says, meditatively, in his broken English, "conscien', that is the bez guide, ain't id? I am a *Catholique*, you is a *schismatique*; I thing the confezion is right, an' you thing it is hall wrong. Well, then, I go ad confezion an' ged some res'; you go an' ged honly disturb'; *mais* 'tis a matt' of conscienc' wid us both the same. For you id h'would be a sin, *mais* for me id is hall right. A man he muz nod go again' his conscienc'."

When, without altering my position, I languidly assent to the father's proposition, he continues :

"Rilligion is a very strange. I know one time a man, he thing it was wrong to hear the music of the vesper. When I ask him what is the matt', he say, 'Tis me conscienc'—me rilligion; every man muz have the rilligion he like the bez.' Well, then, that man—he was the mox funny man that I never see—he learn to play hor the horgan, and he comes ad the vesper every Sunday evening. After some time he say, 'Where I'm goin' to fin' one priest to make me 'appy like dat?' an' he makes one *Catholique* of hisself, jus' for the music. Yass, an' he go ad the confezion, too!"

As if in unison with the father's monologue, there come floating in at the window, with the droning of the bees, the rustle of leaves, the scent of flowers, and the songs of birds in the birch-trees, the first plain-

tive notes of the vesper-hymn. The exquisite strains, softened by distance and chastened by the accompaniment of Nature's divine harmonies abroad in the air, fill the little room with a volume of sweetest sound; now a plaintive, entreating chord, like the feeble utterance of a despairing yet hopeful soul; again, an impassioned fullness, mounting upward like a whirlwind, and seeking to storm the very gates of heaven in its defiant yet triumphant melodies. For a moment we sit drinking in the strains, unwilling to mar the sombre yet delightful effects by speech or motion; then Father Geron slowly rises, and, donning his *soutane*, says, softly, as if still loath to break the subtle spell :

"*Allons, me fren', led us come yonder.*"

Passing through the shady and grass-grown churchyard, amid the fragrant flowers and shrubs which the sisters have planted wherever the rays of the sun, reaching down like amber fingers through the interstices of the branches, may impart a genial influence to their early blooms, we enter the chapel. The closed shutters of its stained windows lend a twilight gloom to the number of oak-carvings and time-stained decorations; and the cool atmosphere of comparative desuetude is in pleasing contrast to that shimmering ether which radiates over the plain in rippling undulations of fervid heat.

When the reverend father has passed on up to the altar, and I have almost unconsciously assumed a devotional attitude, a single voice from the choir begins the joyful notes of the "Gloria." Glancing up involuntarily, I discern through the half-light of the chapel the slender and symmetrical figure of the novice, Sister Athanasia, standing in the little organ-loft projecting from the side-wall. The perfect poise of her lithe figure, and the soft yet firm grasp of the

white hand laid carelessly upon the railing before her, tell of the perfect health and vigorous life which tingle to the ends of her shapely fingers. No form in all the land matches that of the gentle Sister in its shapely curves, its delicate firmness, its plastic and willowy equipoise, its clearly-cut definition, wanting only the full complement of years to ripen into generous fruition. She seems, in her graceful perpendicularity, to have carried the full water-pitcher upon her head from earliest youth, and to have acquired the art of never spilling a drop, whatever unstudied attitude she assumes. Standing in the small organ-loft, the sombre drapery of her order clinging in soft folds to every curve of a figure whose exquisite outline the white and unsightly bands and facings strive in vain to destroy, the magnetism of her strong individuality seems to impart a share of her own rugged strength and buoyant vitality, her firm assurance and perfect repose, to every feeble worshiper within sight of her superior presence. No trace of weak supplication, of doubtful assurance, is there, but a half-defiant, assertive, triumphant, yet softened and chastened expression of joyous tranquillity. One instinctively thinks of the Magdalene, and how fondly the old painters clung to her story.

But Sister Athanasia's is a beautiful face, nevertheless, with a Greek contour and a rich brown complexion toned by the semitransparent pallor of the cloister. Even the shapeless covering which crowns her lovely head seems converted by her marvelous beauty of feature into a fitting adornment. And, as she sings, every trace of earthly feeling passes from her features, leaving only that rapt beatitude which the old masters loved to bestow upon the pleading countenance of the Madonna. It expresses in its delicate sensibility every varying emotion of the vesper-hymn: now tender and pathetic, now grave, now almost gay, now breathing its own resolute, self-contained spirit. What exquisite modulation of tone, what purity and clearness of diction! And yet through and above all run a perfect poise, a calm assurance, an undisturbed tranquillity. No nerve quivers, no muscle trembles, no subtle emotion breaks the equilibrium of frame, or mars the perfect rest of feature.

To me who know Sister Athanasia's past history—how the blood of savage chiefs runs in her veins; how, transferred from the tents to the cloister, she has carried the independence of her old, wild, roving existence through all the rigid training of an ascetic life; how, at times, the dominion of a fierce and ungovernable will temporarily usurps the better instincts of long years of culture, defying control, and laughing the conventional rules to scorn—to me her physical vigor and mental poise afford no sense of wonder. Those who wander through Nature's groves catch the Sabæan odors in their dress, and afterward exhale the sweet perfume with every breath. For Sister Athanasia may be said to live two lives: the weaker, an outward compliance with the obligations and forms of the conventional order which, first adopting her, she for lack of better guardian afterward adopts; the stronger, the old

life, chafing under rigid discipline and constant restraint, and yearning for all that is free and roving in Nature—for the things of earth and air, for human passions and emotions, for something physical, tangible, real, for a sympathetic companionship, perchance for love. From this latter life spring her long walks across the plain at eventide, sandwiched between two working Sisters; her superabundant vitality, independent action, and frequent rebellions; the firm equilibrium of figure and assured bearing.

The firm, even chords of Sister Athanasia's voice sound clear and strong through the vespers in response to the monotonous sing-song of Father Geron. She stands, scarcely altering her position through the hour's service, like some antique statue of Nemesis, as clearly pronounced, as self-contained, as seemingly inevitable. The heat of the day brings, apparently, no sense of its warmth to her; she seems to rise above natural discomforts, as she does above the cramped surroundings in which she moves. When, later on, we have quitted the chapel and again pass through the shady churchyard, Father Geron shakes his head in comical dismay, as we watch her striding away with the mien of a tragedy-queen in the direction of the Sisters' residence; but, as the long twilight descends upon the plain, and we see the elastic figure of Sister Athanasia disappearing into the horizon, on one of her evening rambles, far in advance of the attending dragons, Sisters Propriety and Discretion, the good father's face lights up with a glow of pride in her vigorous life and supple freedom of limb, and he turns complacently to me with—

"Ah, me fren', you h'would nod confez to me, mais the moz rilligious man he h'would make de confez to de *Sœur Athanasie*, ain't id?"

The long summer months glide fervently by, and garrulous little Father Geron has departed on his accustomed itinerary to the Missions of the White Dog. Young Father Paul comes up from the seminary to recruit his slim figure in the bracing air of the Plains, and minister to the spiritual wants of the parish. He brings with him, besides his somewhat effeminate presence, the reputation of an ascetic, and a taste for natural history. Those who judge of the young priest's vitality by the slenderness of his figure are somewhat startled by the extent of his rambles, and the power of endurance he betrays. Beneath the loose folds of his ill-fitting *soutane* he conceals nerves of steel and muscles hardened by the severest exercise. A glance, too, at his pale face reveals to the spectator no trace of mental weakness. Father Paul's will is as strong, centric, and positive, as are the well-knit muscles of his slender frame. The negligent and improvident of the parish soon come to know this, and never seek to take advantage of his seeming infirmity but once. Every parochial duty is performed in due course and efficiently: the services at the little chapel recur regularly; the sick are visited, the penitents absolved; but no further intimacy with his flock is encouraged. The father wanders off upon the plain, or by the river-side, in search of his loved beetles.

and rocks, or buries himself among his books. Father Geron's little study comes gradually to assume the aspect of a cabinet of curiosities: the walls are studded with innumerable pins bearing burdens of bright-hued butterflies, hideous coleoptera, and many-colored insects; the tables and shelves groan under their lading of stones and fossils. As a consequence, Father Paul's light gun and shooting-jacket come to be more frequently seen than his *soutane* and cane, and his slender but elegant figure and pale face take on a fuller habit and richer coloring.

When young Father Paul chants the mass of a Sunday in the little chapel, the whole parish pauses to listen. The full, ringing rhythm of his voice, and its clear diction, are in pleasing contrast to the unintelligible mumbling of the regular incumbent. There is, too, a grace of action, a smoothness of routine, and a reverence in his manner, that enhances the subtle spell of the service. I think even Sister Athanasia has fallen under its influence. The indifference she betrays at the first service merges into curiosity, then interest, as the weeks roll on. The old calm, equable poise of manner, and self-contained bearing, give place slowly to the play of the emotions; until the supple form, which stood in the organ-loft through the long service without fatigue, now seems to require frequent changes of posture. The beautiful head, which in its airy poise was vaguely suggestive of assertion, even defiance, now droops hesitatingly. A certain tremulousness of frame and suppliant posture have changed the self-contained Magdalene into a pleading Madonna. Even the expression of the beautiful face alters somewhat. The firm, assured glance of the eye gives place to a timid, evasive look, as if in dread of encountering a returning glance; the mobile lips quiver with a curious embarrassment, and take on an expression of unwanted indecision; even the color surges over the face without apparent control, and, after a burning blush, leaves its pallor supplemented by a whiter hue. I observe, too, that when Father Paul glances into the organ-loft, to note the beginning of her chant, her eyes fall beneath his, and her voice rises with a perceptible tremor of tone. The rugged strength, the firm assurance, the perfect poise of her manner, are gone, and in their stead comes a tender womanhood—the wistful attitude, the pleading glance, the pathos of tears. The emotional nature supplants the dominion of abundant vitality, and the typical woman emerges from the chrysalis.

The long walks in which Sister Athanasia was formerly wont to indulge are gradually discontinued. From passing Father Paul upon his rambles with a charming indifference to his existence, a sudden coyness seems to possess her, and she avoids such encounters. When inadvertently meeting him, the constraint of her manner and her eagerness to escape would suggest aversion, were it not for a certain lighting up of feature and the roseate hues upon her cheeks. In lieu of the evening rambles, she devotes herself to the care of flowers, flitting in and out among the beds of waving blossoms, herself the

fairest flower of them all; or sits musing at her window, gazing absently across the plain where Father Paul is making his collections. Indeed, the youthful *être* seems to have time and attention for nothing else; and it is a matter of doubt whether the changing manner and infrequent greeting of his fair chorister have even suggested themselves to him. He goes upon the even tenor of his way, after the strict discharge of his parish duties, without apparently noticing the changing lives about him. So it happens that his clear voice chants the vesper-hymn of a Sabbath with its usual firm, reliant, melodious notes, while Sister Athanasia's once assertive contralto becomes subject to fitful changes. The neglect of all those cheerful exercises which once ministered to her abundant vitality, and sent the tide of life in healthful currents through her veins, tells upon one whose rich physical nature has hitherto been the prime condition of her being.

As the summer months wear slowly on, the changed appearance of Sister Athanasia takes on a deeper hue. Standing in the organ-loft, the droop of her rounded figure seems more clearly defined, and the old firm grasp of her hand upon the rail has given place to an uncertain tenure. The rich color which so lately came and went beneath the damask of her cheek is supplanted by a permanent pallor; the full ripe lips have drawn more sharply over the mouth, as if to conceal some secret which she scarcely dare breathe to herself, but which, buried in the recesses of her bosom, cowers among the ruins of her peace. The eyes which, but a few weeks since, fell beneath the glance of the father, now seek his with a wistful, yearning tenderness in their luminous depths. How eagerly she watches every graceful motion of his well-knit frame, and drinks in every tone of his melodious voice! How she pours out her soul in the vesper-hymns, so simple, so touching, so plaintive, breathing forth such a soul of wretchedness, of hope, of fear, that every listener is mute and silent! And how wan and woe-begone she looks when the vespers close, and she turns away from the place where the poor heart has been cheated into a momentary forgetfulness of its bitterness!

In the early autumnal days the Mission of White-Horse Plains is alarmed by a threatened inroad of Surcises. Father Paul's nomadic parishioners warn him that, on his long rambles, his light gun and shooting-jacket may attract the fire of some lurking savage. But the youthful priest never for a moment pauses in his eager search for strange coleoptera and forgotten fossils. True, the extent of his wanderings is circumscribed somewhat; but the *soutane* never supplants the many-pocketed shooting-coat to tell the peaceful calling of its wearer.

One evening it comes to be known that Father Paul has started upon his usual quest, and the dim torchlight fails to note his return. The scared parishioners gather in a little knot by the chapel, and discuss in anxious tones his probable wanderings. Across the churchyard I observe the white bands of the Sisters, standing expectantly upon the veranda of their residence. The dusky night-shadows are rap-

idly falling, blending all objects in a vague, indefinite outline. Out upon the plain a faint, almost imperceptible thread of umber marks the horizon-line. The evening wind sighs over the level expanse, bending the tall grasses with a mournful rustle ; and the wild-birds pass and repass with plaintive cry over the sedges which form their summer home. Suddenly the outline of a man is projected into the gloom—a man running with rapid and eager strides toward the chapel. Straight in he comes with slowly-decreasing rapidity of footstep, his slender form thrown forward, and the marks of exhaustion visible in his flagging gait. As he nears the inclosure, a second figure, more clearly cut, more sharply defined in its semi-nudity, rises from the wild-grasses. A resonant twang sweeps by on the night-wind, as the shadowy form sinks back invisibly to the earth again ; the swift runner pauses a moment in his rapid flight, throws his arms wildly above his head, staggers feebly, then falls upon his face to the ground. The long grasses close over his form, shimmering and bending beneath the breeze, and inexplicable loneliness again broods over the plain.

The little knot of parishioners, dazed by the sudden spectacle, regard each other in a stunned way devoid of vocal expression. They are scarcely con-

scious of the flitting of a woman's form across the churchyard and out through the long herbage of the plain—a form which throws itself wildly upon that other shadowy outline lying upon the dark grass, calling upon it in tender tones, caressing it with fond touches. How it pleads for its love ! With what a yearning tenderness it pillows the pale face upon its bosom, and calls upon the fainting spirit to return to life, to love ! What a pathos is there in the soft hands parting the hair from the damp brow, and what infinite affection in the luminous eyes ! How she wraps the slender form in her strong arms, and showers kisses upon the pale lips ! What a depth of misery in the plaintive wail that her love is dead ! What a joyous, triumphant hope upon her glorious face when returning life flickers up through the ashen death-hues !

My lord the bishop comes up the next day from the episcopal palace, and Father Paul is carried away to be nursed back to life and vigor. A light wagon, with an appropriate cover of inky blackness, and convoyed by stern old Father Antoine and the two dragons, journeys with Sister Athanasia toward the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE recent discovery of some new portion of John Keats's correspondence with friends and relations cannot but possess deep interest for those to whom English poetry, either in its present or past development, is a subject at all invested with attraction. It is true that the letters recently offered to the American public through the *New York World* by the poet's niece, Mrs. Speed, a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, are not all now published for the first time. Any one familiar with Lord Houghton's charming book will easily recall the one which begins "My dear Sis." This letter was written by John Keats to his sister-in-law in America, at a time when this lady's husband, George Keats, was in England effecting the settlement of his father's estate. It is a most charming and brilliant epistle, full of wit and grace. The fact of its having previously appeared in Lord Houghton's book should only serve to find new readers for that delightful volume.

The history of Keats's brief and melancholy career is widely enough known for the eminence of his present fame, when compared with the utter neglect shown him during his lifetime, to strike thousands with the sharpness of intense contrast. About fifty years ago this poet, who was then a mere boy of four-and-twenty, died in Italy, of a disease supposed by his friends to have been the result of literary disappointment and chagrin, attended by one devoted admirer and friend, Severn, esteemed but among very few a poet of anything like remarkable powers, and he himself feeling so convinced

that his efforts had been of little consequence and his short life a complete literary failure as to give with his dying breath the charge that "Here lies one whose name was writ in water" should be the motto inscribed upon his tombstone. To-day, after the lapse of half a century, we find that even the most ordinary details concerning this dead poet, provided they possess the least flavor of novelty, are deemed of sufficient importance by the public at large to fill a conspicuous place in one of our popular morning papers. There is a tremendous sort of antithesis in these two opposing strokes of circumstance. It is, indeed, almost vehement enough to stay at least momentarily the pen of some merciless reviewer, even though he may be most fixedly convinced of how worthless an affair is the book which he purposed to annihilate.

For many years to come time can have no tarnishing effect on the reputation of Keats, and it is, indeed, doubtful whether the literary world ever so keenly realized as in the present day how broad and salutary has been the influence of his unique and lovely genius. Keats's poetry was full of the most striking imperfections ; his warmest admirers will admit that between "Endymion" and his later poems there exists a wide artistic difference ; and it is probable that if he had ever reached the age of thirty even such exquisite work as "The Eve of St. Agnes" would have worn a certain comparative crudity beside mellower and maturer achievements. But no merely technical faults could from the

first conceal to such anointed eyes as those of Shelley and Leigh Hunt the splendid riches of that mind whose worth is now so broadly recognized. Keats's influence over modern poetry is, perhaps, greater than that of any dead English poet except Shakespeare. It was he who first showed us the marvelous possibilities of which mere expression alone is capable. He might, indeed, be called the very father of word-painting, that shamelessly-abused art, about which recent times have flung a sort of newspaper vulgarity, but which, if cultivated with a certain discriminating respect and wholesome avoidance of exaggeration, is beyond doubt a force full of admirable possibilities. He used words as the painter uses pigments, contrasting them in hundreds of beautiful ways, winning from them new effects of darkness or of light, of brilliancy or dullness, of dazzling radiance or full, gorgeous color. Picturesque writing was brought, through the special agency of his extraordinary poems, prominently and permanently into vogue. The line which describes autumn's "universal tinge of sober gold;" or that which fascinatingly tells us of how the young, love-thrilled Porphyro stood "ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star;" or the glimpse we get in the palace whence Madeline flies at midnight, of "the arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound;" or that exquisite simile, "as though a rose should shut and be a bud again"—all these are cases in point, taken at random from hundreds of similar ones.

There is no doubt that the poetry of Tennyson, trimly as it compares with the lavish, untrained luxuriance of Keats, is largely indebted for inspiration to the author of "Lamia" and "Hyperion." Passages constantly occur throughout Tennyson's writings in which this influence shows itself in a very marked way, and that it should exist is a fact none the less easily accountable than pleasantly true. Keats left to English literature a kind of vast poetic domain, ill-managed in various portions, here and there choked with rank overgrowths, sometimes requiring patient drainage, often demanding vigorous efforts of proper cultivation, but always, from its inherent resources of opulence, susceptible of the most valuable and superb improvements. Tennyson may be said to have thrown into terraces and parterres what Keats found in blooming wildness. There are some to whom this negligence of beauty will always offer stronger charms than anything like orderly sweetness, and perhaps for such reason alone the poetry of Keats will continue, through many years to come, wholly unaffected by the work of his more artistic and painstaking successors.

When we reflect upon the enduring attributes of this man's fame—how, like the ivy of his native land, it has steadily entwined its thrifty life about the stonework of English intellectuality; how the peculiar and delicious fragrance of his thought has become inseparable from all highest literary culture; and how his relation toward both preceding and subsequent poetry resembles one of those portions of some noble river which seems a lake, but is, in reality, only a broader interval amid the river itself—when these notable points are considered with due justice

to their importance, we cannot but feel that Keats, in dying at so early an age, lost far less than is generally believed. He lived, it is well known, in a period when literary jealousies would seem to have been more venomously alive than now: perhaps the remainder of his life might have been troubled with even keener disappointments than those which he had already experienced; and furthermore it is possible that those very qualities of glowing eloquence which made so exquisite a feature of his poetry written in early manhood, might not have redeemed, with advancing years, what then appeared such golden and exuberant promise. On questions of this sort, however, the most speculative opinions can alone be expressed; but surely, in a world where so many lives are wasted amid utter aimlessness, the man is to be congratulated who has purchased so much rare delight for his fellow-creatures, even at the price of his own wounded sensibility and premature death.

WE doubt if, notwithstanding all the talk current about liberty and constitutional guarantees, people are not at heart very generally lovers of Cæsarianism. Power, when it enforces our own ideas of things, is very apt to have a fascinating visage; obviously no man likes authority when it thwarts his own purposes, but usually it affords him great delight when it thwarts the purposes of other people. So inborn is the love of power, the passion for an authority which shall make all things conform to certain preconceived notions, that everybody's ideal community is a place where his conceptions of propriety and life are specially carried out. Every political dreamer's Utopia, for instance, is a land where a will of some kind operates to the suppression of all those things the dreamer believes to be wrong. The moralist loves to imagine a society in which all forms of evil, as he understands evil, are sternly restrained, and all forms of good beneficially encouraged, by an authority competent to attain these wise ends; and he is usually wholly indifferent to the encroachments upon individual liberty that may incidentally mark this (to him) righteous administration. The ecclesiastic is confident that, if the moral and mystic tenets of his creed were universally accepted, peace and harmony would bless all mankind, and hence naturally dreams of a catholic unity under one acknowledged head. The statesman permits his imagination to depict a community under the control of one trained and competent hand, where each interest is protected against all other interests, and order is enforced and prosperity secured by the wise and unquestioned administration of that ruler. In brief, people are always in love with arbitrary power when it is employed in furtherance of their own notions; they long for a Cæsar to put down everything they dislike, and uphold everything they like. This may seem too broad and sweeping, but as a generalization it is true, however much we may disguise the truth to ourselves. It is certain that every man, who thinks and feels at all, has in his heart the ideal of a perfectly-governed world, an ideal that is colored by his tastes and beliefs, and to which he cannot in his secret soul en-

dure opposition. That would be no ideal world to an ecclesiastic which tolerated heresy ; but what sort of ideal world would that be to a philosopher that did not permit the widest freedom of thought ? That would be no ideal world to a purist that did not overthrow the dominion of the senses ; but the poet's and artist's paradise is one where color and grace, and every form of beauty, hold the senses in rapture. The rich man's Elysium includes as one of its delights perfect service ; but the poor man's dream is of a place where the hours of labor are eased, and all men are made equal.

We see in these instances how diametrically opposed may be the ideals which men are prone to create, and yet every conception involves the restriction or repression of something which other idealists consider indispensable to felicity. How obviously dangerous, then, would be the domination of any one set of these idealists ! How promptly in such a case would the inborn love of power assert itself, and one half the world fall under the subjection of the other ! We are all in love with ideals, and, despite the warnings of history and philosophy, are for the most part quite ready to compel the rest of the world to conform to them. The water-drinker is so intolerant of wine that he would like to marshal the armies of the world in a crusade that would extinguish it ; the churchman is as eager to-day as he was four centuries ago to impose his creed upon an irreligious world ; the moralist is as clamorous for laws that shall regulate men's doings as he was in the days of vexatious sumptuary laws. As a theory, we are all in love with liberty, but commonly the liberty we delight in, the thing we mean by liberty, is the privilege of compelling all the world to think as we do. It is questionable if we ever quite forgive a man who doesn't pay us the compliment of agreeing with us, or quite approve of him who sets up a theory of his own as to his mode of life ; and, with this lofty notion of our own superiority, we only need the opportunity to show that we are quite capable of invoking power for the establishment of our ideals. We are all Cæsars at heart, however much we masquerade as republicans and democrats.

THE name of "the Honorable Mrs. Norton" was very often, and not always flatteringly, in the mouths of the English high society of forty years ago ; but the later generation of that society must have been surprised to find that she was still living when, less than a year ago, her marriage, at threescore-and-ten, with Sir William Stirling Maxwell, was announced. She did not long live to enjoy the honeymoon of her old age ; for paralysis, which was upon her when she became for the second time a bride, has extinguished a more than ordinarily romantic and stirring existence. One of the many brilliant descendants of Sheridan, who seems to have transmitted his genius, and left an ample supply of it to be distributed among his grandchildren, Mrs. Norton also inherited, with her sisters, the personal beauty for which the author of "The School for Scandal" was noted in early life, and which his dissipations in later

years so wofully disfigured. Being, like her grandsire, both social and ambitious of literary honors, she became a conspicuous person in court and aristocratic circles as long ago as the later years of the reign of "Gentleman George." Her beauty was greatly admired, and she was married when only nineteen to Mr. Norton, having then already written "The Dandies' Rout," and some poems, of which "The Sorrows of Rosalie" was the most noted. Mrs. Norton proved herself variously accomplished. She sparkled in drawing-room conversation and chit-chat, she wrote novels and poems which she illustrated with graceful pencil, she shone at the opera, and appeared everywhere where it was *bon* to show one's self. Then came a terrible scandal which could only be confirmed or dissipated by a court of justice, and which, while formally and legally her name was cleared, left her husbandless, and for a while under the displeasure of her old familiar circles. Looking back upon that trouble now, we can see that it was greatly aggravated by the use of the charges against her as a political weapon ; party success seems to have turned on the ruin of a woman's reputation. But Mrs. Norton survived the disaster, retained her beauty, and bravely went on writing, her pen still producing works which had a wide sale and were praised by fashionable critics. At forty, however, if we may believe Crabb Robinson, she was no longer a strikingly handsome person. Crabb Robinson, dining one day at Sam Rogers's, where was present a rising young poet named Tennyson, whom Rogers wished to honor, met Mrs. Norton, and thus speaks of her : "Rogers returned with a lady on his arm. She was neither splendidly dressed nor strikingly beautiful. She instantly joined our conversation with an ease and spirit which showed her quite used to society. She stepped a little too near my prejudices by a harsh sentence about Goethe, which I resented. We had exchanged a few sentences when she named herself, and I then recognized the much eulogized and calumniated Honorable Mrs. Norton."

It is suggestive to compare such a character and career as Mrs. Norton's with those of the wise and earnest woman who, at about the same age, died within a few days after Mrs. Norton. Mary Carpenter had neither time nor inclination for the delights or applause of high society. The path she chose deliberately was more rugged and sombre. Her long life was devoted to the elevation of the moral and material condition of the lowly. Mrs. Norton has left dainty poems and brightly-frivolous fictions, which probably will never be read more ; Miss Carpenter's legacy to the world has been, not only the record of a most indefatigable and useful life, full of good works and most gratifying results, but books which have an evident and perhaps permanent value. Her "Morning and Evening Meditations for Every Day in the Month" will long be a familiar companion in many English and American homes ; and her book on India is one of the most instructive that have ever appeared on that interesting subject. She probably did more in the cause of reformatory education in England, and female education in Hindostan,

than any other person ; and her serious and thoughtful presence will be greatly missed from the English Social Science Congresses.

We have every reason to be proud of our historians, and of the high rank which American works of historical literature attained very early in the youth of the nation ; and of our historians the fame of no one was more promptly acquired, or has been more steadily maintained, than that of John Lothrop Motley. His genius for historical portraiture was acknowledged everywhere, at once, on the publication of his first elaborate work. "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" took its place, by common consent, in the rank of great histories ; and probably no historian, not even Macaulay or Prescott, has been more widely read or more justly admired. But Mr. Motley was much more than a mere delver among musty records, or even brilliant word-painter of thrilling scenes of the past, and of the lofty figures of an heroic land and age. He was more than an interpreter of the motives of action, a revealer of hidden springs of diplomacy and statecraft. He was himself well fitted, by his culture, his tact, his delicacy, his very clear and energetic mind, to himself adorn the diplomatic office. It was greatly to the honor of Mr. Lincoln's taste and judgment that he should have chosen this accomplished scholar and gentleman to represent the United States at so punctilious a court as that of Vienna ; and Mr. Motley's career there was full of justifications of the President's choice. At the court of St. James, Mr. Motley was even more useful ; it was a sphere peculiarly congenial to him, where he was the social and intellectual equal of the best types of British scholarship and culture, and where he showed himself as ardently devoted to the interests of his country as he was at home in aristocratic circles. We like to know about the private qualities of a public man. It is pleasant to be told of the traits and habits of a novelist, poet, or an historian, who has deeply interested us, of a famed orator or a brilliant soldier. Mr. Motley's personal character was as attractive as his literary works were polished and vivid. His presence, bearing, appearance, were very pleasing, and his fine countenance and graceful figure were everywhere remarked. One of his intimate friends, in describing his personal qualities, has said that perhaps his most characteristic attribute was "the tender affectionateness of his nature, which within the small circle of his home and friends was irresistibly winning, and which, though less known to the outside world, pervaded his being, and was often the hidden source of that magnetism and fascination which captivated all, and won for him hosts of friends, and admirers wherever he was known." He was deeply sympathetic, and not only warm, but constant and unswerving in his attachment to his friends. Among those friends, one of the most distinguished and appreciated was the intellectual Queen of Holland, who, singularly enough, died two days after

the American historian of the Dutch struggle for liberty. The Dutch propose to raise a statue to Mr. Motley's honor, and certainly no other writer of any nation more fully deserves this distinction at their hands.

THE appointment of James Russell Lowell to the Spanish mission is one more of those acknowledgments of the fitness of literary men for diplomatic duties, such as were made in Mr. Motley's case, and in the selection of Irving, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Bigelow, and others, to fill diplomatic posts at different periods of our history. Professor Lowell, while hitherto persistently declining all political advancement, has of late taken an active part as a citizen in political matters. He was a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention, and to the Congressional Convention of his own district, was himself spoken of for the congressional nomination, but declined the use of his name, and was a presidential elector. But Professor Lowell's claim to be considered a political power rests on still broader grounds than these. The author of "The Biglow Papers" was one whose keen judgments of men and character were directed to public affairs, and who evidently understood and could philosophize upon politics. Besides this, Professor Lowell is a profound literary scholar, perhaps the most accomplished purely man of letters in this country. He will carry to Spain a mind peculiarly capable of studying and comprehending the land of the Cid and of Cervantes. He will appear at the court of Alfonso XII. as a most creditable type of American culture, and will prove a notable exception to the general rule among our diplomatic representatives hitherto, who have in many cases been unable to speak the language of the court to which they have been accredited. Personal influence and prestige have still much to do with success in diplomacy, as may be seen by the triumphs of Ignatieff, Lord Lyons, and Prince Hohenlohe. The social channels through which the diplomat has not yet ceased to do some of his hardest and most delicate work are fully opened to men of the character of Motley and Lowell, while they are inaccessible to the commonplace politician, who is awarded a mission for past services of a doubtful sort. Hence the advantage of sending men of culture to represent us abroad. If there is anything to be done in the diplomatic way, it had best be done well, by those who are able to do it best ; if there is nothing to be done, we had better abolish the diplomatic service at once. Professor Lowell is an American of Americans ; his works are full of the national spirit, and his whole career has been that of a man devoted to elevating our literature and maintaining our republican traditions. He will adorn a court, but will not be dazzled by its glamour ; and we may hope that he will return with fresh and rich material for thought and authorship, gleaned by a residence in a notably romantic land, and among a peculiarly interesting race, and thus add to literature substantial proof that the country gained doubly by his appointment.

Books of the Day.

IN the year 1864 the Hon. E. G. Squier, previously well known to the scientific world from his researches in connection with the aboriginal monuments of the Mississippi Valley and of various portions of Central America, went to Peru as United States commissioner, charged with the settlement of the conflicting claims between the two countries. He accepted the appointment chiefly because it would afford him a long-desired opportunity to examine the ancient monuments of the country; and, as soon as his diplomatic duties were concluded, he began a series of explorations, which occupied him actively for more than a year and a half, and compelled him to travel over a large part of modern Peru, and a considerable section of Bolivia. "My expeditions," he says, in his introductory chapter, "carried me first through the coast-region of Peru, lying between the Cordillera and the sea, from Tumbes to Cobija, or from latitude 2° to 22° south. Within this region lie the vast ruins of Grand Chimu, Pachacamac, and Cajamarquilla, besides numberless others, less known but equally interesting, in the valleys of Santa, Nepeña, Casma, Chillon, Rimac, Cañete, and Arica. From the port of Arica my course was inland over the Cordillera into Bolivia, where are the remarkable ruins of Tiahuanuco; thence to Lake Titicaca and its sacred islands, whence the Incas dated their origin. I believe I am the only traveler who ever thoroughly traversed this great and interesting lake, lying twelve thousand five hundred feet above the sea—an undertaking of no little difficulty and danger, when carried out in a small open boat. From the Titicaca basin my course was still northward over the great divide or water-shed separating the head-waters of the streams flowing into the grand basin of Lake Titicaca from the sources of the Amazon; down the valley of the Vilcanota, which is probably the true parent-stream of the Amazon, to the cluster of mountain-circled *bolsones*, or high valleys, in which the Incas founded the capital of their mighty empire. From Cuzco my expeditions radiated for one hundred miles in every direction, and were carried to the savage frontier on the Atlantic declivity of the Andes. Several months were spent in and around the Inca capital, in many respects the most interesting spot on the continent. Thence my course was to the northwest, very nearly on the line of the great interior road of the Incas, which extends from Cuzco to Quito, crossing the head-waters of the streams which combine to form the Amazon, through Abancay, the ancient Guamanga, now called Ayacucho, and thence back to Lima."

The products of these laborious and long-continued explorations—comprising upward of four hundred architectural plans, sections, and elevations, about as many sketches and drawings, a large number of photographs, and a considerable collection of works of art and industry—have furnished materials for a generous but compendious volume on the "Land of the Incas,"¹ now first published, which, aside from the interest it possesses as a record of adventurous travel, will be welcomed by archaeologists as one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the study of American antiquities. Prescott compressed into his fascinating "History of the Conquest of Peru," all the information concerning the Inca civilization that was gathered by the Spanish chronic-

lers, and the investigations of several modern travelers have been ably supplemented by the efforts of a few native scholars; but there was still wanting a work which should focus, as it were, in a systematic, comprehensive, and authentic manner, all the light that the existing monuments of the country can throw upon Peruvian archaeology, and this Mr. Squier has furnished us. His explorations included all the great seats of the Inca empire and many of the most characteristic architectural relics of their benign and industrious rule; and he does not content himself with the vague general indications that have satisfied other travelers, but, to a description as precise and definitive as words can make it, adds photographic reproductions and plans, sections, and elevations, drawn with the mathematical exactness of a skilled surveyor. Specimens of the ancient work in pottery, textile fabrics, wrought metals, and the like, are also carefully reproduced; and such information as can be gathered from these concerning the arts, ideas, customs, religion, and modes of life of the ancient Peruvians, is lucidly and suggestively presented. Cautious exactness of statement, limitation of inference, and a judicial tone and temper, are the distinguishing merits of Mr. Squier's work. He wastes no time upon those vain, speculative analogies that have insisted upon finding a Phoenician or Egyptian origin for the Incas and their civilization, but exhibits the true scientific preference for solid facts, however meagre, rather than for guesses, however plausible and imposing. He believes the civilization of the Incas to have been strictly indigenous, and gives weighty if not conclusive reasons for the belief, but even here he is not dogmatic, leaving the reader to form his own conclusions from the facts as presented. Most of his readers will unquestionably agree with him; and the question seems placed almost beyond the reach of doubt by his discovery of unmistakable remains of the pre-Inca period at Tiahuanuco and Sillustani.

As its title implies, the book is a record not only of exploration but of travel, and it furnishes the reader with amusement and instruction in about equal measure. The author's journeys were full of incident and adventure, and he describes them in a bright, animated, and picturesque style, which adds a literary charm to a narrative that would be interesting without it. In this department, also, numerous pictures compensate the imperfections of verbal description; and the fact that the descriptions are ten years old in no way detracts from their interest or their accuracy, for, in one respect at least, Peru is genuinely Oriental—it is as rigid and unchanging as the "slow-moving East."

THE position of an American, fresh from the comparative crudity of the New World and confronted with the mature social forms, the stereotyped ideas, and the artistic riches of the Old, seems to have an inexhaustible interest for Mr. Henry James, Jr. It furnishes the motive for most of his short stories, it was the dominant feature of "Roderick Hudson," and it is almost the sole theme of his latest work, "The American."¹ For this reason there is a certain sameness in his work which, but for his fertility of invention, would detract seriously from its interest; and yet, in spite of identity of situation and similarity of externals, there is an almost complete contrast

¹ *Peru: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas.* By E. George Squier, M. A., F. S. A. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo, pp. 599.

¹ *The American. A Novel.* By Henry James, Jr. Boston: J. R. Osgood and Co. 12mo, pp. 473.

between "Roderick Hudson" and "The American." In the former, the interest is almost exclusively personal and individual—the characters are more important than, and substantially independent of, their surroundings; in the latter, the individual is subordinated to the social type, and beneath and around the persons whose little drama nominally occupies the stage we are made to see and feel the warring forces of two opposing civilizations. The situation certainly is one of deep and many-sided interest. Christopher Newman is a typical American, who "began to work for his living when he was a baby," as he says, and who, after encountering many vicissitudes and having various experience of life in the army and in the Far West, finds himself at thirty-four the possessor of an enormous fortune, in which he takes undisguised satisfaction, not for its own sake, but because it stamps the unmistakable seal of success upon his efforts. Though uneducated and totally destitute of social polish, he is a fine, manly fellow, physically and mentally, with unimpaired sensibilities and plenty of aspiration of a practical and democratic kind. Having got enough, he determined to leave off money-making and go to Europe, "to get the biggest kind of entertainment a man can get—to see the tallest mountains, and the bluest lakes, and the finest pictures, and the handsomest churches, and the most celebrated men, and the most beautiful women." Among his other wants is a wife, who must be not only beautiful, but as good as she is beautiful, and as clever as she is good—in fact, as he says, "the best article in the market;" and in Paris a female friend undertakes to introduce him to such a one, a Madame de Cintré, sole daughter of the noble house of Bellegarde, whose lineage dates back to the ninth century, and whose existing representatives live in proud seclusion because they refuse to recognise the *rigime* of the "*parvenu* emperor." Strange to say, Newman not only wins the love of this lady and the cordial friendship of her brother, but gains the reluctant consent of her haughty mother and of the loftily-aristocratic Marquis de Bellegarde. On the eve of his marriage, however, a combination of motives and circumstances, so complex that Newman himself fails to comprehend them, frustrates his hopes, consigns Madame de Cintré to a convent, and drives him forth a wanderer over the world. The situation is the same as that in "The Spanish Gypsy," which Fedalma describes when she says, pathetically, to Don Silva:

"Our dear young love—its breath was happiness!
But it had grown upon a larger life,
Which tore its roots asunder.
We rebelled—
The larger life subdued us."

Without going more deeply into the plot, and thus impairing the pleasure of those readers who have not yet perused the book, we could not do justice to the many admirable and delightful qualities of the story. It teems in every part with the overflowings of a rich and full mind; and an indefinable atmosphere of culture, and refinement, and high thought, imparts a charm over and above the more special attractions. The descriptive portions are as delightful as in all Mr. James's work, the social perspective is admirably harmonious and sustained, and the characters pique curiosity where they do not inspire a more genuine interest. Newman himself is hardly so impressive a personage as Roderick Hudson, but Mr. James has never hitherto produced anything equal to the portrait of Madame de Cintré, whose presence pervades the book like a delicate and exquisite perfume. The minor characters, too, are exceptionally well defined and vividly delineated, and throughout there is a sense both of power and of power well applied. If one pro-

nounced opinion upon it after reading two-thirds, we could understand how it should be considered not only a good novel but a great one; but it must be confessed, as a serious qualification of our praise, that the story breaks down sadly toward its close. It is not merely that the end is painful and disappointing—the most unobservant reader must know that in real life love does not always result in wedding-bells; but in the great crisis of their lives even Madame de Cintré fails to fulfil our ideal of her, and Newman conducts himself so that we almost resent the affectionate interest that we have allowed ourselves to feel for him. Our minds are diverted from the great pity we would otherwise feel for his unhappy fortune by the doubt whether, after all, he really knew what love was, and by the suspicion that we have from the beginning overrated both his moral fibre and his intellectual capacity. This is a sad flaw, indeed, but it is the only drawback upon such work as we seldom have the opportunity of enjoying, and is by no means sufficient to deter the intelligent reader from participating in the feast. "The American" is a book to be read slowly and reflectively, and read thus it will leave a flavor upon the palate as of rich Falernian.

OUR Centennial anniversary naturally caused a great revival of public interest in all that class of literature which could throw light upon the ways, manners, customs, and modes of life of our Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary ancestors, and much valuable and curious matter of this kind rewarded the researches of patriotic students; but, though it is a little late in its appearance, no one made a more decided "find" than Mr. Scudder has secured for us in the "Recollections of Samuel Breck."¹ Mr. Breck, as Mr. Scudder informs us in his excellent preface, died in Philadelphia on the 31st of August, 1862, at the age of ninety-one years and forty-six days. "His memory, which was excellent to the last, could thus span the entire period embraced in the history of our country from the beginning of the War for Independence to that of the War for Union. The incidents in his life were varied; his early associations were with the best society in Boston, his native town; his education in France gave him not only a familiarity with foreign life, but an intimate acquaintance with the French exiles and travelers to this country; his public life took him to Harrisburg and Washington, and made him a valued member not only of the government of Philadelphia, but of various charitable, literary, and financial institutions; while his social position enabled him to associate with the most educated and refined classes in the city." In his nurse's arms he was an unconscious spectator of the battle of Bunker Hill; he saw Washington several times as general and President; knew John Quincy Adams intimately when a young man; dined with Lafayette at La Grange; saw George IV. open Parliament; heard Burke and Mirabeau speak; looked on at a mass in which Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the dauphin, and Monsieur, afterward Louis XVIII., participated; met Louis Philippe, Talleyrand, and Joseph Bonaparte, during their sojourn in this country; listened to Alexander Hamilton arguing a law-case, and conversed at an evening party with Daniel Webster.

It must be admitted that Mr. Breck's "Recollections" are neither so rich nor so copious as the enjoyment of such rare opportunities on his part would lead us to expect. He was nearly sixty years old before he began to

¹ Recollections of Samuel Breck, with Passages from his Note-Books (1771-1862). Edited by H. E. Scudder. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1860, pp. 316.

write out the reminiscences of his childhood and youth, and the narrative of these he, for some reason, only brought down to the year 1797. He began to keep a diary in 1800, in which he entered briefly not only his personal experiences, but comments on current events, on the books he read, and on the persons he met, together with occasional reminiscences of the period preceding 1800. This diary he continued to keep until 1856, but it does not seem to have contained much matter of permanent interest, as considerably the largest space in the volume is filled by the Recollections. Both the diary and the Recollections were written by Mr. Breck for his own amusement, with no attempt at literary effect, and apparently with no design of subsequent publication; so that there is no such marshaling and elaboration of material as a professed annalist or chronicler would have produced. At the same time, what is written of at all is treated in a clear and perspicuous manner, and with a certain chatty frankness that is very enjoyable; and the author has that instinct for the characteristic and the distinctive which is the sure mark of the born memoir-writer, and which renders his book a vivid and singularly life-like picture of the first half of the first century of the Republic. "When I read in Mr. Breck's diary," says Mr. Scudder, "how he stood with the crowd before the post-office in Philadelphia and heard the postmaster read from a chamber-window the news of the burning of Washington, I am as free from the influence of steam and the telegraph-wire as were the eager crowd gathered there, and the historic fact comes before me with a far livelier power than when I read it in a formal history." And so, while we laugh over the story of Mr. Tracy's dinner, we get a wonderfully lively idea of the time when our Revolutionary allies were popularly known as "frog-eating Frenchmen." During the stay of the French fleet at Boston, Mr. Nathaniel Tracy, who had a fine villa at Cambridge, gave a grand feast to the admiral and his officers. "My father," writes Mr. Breck, "was one of the guests, and told me often after that two large tureens of soup were placed at the ends of the table. The admiral sat on the right of Tracy, and Monsieur L'Etombe (the French consul) on the left. Tracy filled a plate with soup, which went to the admiral, and the next was handed to the consul. As soon as L'Etombe put his spoon into his plate, he fished up a large frog, just as green and perfect as if he had hopped from the pond into the tureen. Not knowing at first what it was, he seized it by one of its hind-legs, and holding it up in view of the whole company, discovered that it was a full-grown frog. As soon as he had thoroughly inspected it, and made himself sure of the matter, he exclaimed, 'Ah ! mon Dieu ! une grenouille !' then, turning to the gentleman next him, gave him the frog. He received it, and passed it round the table. Thus the poor *crapaud* made the tour from hand to hand until it reached the admiral. The company, convulsed with laughter, examined the soup-plates as the servants brought them, and in each was found a frog. The uproar was universal. Meantime Tracy kept his ladle going, wondering what his outlandish guests meant by such extravagant merriment. 'What's the matter?' asked he, and, raising his head, surveyed the frogs dangling by a leg in all directions. 'Why don't they eat them?' he exclaimed. 'If they knew the confounded trouble I had to catch them, in order to treat them to a dish of their own country, they would find that with me, at least, it was no joking matter.' Thus was poor Tracy deceived by vulgar prejudice and common report. He meant to regale his distinguished guests with refined hospitality, and had caused all the swamps of Cambridge to be searched in order to furnish them with a generous sup-

ply of what he believed to be in France a standing national dish."

Besides selecting and arranging the contents of the volume, and prefacing it with an appreciative biographical and critical sketch, Mr. Scudder has enriched it with a number of valuable historical and personal notes, and provided it with an excellent index.

EVERY writer who has undertaken to analyze Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "*Garth*"¹ has remarked upon the resemblance which it bears to certain features of his father's work; and the resemblance is so obvious and unmistakable that to omit mention of it would be to lay one's self open to the charge of critical obtuseness. At the same time, it is equally obvious that the resemblance is not the result of either conscious or unconscious imitation, but simply proves that in this case the general law of heredity has not been suspended, and that the predominant characteristics of a very rare and peculiar type of genius have persisted through two generations. Moreover, the differences are quite as striking as the resemblances. For the son, as for the father, the grim suggestiveness of the old colonial period in New England, and that fatalism of Nature whereby the sins of one generation are stored up and visited upon the generations that follow, possess a profound imaginative interest; but the view-point and the method of treatment are different, and in many respects contrasted with each other. There can be no doubt, for example, that in embodying such a conception as this Urmhurst legend, the elder Hawthorne would have selected Cuthbert Urmson rather than *Garth* as the medium of expiation; the physical ruggedness and violent passions of the latter would have repelled his intellectual fastidiousness, and he would have depicted the battle as fought in the veiled arena of the soul rather than on the stage of active life. And this brings us to the special characteristic of the younger man's genius, which clearly differentiates it from that of his father. There is a virility, a physical sturdiness, so to speak, about "*Garth*" such as is markedly absent from Nathaniel Hawthorne's writings; and the web of romance is not woven so closely as to shut us out utterly from the motives, and actions, and standards of judgment, of the work-a-day world.

But "*Garth*" has merits of its own sufficient to give it independent claims upon our attention. It is a decided improvement in several respects upon either "*Idolatry*" or "*Bressant*," and seems to show that the author has found a congenial field for the exercise of a very opulent imagination. As in "*Bressant*," the main interest of the story is concentrated upon the character of the hero, and if the portrait is less pleasing, it is from no lack of power in the limning, but because the type of man depicted is much more complex, and quite as likely to repel as to attract. In *Garth* the author evidently intended to portray a character in which the most exalted qualities are so equally mixed with the worst passions of human nature as to render it the battle-ground for a continual struggle between the evil and the good, and to make it for a long time doubtful how the struggle would issue. The fault of the portrait is that, in trying to maintain a sense of the reality of the conflict, and to keep the result from appearing too obvious, the author has insisted so strongly upon the rugged side of the character that the other side is rendered rather pale by contrast, and *Garth* never entirely wins either our allegiance or our liking. His roughness of speech and action often degenerates into brutality, and his higher aspirations too

¹ *Garth. A Novel.* By Julian Hawthorne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 291.

seldom lift him above the alloy of the baser appetites into the serene atmosphere of the art which he professes to love. For the other characters we have nothing but hearty praise. All are drawn with remarkable vividness and precision—from Cuthbert, the amiable and cultivated cynic; Golightly, the polished rascal; and Madge, the beautiful and bewitching but wicked siren, to the uproarious old parson, and Nikomis, the mysterious Indian squaw. Mrs. Tentderen is, perhaps, a trifle phenomenal in vulgarity, considering her birth and opportunities for social culture, but she can hardly be termed a caricature, and is an amusing specimen of a numerous class. The descriptive and narrative portions of the work, too, are wonderfully fine and varied, a touch now and then reminding us of William Black, while the chapter entitled "Golightly's Double" is quite equal in its ghostly weirdness to anything the elder Hawthorne ever wrote.

The great fault of the work on the artistic side is a strange deficiency or perversity of taste on the part of the author, who seems always, when two courses lie open to him, to choose that which is least natural, and least adapted to accomplish the special object aimed at. The sense of congruity seems totally absent from large portions of the work, and now and then the reader's teeth are fairly set on edge by some incomprehensible crudity of method or expression. It is difficult to define in precise terms the defects of the story, but it may be said with confidence that, in spite of them all, "Garth" is unmistakably a work of genius.

In preparing his monograph on Charlotte Brontë,¹ Mr. T. Wemyss Reid describes himself as actuated by a desire to remove certain misconceptions regarding her that have arisen partly from false influences from the "Curer Bell" novels and partly from the encouragement afforded them by Mrs. Gaskell's "Life." He thinks that, before undertaking her work, and with but slight acquaintance with the details of the life she was about to record, Mrs. Gaskell had formed her conception of Charlotte Brontë's character, and that "with the passion of the true artist and the ability of the practised writer she made everything bend to that conception." In particular, he maintains that the life of the author of "Jane Eyre," though clouded by sorrow and oppressed by anguish both mental and physical, was by no means so joyless as the world has been led to suppose; and he undertakes to enliven Mrs. Gaskell's too sombre portrait by showing the world that brighter and serener side of her character which she revealed to her intimate friends and associates. The materials of which he has availed himself in the performance of the task comprise a large number of letters, a few of which were partially used by Mrs. Gaskell, but of which most were inaccessible twenty years ago; together with reminiscences and corrections furnished by those who were intimately acquainted with the household at Haworth Parsonage. The letters are valuable and interesting, and the comments which accompany them helpful and judicious, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Reid has contributed to a better understanding of Charlotte Brontë's character; yet one cannot help suspecting that he has unconsciously done what he accuses Mrs. Gaskell of doing, namely, selecting and emphasizing such passages of the letters as support a preconceived view. The only way to have avoided this would have been to print the letters entire and in the order in which they were written; but, instead of doing so, he has grouped

them for artistic effect, and has omitted many passages which he regarded as of too personal and private a nature for publication.

To prevent disappointment on the part of readers who may procure the book with the expectation of finding a complete life of Charlotte Brontë, we should add that it is simply a supplement to Mrs. Gaskell's biography, and presupposes familiarity not only with that work but with the "Curer Bell" novels. To those thus prepared it will prove deeply interesting, but as an independent work it would be altogether too meagre and unsatisfactory.

THE only woman-hater in Mr. Charles Reade's novel of that name¹ is the author himself. The professed misogynist, as usual, turns out to be a guileless, susceptible, and most tender-hearted fellow, whose laboriously-cynical severity against the "wily sex" is a perfectly transparent mask for the most chivalrous sentiments toward the worthy members of it, and whose vocation is as distinctly for married and domestic life as that of the greyhound is for coursing. The author alone maintains a consistent attitude of criticism and distrust, but as the lash of his satire and sarcasm is impartially applied to both sexes, and as noble and lovable representatives of each are admitted upon the stage, perhaps neither has any special reason to complain. Men and women alike are subjected to keen, caustic, and somewhat sardonic observation, and Mr. Reade's opinion is evidently that the vices and stupidity of the one may fairly be balanced against the follies and weaknesses of the other. As to the real *raison d'être* of the story it is difficult to avoid finding it in the fact that the author has crammed himself full of music and physiology, and desired to convict the average person of his or her gross and barbaric ignorance of those important subjects. Subordinate to these and growing naturally out of them was his disposition to champion the cause of the female medical students who were so shabbily treated by the university authorities at Edinburgh a year or so ago, and, as involved in this, the rights of women generally to earn their living in any way that seems best to them—for it is a fine characteristic of Mr. Reade that he feels an intense loathing for oppression in any form. Sanitary reform, the right of women to become medical practitioners, the grandeur and beauty of noble music and the unutterable despicableness of that which is trivial—these are the burden and moral of the book, the two former being embodied in the person of Rhoda Gale, M. D., Anglo-American, and the latter in La Klosking, great singer and Anglo-Dane. "A Woman-Hater," therefore, is that terror of the average novel-reader—a story with a moral; but those who are acquainted with Mr. Reade's previous writings will know that this by no means implies that it is tedious or uninteresting. The stimulus of a worthy motive seems necessary to the exercise of his full powers, and his sympathies are so cordially enlisted in his present subject that "A Woman-Hater" may be unhesitatingly pronounced equal to the best of his previous novels. It has, what is rare nowadays, a complex, skillfully-constructed plot; it is full of life and movement and vigor; it offers a favorable example of the trenchant and brilliant qualities of Mr. Reade's style; and the waywardness and mannerism that have marred much of his later work are far less conspicuous—chiefly, perhaps, because the story was written for anonymous publication. Readers may feel but scant interest in woman's rights, but when once they have begun the story they will be reluctant to lay it aside till finished.

¹ Charlotte Brontë: A Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. With Illustrations. New York: Scribner Armstrong & Co. 12mo, pp. 236.

¹ A Woman-Hater. A Novel. By Charles Reade. Household Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 251.



"I drink to thee, ma belle!"

"The Last Banquet," page 213.